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THE
P O E M S

OF
PHINEAS FLETCHER, B.D.,

RECTOR OF HILGAY, NORFOLK :

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED :

WITH

Memoir, Essay, and Notes,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.:

CONTAINING,

SICELIDES—

ELISA: AN ELEGIE:

POETICALL MISCELLANIES:

HITHERTO UNCOLLECTED AND INEDITED POEMS—

SYLVA POETICA, WITH ADDITIONS—

&c.

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Contents.

	PAGE.
I. Sicelides, a Piscatory	5—143.
Memorandum	144—146.
II. Elisa : an Elegie	147—194.
III. Poeticall Miscellanies.....	195—264.
1. An Hymen at the Marriage of my most dear cousin, Mr. W. and M R.....	199—205.
2. To my beloved cousin, W. R., Esq.....	205—207.
3. To Master W. C.....	207—208.
4. To my ever-honoured cousin, W. R., Esq.	209—211.
5. To E. C. in Cambridge, my sonne by the Universitie	212—215.
6. To my beloved Thenot in answer to his Verse.....	215—217.
7. Upon the Picture of Achmat, the Turkish Tyrant	217—218.
8. To Mr. Jo. Tomkins	219—223.
9. To Thomalin	223—225.
10. Against a Rich Man despising Povertie..	225—227.
11. Contemnenti	227—228.
12. A Vow	229—230.
13. Of Womens' Lightnesse	230—232.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
14. A Reply upon the fair M. S.	232—234.
15. An Apologie for the Premises to the Ladie Culpepper	234—236.
16. To my onely chosen Valentine and Wife	237.
17. A Translation of Boethius, B. III. and last Verse	237—240.
18. A Translation of Boethius, B. II., Verse 7	240—241.
19. Upon my Brother, Mr. G. F., his book entituled 'Christ's Victorie and Triumph'	242—243.
20. Upon the B. of Exon., Dr. Hall, his Meditations	243—244.
21. Upon the Contemplations of the B. of Excester, given to the Ladie E. W. at New-Year's-Tide.....	244—245.
22. These Asclepiads of Mr. H. S. translated and enlarged.....	246—247.
23. Certain of the royal Prophet's Psalms metaphrased, viz: xlii., lxiii., cxxvii., cxxxvii., i., cxxx.....	248—258.
24. Two Hymnes	259—261.
25. On my Friend's Picture who died in Travel	261.
26. Upon Dr. Playfer.....	262.
27. Upon my Brother's Book, called 'The Grounds, Labour, and Reward of Faith'	262—263.
28. Upon Mr. Perkins, his printed sermons..	263—264.
IV. Hitherto uncollected and inedited Minor Poems.....	265—306.
I. On the Death of Queen Elizabeth, from 'Sorrowe's Joy'	267—272.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
II. From 'A Father's Testament' ..	273—306.
1. The Portion or Good of Man lies not in the Fruition of any or all Creatures	273—275.
2. Paraphrase in Verse upon Ecclesiastes c. II.	275.
3. God	278—280.
4. All Blessedness is found only in the Lord Jesus Christ	280—283.
5. Tempters	283—284.
6. The Divine Wooer.....	285—286.
7. Divine Espousals	286—288.
8. Our Match	288—290.
9. Heart-Communings on 2 Corinthians v., 9	291—292.
10. Godliness	293—294.
11. The State of Man	294—295.
Translations from Boethius	296—306.
1. Emptiness of Riches	296.
2. Worldly Honour	297.
3. Pleasures	298.
4. True God	298—299.
5. God the Supreme Good	299—300.
6. Orpheus and Eurydice	300—302.
7. Lowliness.....	302—303.
8. Man's Dignity.....	303—304.
9. Aspiration	305—306.
V. Sylva Poetica, with Additions	307—348.
Appendix	349—350.
Additions: from Threno-thriambeuticon ..	350—353.
from Theophila	353—355.
Epilude	357—358.



I.

Sicelides.

Note.

The following is the original title page :

SICELIDES

A PISCATORY,

As it hath beene Acted in Kings

Colledge in Cambridge.

London,

Printed by I. N. for *William Sheares*, and ar
to be sold at his shoppe, at the great South doore
of *St. Pauls Church*. 1631. [4o.]

Collation: Title-page—*Dramatis Personæ* 1 page, and 40 leaves, unpagéd throughout. ‘*Sicelides*’ having been published anonymously it has been ascribed to others. But independent of the parallelisms of thought, metaphor and wording, which the most cursory perusal reveals, we have the authorship determined most conclusively by the contemporary *DERING MS.*, discovered by Dr. PEGGE, wherein we read as follows: “The Piscatory, an English comedy, was acted before the University in King’s Colledge, which Master Fletcher of that Colledge had provided if the King [1614] should have tarried another night.” See Notes and Queries ix., p. 179: March 3rd, 1866. In Vol. II^d. I have noted in their places and in Notes and Illustrations, parallel passages from the other Poems: and more will be found in the present volume and in volume IVth. For critical remarks, with quotations, on ‘*Sicelides*’, see our Essay in Vol. Ist., pp. cccxxviii.—cccxxxvii.

I suspect ‘*Sicelides*’ must have been published if not surreptitiously, without the supervision of the Author.

A more incorrectly printed book I have rarely met with. The more obvious misprints I have silently corrected: others I have marked in the Notes: some readings I am still uncertain about, as also pointed out in the foot-notes. I must acknowledge gratefully the aid rendered herein, as throughout, by my friend Mr. W. ALDIS WRIGHT, of Cambridge, as before. G.

Dramatis Personæ.

- Perindus* A Fisher, sonne to Tyrinthus, in love with
Glaucilla.
- Armillus* .. A Shepheard, and acquainted with Perindus.
- Thalander* .. A Fisher, sonne to Glaucus, in loue with
Olinda, disguised and called Atyches.
- Alcippus* A Fisher.
- Pas* A Fisher, in loue with Cosma.
- Fredocaldo* .. An old Fisher, in loue with Cosma.
- Olinda* Sister to Perindus.
- Glaucilla* Sister to Thalander.
- Cosma* A light Nymph of Messena.
- Cancrone* } Two foolish Fishers, seruants to old Tyrinthus.
- Scrocca* .. }
- Tyrinthus* .. Father to Perindus and Olinda.
- Conchyllo* .. Cosmae's page.
- Rymbombo* .. Cyclops.
- Dicæus* Neptune's chiefe-Priest.
- Nomicus* An inferior Priest.
- Glaucus* .. } Muti.
- Circe* }
- Gryphus* Tyrinthus, his man.
- Cuma* Perindus, his boy.
- Executioners* } Priests.
- Chorus of* .. } Fishers.

Prologvs Champs.¹

Begin, thou royall Muse, Enuie nere uses
To dwell in gentle Courts or sacred Muses :
To begge of them that common courtesie
Must grant, were to condemne both them, and thee :
Thy Came assures thee, they will all agree,
Gently to beare their Actors' infancy ;
Infants oft please ; the choycest Poet'[s] song
Breeds lesse delight then th' infants prattling tongue.
Then let me here intreate your minds to see,
In this our England, fruitfull Sicely,²
Their two twinne Iles ; so like in soyle and frame,
That as two twinnes they'r but another same.
But this they begge, which you may graunt with ease :
That all these paines to pleasure you, may please.

1 The Cam or river of Cambridge. G.

2 Sicily : and hence the title 'Sicelides.' G.



Sicelides.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PERINDVS, ARMILLVS, CVMA.

Perindus.



UMA ! beare home our spoyles, and conquering weapons,

And trusse them on a wreath¹ as our iust trophie.

And when Cancerone returnes, returne to mee.

[*Exit Cuma.*

Thus : if but thus : yet thus my state is better,
While lesser cares do laugh and mocke the greater ;
This change is best when changing I frequent,
Euen now that moyst, now this drie element,
When with this scepter, setting on the Land,

¹ To 'trusse' is to pack or tie together. Cf. 'cockle garland' Act iii., sc. 4. Query—'in' not 'on' a wreath? 'wreath' also means a cresset-light. G.

The scalie footlesse people I command:
 When riding on my wooden horse, I see
 The Earth that neuer mooues, remooue from me.
 And why my friend doth not this guise besee me ?

In this I am not wretchlesse¹ as you deeme me.

Ar. Not that I censure, but demande the cause;
 Why being borne, and bred, in shepheard's lawes;
 You haue our hills, and downes, and groues forsaken,

And to these sands and waues your selfe betaken.

Per. Shepheard or fisher, I am still the same,
 I am a sea-guest not for gaine, but game.

Ar. A gamesome life! thus with vnarmèd armes
 To fight gainst windes, and Winter's sharpe alarmes,
 And paddle in chill Neptun's icie lappe!

But if in fishing any pleasure be,

In shepheard's life there is much more say we.

Per. Yet fisher's life with me doth most consort,
 This sporting serues to moralize my sport:

Viewing the stormes and troublesome waues, I finde,
 Some thing in nature rest-lesse as my minde:
 Each captiue fish tels me that in Death's snare,

¹ Spelled variously 'rechelesse' and 'retchless' and now 'reckless' = heedless or negligent or indifferent. Cf. Wright s.v. G.

My heart is not the onely prisoner.

Ar. Walke along the shore.....

Oft there he walkes.....

Oft there with me or with the waues hee talkes.

Per. There in the tide I see fleete Fortune's changing,
ing,

And state of man, weake state: that's neuer standing
ing

But rises still, or fals all as the maine,

That ebs to flow, or flowes to ebbe againe.

Yet Fortune I accuse thee not for ranging,¹

Let others plaine, I neuer felt thee changing,

Bad² wast thou at the first and so art still;

Before I knew what's good I knew thee³ ill:

And since of all my goods thou first bereau'st me,

I neere expected good, thou neere deceiud'st me;

Therefore although [the] Oracle from whence

I late ariu'd, would feede vaine confidence;

Yet since so sure assurance thou doest giue mee,

Still of the two, Fortune, I must belecue thee.

Ar. Vaine feare, when th' Oracle doth promise
good;

The heauens decrees by chance weere neere
withstood.

1 Misprinted 'raging' G. 2 Misprinted 'bud' G. *Eur?*

3 Misprinted 'the' G.

You feare without a cause, oft cause-lesse fright,
Is th' onely cause that makes that on vs light
Which most we feare; euer a iealous eye
Makes enemies by fearing enmity.

Per. What fearefull tempest doe the waues foretell,
When seas without a storme to mountaynes swell!

Ar. Ill is inuited when it is suspected
And grieve already come where he's expected.

Per. The greatest euills oft are where they¹ shew
not.

I feare the more because my feare I know not.
Musicke! how sad it sounds: my dampèd heart
Tells me in these sad straines I beare a part:
I wrong thee Fate or else thou now dost straine thee
With² some vnusèd welcome t' entertain me.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter DICÆUS, Neptune's priest, following OLINDA,
led by two Nymphes, COSMA and GLAUCILLA;
before and after a chorus of Fishers and Priests
singing.

SONG.

Go, go thy countrie's ioy and iewell,
The seas and rockes were euer cruell;

1 Misprinted 'thee' G.

2 Misprinted 'which' G.

Men then may pittie thee in vaine,
But not helpe nor ease thy payne.
Take then these teares¹ thy latest² due,
For ever now alassee adiew.

Olin. Glaucus to thee I friendlesse maide,
In these last gifts my vowes haue payd :
These, once Olinda's, now are thine,
This net, and hooke, this rod and line :
Thou know'st, why here my sports I giue thee,
Hence came my ioyes, and here they leaue me.
Gla. Olinda, if that smiles were proofes of sorrow,
Sure I should think thee full of woe and sadnesse,
But in so heapèd grieve, when euery eye
Yeilds tribute to so great a misery,
Thou only smilst ; why euery teare thou seest is
paid to thee.

Olin. The lesse I need to pay :
Glaucilla, I cannot mourne when I am married.

Gla. Married ? now heauen defend me, if this be
marriage :

So to be gript in pawes of such a monster,
And bedded in his bowells —

Cos. Olinda, I should weepe,

1 Misprinted 'tnares' G.

2 Misprinted 'laiest' but qu. 'latest' ? I only read conjecturally here. G

And spend the short'nd breath that Fate affords
me,

In cursing Fate which makes my breath so short.

Olin. Peace, peace, my Cosma, thou wouldst
Haue me mad with reason!

Cos. No : reason is neuer sencelesse.

Olin. Thinkst thou me sence-lesse friend ?

Gla. Dost not thou proue it ?

Olin. Why my Glaucilla I see thy drownèd eyes,
I feele thy kinde imbracements, and which thou
seest not,

Nor feelst, I feele and see, more mirth and ioy.
Spring in my heart, then if I now were leading
To the best bed that Sicely affords me.

*Gla.*¹ If there were but fit occasion
That I might shew thee this tormented heart,
It would affright thee friend to heare me tell
How many deaths liue in so narrow Hell.

Dicæ. We stay too long ; goe on, these idle teares
Quench not her griefe, but add new kindled
feares.

1 I assign this and three following lines to Glaucilla :
but in the text (1631) all is given to Olinda. The latter
contradicts the former in such case, unless the earlier be
intended to express the *glamour* of Mago, as before. G.

Olin. Dicæus: no feare within this brest is lying :
Who liuing dies, feares not to liue by dying.

[*Exeunt ad rupem rufam*¹ *manent reliqui.*

ACT I. SCENE III.

Enter PERINDUS, ARMILLUS.

Ar. Saw you the troope which past along here ?

Per. Yes.

Ar. Who is it ledde with such a mournfull show ?

Per. My sister.

Ar. Who, the faire Olinda ?

Per. Yes.

Ar. And doe you know the end and purpose ?

Per. No.

Ar. Nothing but no and yes ? fie, fie, Perindus,
Your too much passion shewes you want affection;
Your sister in such sort conuey'd, and you
So carelesse of her grieve ? it much misseemes you,
Why learne you not the cause ?

Per. Thou counsailest well,

Grieve weary of itselſe, all sence depriving :

Felt neyther sence nor grieve, by over-griewing :

[Enter Atyches.

¹ The 'red rocke': query 'rock of sacrifice' ? Cf. *Locustæ* Vol. II., p. 52. line 5th, 'Rubentia saxo'. G.

But see my Atyches : what different passions
 Striue in his doubtfull face ! Pitty would weepe,
 And Danger faine would rocke high thoughts
 asleepe,

Whiles Resolution chides the daring feare,
 And courage makes poore Feare afraid to feare.

Atych. Thou God that rulst the sunne's bright
 flaming cart,

If thou my grand-sire art, as sure thou art :
 For in my breast I feele thy powers diuine,
 Firing my soule, which tels mee I am thine :
 Direct my hand and guide this poynted dart,
 That it may peirce and riue the monster's heart.

Per. Atyches.

Atych. Ah Perindus, this lucklesse howre
 Bids thee vnwelcome, fly, and neuer more,
 Neuer approach to view this deadly shore.

Per. Why, what's the newes ?

Atych. Thy sister, the fayre Olinda must die.

Ar. So must we all.

Atych. But none of all as she.

Per. Can'st tell the cause and manner ?

Atych. Yes ; and till the sunne
 Twixt noone and night his middle course shall
 runne,

The rites will not be finisht : 'tis briefly thus :

Thou know'st by Neptune's temple close their
 growes

↑ sp.

A sacred garden, where euery flower blowes
 Here blushing roses, there the lillies white,
 Here hyacinth, and there nareissus bright :
 And vnderneath, the creeping violets show
 That sweetnes oft delights to dwell below :
 Vaulted aboue with thousand fragrant trees,
 And vnder pa'ud with shamefast strawberries,
 Which creeping lowe, doe sweetely blushing tell,
 That fairest pleasantest fruits, doe humblest dwell :
 Breifly a little heaven on earth it seemes :

Where euery sweete and pleasure fully streames.

Ar. Fisher, thou now describ'st some paradise ;
 Can any ill from so much good arise ?

Atych. Henbane and roses in our garden growe
 Ah ! that from fruits so sweete, such gall should
 flowe!

Here faire Olinda, with her nymphs¹ arriues,
 And time away, time to[o] fast-posting driues,
 While Mago that deformed enchanter, ranging
 Along these trees, his shape and habit changing
 Seem'd then Glancilla ; such his statelike eyes,
 Such haire, such lipps, such cheekes, such rosie
 dies,

So like Glaucilla's selfe that had she spide him,

1 Misprinted 'Mymphs', and 'Mago' a little on
 'Nago' G.

More would shee doubt her selfe, the more shee
eyd him.

Ar. Can art forge nature with so true a lie?

Atych. The falsest coine is the fairest to the eie :
Singling thy sister forth, they chance to see,
The sacred graft of that Hesperian¹ tree,
Whose golden apples much the eye delighting,
Would tempt the hands: the longing¹ tast
inuiting :

And now the subtill witch spies fit occasion,
And with fitte speech, and oaths, and soft perswa-
tion,

So words her mind ; that shee ha[d] little guessing,
What monster lay vnder that faind dressing,
Puls of th' vnhappy fruit, straight downe shee
falls,

And thrice a thundring voice Dicæus calls ;
The preist knew what the fearefull voice portended,
And faire Olinda halfe dead apprehended :
And to the temple beares her, there reseruing
Till the third day with death payes her deseruing ;
So Neptune bids, that who shall touch the tree
With hands profane, shall by Malorecha² die ;

1 Misprinted 'Herperian' G.

2 The 'monster' variously named 'Malorecha' and
'ork' and 'orek' and 'orke' is a fabulous sea-monster

Malorcha bread in seas, yet seas do dread him,
As much more monstrous then the seas that bred
him.

representations of which are found in many of the old charts, contemporary with our poet, and later. It is such a 'whale'-like *fantastique* as Heraldry revels in. It does not appear in Shakespeare: but I have found it in JONSON and MASSINGER: *e.g.* in Jonson's *Masque of Neptune*,

" View the wonders of the deep

Where Proteus herds, and Neptune's orks do keep."

In Massinger's 'Roman Actor':

" the Sea, spouted into the air

By the angry Ore endangering tall ships,

But sailing near it, so falls down again."

(Act. v., sc. 1.)

Perhaps DONNE had the 'monster' in his thought rather than 'Hades' when of Julia he said,

" Her minde, that *Orcus*, which includes

Legions of mischiefe, countlesse multitudes

Of formelesse curses." ('Poems' (1650) p. 93.)

BARTEN HOLYDAY in his 'Survey' (1661) sketches the 'monster':

"A black beast with square head, fiery eyes, 'tis a
tradition

Island-seas show: Is't fish or apparition!" (p. 14.)

The 'Ruc' is a similar bird-monster frequent in our early Poets and immortalized in the Arabian Night's and by SWIFT. G.

Per. Ah ! my Olinda, who can pittie thee
That wouldst not pittie th' excellent Thalander ?
'Tis iust yee seas : well doth impartiall Fate
With monstrous death punish thy monstrous hate.
And whither art thou now thus armèd going ?

Atych. Downe to the fatall rocke I goe to see
And act a part in this foule tragedy.

Per. Why can'st thou hope such losses to repayre ?

Atych. Who nothing hopes yet nothing ought.
despaire.

Per. What 'tis impossible ? ah ! cease to proue ?

Atych. What euer was impossible to loue ?

Per. 'Tis certaine thou ad'st thy death to hers.

Atych. Vnworthy loue that life for loue prefers.

Per. What good can'st do when thou can'st not
restore her ?

Atych. To liue with her or else to die before her !

Per. 'Tis Fate that in this monster bids engraue¹
her.

Atych. And 'tis my fate to die with her or saue
her.

Per. In vaine to fight against all-conquering Loue :

¹ Cf. 'Who wrote Brittain's Ida' ? Vol I., page 35,
and Postscript 109—110. G.

Atych. But¹ my hand shall fight Ioue-conquer-
ing Loue.

Per. Atyches, why shouldst thou thus betray
thy selfe?

She was my sister, and as deare to me

As euer was a sister to a brother :

Had Fate felt any hope, my willing hand

Should be as prest to giue her ayd as any.

Were not the fight 'gainst heauen, I might aduent-
ure,

But here I needs must leaue her ; though a brother
She neuer loued mee.

Atych. I lou'd her euer.

Per. More shouldst thou hate her now :

Atych. Can seas or riuers stand? can rocks remooue?

Could they? yet could I neuer cease to loue :

Perindus, if now I see thee last, farewell :

Within thy breast all ioyes and quiet dwell.

Adiew : Olinda now to thee I flye

For thee I liu'd, for thee I'll gladly die.

[*Exit Atyches.*

Per. Goe choyceest spirit: the heauenly Loue
regard thee,

And for thy loue, with life and loue reward thee.

1 By misprint, 'in' follows here. G.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Enter PERINDUS, ARMILLUS.

Ar. Perindus, thou knowst how late was my
arriuall,

And short abode in this your Sicely ;

And how delighted with these accidents

So strange and rare, I haue decreed to make

Some longer stay ; but since I saw this Atyches,

His loue more strong then death, a resolution

Beyond humanity, I much desir'd

To know him, what he is, and what his country

That breeds such minds : let me intreate you then

At large to giue me all this story :

Somewhat t'will ease¹ your grieve ; iust are his
paines

That sorrow with more sorrow entertaines :

Pas. It will be tedious, and my heauy minde

Fit words for such a tale can neuer finde:

Yet I'le vnfold it all, that you may see

How beautious loue showes in inconstancy :

Who hath not heard of Glaucus' loue ? haplesse

Whilst fairest Scylla baths him, loue inspires,

At once herselfe she cooles and him she fires :

1 Misprinted 'east'. G.

A sea-god burnt in flames, and flames most please
him

Glaucus findes neither waues nor hearbes to ease
him,

Cold were his eyes, more cold her coy disdaine :
Yet none of boeth¹ could quench loue's scorching
flame :

Till Circe whom scorn'd loue to madnes moues
Quenches at once her beautie and his loues.

There stands shee now a prooffe of iealous spite
As full of horror now as then delight :

Ar. The fruite of iealousie is euer curst,
But when 'tis grafted in a crab 'tis worst.

Bad in a man, but monstrous in a woman,
And which the greater monster hard to know

Then ielous Circe, or loath'd Scylla now :

After, when time had easd his greife for Scylla,
Circe with charmes, and prayers, and gifts had
wone him,

Her loue shee reapt in that high rocky frame,
Which euer since hath borne faire Circe's name :

The moone her fainting light ten times had fed,
And ten times more her globe had emptied :

When two fayre twinnes she brought, whose
beauteous shine,

Did plainly proue their parents were diuine :
 The male Thalander, the female called Glaucilla,
 And now to youth arriu'd so faire they are
 That with them but themselues who may compare,
 All else excelling ; each as faire as other,
 Thus best compard, the sister with the brother.
Ar. So liuely to, the eare thy speeches show them.
 That I must halfe affect¹ before I know them.
Per. Vaine words that thinke to blase² so great
 perfection,
 Their perfectnes more proue's words imperfection.³
 But if these words some little sparkle moue,
 How would their sight inflame thy soule with loue !
 Scarce did his haire betray his blooming yeares,
 When with his budding youth his loue appeares ;
 Myselfe and sister equally he loues,
 And as on those two poles heauen euer moues,
 So on vs two, his soule still fix't, still louing
 Was euer constant, by his constant mouing :
 Yet neuer knew wee which was most respected,
 Both equally and both he most affected.
 In mee his worthy loue with iust reflexion,
 Kindled an equall and a like affection,

1 Choose, love. G.

2 Blazon. G.

— 3 Cf. 'Who wrote Brittain's *Ida*?' Vol. I., pages 35
 —36 and Postscript, page 105. G.

But shee my sister most vngratefull maide,
With hate, ah ! hatefull vice, his loue repaide.

Ar. Cea'st he not then to loue ? this sure wee hold
That loue not backe reflected soone grows cold.

Per. No, though all spite within her bosome
sweld,

Spite of her spite his loue her hate exceld ;
At length to shew how much he was neglected,
His riual, vgly riual ! shee affected :
Such riual could I wish whose foule distortion,
Would make seeme excellent a meane proportion ;
For Mago, (thus his hated riual's nam'd)
All blacke and foule, most strong and vgly fram'd,
Begot by Saturne on a sea-borne witch,
Resembling both ; his haires like threeds of pitch,
Distorted feete, and eyes suncke in his head :
His face dead pale, and seem'd but moouing lead,
Yet worse within, for in his heart to dwell
His mother's furies haue their darkest hell.
Yet when Thalander woo'd her, shee neglects him,
And when this monster flatter'd, shee respects him.
Ar. I'st possible ? Troth Sir but that I feare mee,
If I should speake, some women should ore-heare
mee :

Meethinks I now could raile on all their kinds,
But who can sound the depth of womens minds ?

Per. Shortly to come to th' height of all their
wrong,

So could this Mago file¹ his smoothest tongue,
 That shee, Thalander banisht from her sight,
 Neuer to see her more, his sole delight :
 And he to none his hidden greife imparted,²
 But full of louing duty straight departed ;
 Leauing our groues, in woods he grows a ranger
 To all but beasts and sencelesse trees a stranger.
 Thus in a desert, like his loue forsaken
 When nothing but cold death his flames could
 slacken ;

Atyches spyed him, but so griefe had pin'd him,
 That when he saw him plaine, he could not find
 him.

And so had sorrow all his graces reft
 That in him, of him, nothing now was left
 Onely his loue ; with which his latest breath
 He power'd into his eares, so slept in death.
 The rest when better leisure-time affords :
 This lucklesse day askes rather teares then words.
[*Exeunt.*

CHORVS.

Who neere saw death, may death commend
 Call it ioye's prologue, trouble's end :
 The pleasing sleepe that quiet rockes him,

1 Misprinted 'fill' G.

2 Misprinted 'in parted' G

Where neither care nor fancy mockes him.
But who in neerer space doth eye him
Next to hell, as hell, defye him :
No state, no age, no sexe can moue him,
No beggar's prey, no kings reprooue him :
In mid'st of mirth and loue's alarmes,
He puls the bride from bridegroome's arms ;
The beauteous virgin he contemnes,
The guilty with the iust condemns.
All weare his cloth, and none denyes.
Dres't in fresh-colour'd liueries ;
Kings lowe as beggars lie in graues,
Nobles as base, the free as slaues ;
Blest who on vertue's life relying
Dies to vice, thus liues by dying.
But fond¹ that making life thy treasure
Surfet'st in ioy, art drunke in pleasure.
Sweetes do make the sower more tart,
And pleasure sharp's death's keenest dart.
Death's thought is death to those that liue,
In living ioyes, and neuer griue.

Happlesse that happie art and knowst no teares
Who euer liues in pleasure, liues in feares. [*Exit.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter CONCHYLIO *solus*.

I haue been studying, what bold hardie foole
Inuented fisher's art, that tir'd with safety,
Would needs go play with waues, winds, death
and hell ;

The summe of fisher's life is quickly found,
To sweate, freeze, watch, fast, toyle, be starud or
drownd.¹

Well, had my mistris found no better trade,
I would ere this haue left these dabling deities,
But she while other fishers fish on the seas,
Sends me a-fishing on the Land for flesh :

No game arriues amisse vnto her net,
For shee's not borne among the cliffs and rockes
But from Messena comes to sport herselfe,

And fish for fooles along these craggie shores :

I tooke her for a nymph, but shee's a woman ;
A very woman loueth all she sees :

This for his sprightly wit, and that for musicke,
Him cause hee's faire, another for his blacknesse,
Some for their bashfulnes, more for their boldnesse,
The wise man for his silence, the foole for his bibble-
babble :

1 Cf. Piscatorie Eclogues, iv., 10, Vol. II., p. 273. G.

2 Idle-talk. G.

And now she longs in haste for another fat cod's-head,

A good fat sow ; and I must snare one for her :

She has—let me see I haue the tallic¹—

Some hundred louers, yet still desires another :

The first that passeth all the rest in loue

Is callèd Pas : Hah ! know you your cue so well ?

[Enter PAS.

He is a *malum collum* : alas ! poore foole ;

He would engrosse my mistris to himselfe,

He would haue her all alone : let her alone for that,

And for that it will not be, he raues and sweares

And chides and fights ; but what neede I describe

him,

Hee'l doe't himselfe, come,'begin, begin.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Pas. CONCHYLIO.

Pas. Who sowes the seas, or plowes the easy shore ?

Yet I, fond I, more fond and sencelesse more :

Who striues in nets to prison in the winde ?

Yet I in loue a woman thought to bind :

1 In counting things sold by the hundred, one was thrown out after each hundred : and it was called the *tally*. So here in relation to the 'hundred lovers.' G.

Fond, too fond thoughts, that thought in loue to
tie,

Once more inconstant then inconstancy :

Looke, as it is with some true Aprill day,

The sunne his glorious beames doth fayre display,

And straight a clowd breakes into fluent showres,

Then shines and raines, and cleares, and straight

it lowres :

And twenty changinges in one houre do proue ;

So, and more changing is a woman's loue.

Fond then my thoughts, that thought a thing so
vaine,

Fond loue, to loue what could not loue againe.

Fond hopes, that anchor on so false a ground,

Fond thoughts that fir'd with loue, in hope thus
drownd :

Fond thoughts, fond hope, fond heart, but fondest I .

To graspe the winde and loue inconstancy.

Ah ! Cosma, Cosma. [Exit.

Con. Ah Pas, asse passing asse : hah, ha, he !

Fond thoughts, fond hope, fond heart, but fondest I,

To graspe the winde, and loue inconstancy : ha,
ha, he !

This foole would haue, I know not what, the sea

To stand still like a pond, the moone neuer to change,

A woman true to one, hee knowes not what :

She that to one all her affections brings

Cage's herselfe and pinion's Cupid's wings.
 Let's see who's the second : O the second
 Is an old dotard who though now foure score
 Yet, nature hauing left him some few hot embers
 Rack't vp in cold ashes, thinkes himselfe all fire
 and flame

And therefore like the dwarfes
 Who though neere so old, yet still consort with
 boyes :

So he, among the freshest youth, in dancing,
 In songs and sporting, spends his fadish time :
 When snow on's head, showes in his eye
 With winter-lookes giues summer-words the lye :
 His name is Fredocaldo : he knowes his name

[*Enter Fredocaldo.*

No sooner cald but comes ! what i'st he reads ?
 Vpon my life some sonnet : Il'e stand and heare.

ACT II. SCENE III.

FREDOCALDO, CONCHYLIO.

Fro. If¹ I am siluer white, so is thy cheeke
 Yet who for whitenes will condemne it ?
 If wrinklèd, if² thy forehead is not sleeke

1 Misprinted 'I'. G.

2 'Of' misprinted here: both corrections made from
 the after-quotations by Conchylio. G.

Yet who for frowning dare contemne it.
Boys full of folly, youth of rage
Both but a iourney to old age.

I am not yet, fayre Nymph, to[o] old to
loue,

And yet woemen loue old louers :
Nor yet t[o] wauing, light as false, to proue
Youth, a foule inside fairely couers.

Yet when my light is in the waine
Thy sunnes renew my Spring againe.

Pretty, very pretty, why yet I see

My braine is still as fresh as in my youth.

And quicke inuention springs as currantly
As in the greenest head : this little distieke
I made this morne, to send vnto my loue.

See, here's a legge, how full, how little wain-
ing !

My limbs are still accompanied

With their kind fellow-heate : no shaking
palsie

Nor cramp has tane possession, my swift
bloud-streames,

Rune quicke and speedie, through their burn-
ing channells.

Pi'sh I am young : he is not antient

That hath a siluer badge of hoarie haires

But he that in sweete loue is dead and cold :
 So, old men oft are young, and young men
 old

Il'e take my farewell of this prettie verse :
 It is a prettie verse : I'le read it againe

[*Conchylio throws downe his spectacles.*

If I am siluer white, and——O ho ! my
 spectacles !

Ah naughtie boy ! alas my spectacles !

Con. Ha, ha, he ! your eyes Fredocaldo, take
 up your eyes, hah, ha, he !

Fre. Ah naughtie boy : alas my spectacles
 Whither is he gone ? O if I finde him

Con. Find mee without eyes ? hah, ha, he !

Fre. O my verses, my verses

[*Snatches his verses.*

Con. A verie prettie verse : how fresh a
 lrairie that made it,

If I am siluer white and——nay if you'l trie
 your limbs, come on.

Exit FREDOCALDO.

Enter PERINDUS.

Farewell frost : how ! Perindus ? oh how fitly

After warme Winter comes a chill could Summer : *cold ?*

This youth in all things is that old man's contrarie ;

This a cold May ; that a hot Ianuarie ;

All my art cannot blowe vp one sparkle ;

If I should stay, hee'd blast mee ; adue sol in Pisces
Farewell good Caldofredo¹ ! I must after Fredocaldo

[Exit

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Enter PERINDUS, ALCIPPUS.

Per. Bles't is that fisher-swane² that saneke i'th'
flood,

He's food for them whom he would make his food.
But I most wretched, who so many yeares
Liue safe in waters to be drownd in feares.
In fire and sorrow, like Titius is my life
A couered table furnisht still for grieve.
He'll loue your paines, for all poor soules can proue
Is felt and spoke : but thus carelesse I loue.

Enter ALCIPPUS.

Alcip. Phœbus write thou this glorious victory
And graue it on thy shining axel-tree,
That all may see a fisher hath done more
Then any age hereafter or before.

Per. Alcippus what newes ? me thinks I plaine
descry
Joy mixt with wonder in thy doubtfull eye.

1 Caldofredo is a play on Fredocaldo. G.

2 Swain. G.

Alcip. Perindus, most happy haue I found thee
here.

Per. I'st good? ah! tell me; yet my grounded
feare

Pleads hope impossible.

Alcip. Were you away

To the Ecco I had told it: as grieffe, so ioy

Prest downe is burthensome: for now I see

Ioy is no ioy if bar[r]'d from company.

Olinda by the priests' enchained-fast

Vnto the fatall rocke downe to the wast

Was naked left, which thus was better drest:

Beauty when most vnclath'd is clothèd best:¹

And now the priest all rites had finishèd

And those last words and hidden verses sayd:

Then thus he loud proclaimes, who dare aduenture

Against this monstrous beast, now let him enter

And if he conquer by his bold endeaour

This goodly maid shall bee his prize forever.

Straight was the monster loos'd, whose vgly sight

Strooke euery trembling heart with cold affright:

Some sweate, some freeze, some shrieke, some silent
were,²

The eye durst neyther winke nor see for feare:

1 Cf. Essay, Vol I., page cccxxx. G.

2 Spelled 'weare.' G.

Heauen hid his light, the fearefull sunne did
shrowd

His glorious eye vnder a ietty cloud.

Per. Saw'st thou the Orke¹ ?

Alcip. Yes, and my panting heart

To thinke I sawe it, in my brest doth start.

Per. Cans't thou describe it ?

Alcip. Neuer tongue can tell

What to it selfe no thought can pourtray well.

More bigge then monstrous Python, whom men
faine

By Phœbus first was bred, by Phœbus slaine.

His teeth thicke rankt in many a double band

Like to an armed battel ready stand :

His eyes sunke in's head, more fearefull stood

Like bloodie flame or like to flaming blood :

Not any eare vpon his head appeares,

No plaint nor prayer, no threat, nor charme he
feares :

In sea and land he liues and takes from both

Each monster's part which most we feare and loath :

Soone as he felt him loose, he shakes his crest

And hungry posteth to his ready feast :

And as through seas his oares a passage teare

¹ See Note pages 18—19 *ante*. G.

The thronging waues fly fast, and roare for feare.

Per. Me thinks I see him and th' vnhappy loue
Strook through with fright.

Alcip. In all their shreiks, he smiles
Stretching his armes, to fight himselfe composes
And nothing fear'd his body enterposes :

Shaking a dart the monster he defies
Who scorning such a foe to's banquet flies.

But he with certaine aime his iauelin driues
Which as the sender bad¹ at's eye arriues.

And fixt in's hollow sight, deep drenchèd stood
Quenching the bloody fire with fiery blood :

The wounded monster lowdly 'gins to yell ;
If Hell doe speake such is the voyce of Hell :

And to reuenge his hurt he flies apace :

The other dart met him i' th' middle race,

And as along he blindly fast doth post

His way and t'ther eye together lost :

Thus blinde he quickly dies; and being dead

Leaues to his foe his spoiles, his pawes, his head.

Per. Hercules, thy twelue works with this one
confer'd

This one before thy twelue might be prefer'd.

Alcip. Perindus then might'st thou haue scene how
loue

1 Bado = intended. G.

Is not more bold then fearefull ; he that stroue
 And conquered such a monster with a dart,
 To her faire eyes yeelds vp his heart.
 Ah ! hadst thou seene how fearefull modestie
 Ioynd with chast loue did chide the hungry eye¹
 Which hauing long abstain'd and long time fasted
 Some of those dainties now would faine haue
 tasted.

Ah ! ha[d]st thou seene when² such fit time he got
 How loue to[o] much remembring, loue forgot ;
 How th' eye which such a monster did outface
 Durst not looke vp vpon her eie to gaze ;
 How th' hand which such a bould fight vnder-
 tooke

When her it toucht, as with a palsie shooke.
 As all that saw it, thou wouldst soone haue sayd
 That neuer liu'd so fortunate a maid.
 Most happy such a danger to recouer
 More happy farre by hauing such a louer.
 And harke the fishers, home the victor bringing
 Chant lowd his conquest, his due praises singing.

¹ Is this a reminiscence of AESCHYLUS's delineation of
 Menelaus' grief for Helen, with its wonderful *ἄχνηία* ?
 Cf. Agam. 419. *ὀμμάτων δ' ἐν ἀχνηίαις ἔρρει πᾶς*
Ἀφροδίτα. G.

² Misprinted 'which'. G.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Enter in triumph with Chorus of Fishers and
Priests singing: ATYCHES' crownd leading
OLINDA, following GLAUCILLA and COSMA.

SONG.

Olinda if thou yeeld not now
The Orke lesse monstrous was then thou ;
No monster to the eyes more hatefull.
Then Beauty to desert ungratefull ;
Yeeld then thy heart and hand
And sing along this sand
Loue rule heauen, sea, and land.

Per. Atyches, how farest thou ? O let these armes
inlace thee

Me thinks I hold halfe heauen when I imbrace
thee.

Atych. Will Perindus goe with vs to the temple ?

Per. Most willingly, and when thou once art
there

Then 'tis a temple, I may iustly sweare.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Enter CANCRONE and SCROCCA with their boate,
from fishing.

Ser. Yet more larboord ! ho ! vp against that
waue now star-boord !

Can. I think we are vpon the shallow.

Ser. Hold in Cancrone, I smell the shore.

[*Cancrone fals in.*]

Can. Nay by your leaue 'twas I that smelt it :
for I am sure my nose kist it.

Ser. Take hold of the stretcher, and then fasten
the rope.

Can. A rope stretch all such bottle-head bote-
men ! had it been my lot to haue been Master at
sea as 'tis yours, we had neere taken such a iourney
in such a fly-boate, such a sow's-care, such an
egge-shell.

Ser. Come helpe to laue her.

Can. It's a true shee-boate I warrant, shee
leakes brackish all the yeare long.

Ser. Will you come Sir ? you are yet in my-
iurisdiction on the water.

Can. Will you scale the fish, Sir ? will you
bring forth the nets, Sir ? Will you spread them
vpon the rocks, Sir ? you are at my demand. Sir
vpon the land wee'l be knowne in our place :
(*Scrocca drinks*) Is that your lauing ?

Scr. Ah ha! this is something fresher then Neptun's salt potion! seest not what a pickle I am in: but O those Scyllae's bandogs! (*bough wough*) our boate bepist her selfe for feare.

Can. I and thou thyselfe for companie: faith wee were almost in Thetis powdring tub! but now Scrocca, let's off with our liquor: Sirrah halfe to this blew-beard Neptune, but he gets not one drop on't.

Scr. I¹ and withall remember the roaring boy Boreas (*puff puff*) hold! you beare your poope too high Cancrone, y'ad neede goe pump.

Can. So mee thinks my braine is somewhat warmer now, my witt gear's² on.

Let Neptune rage, and roare and fome

For now Cancrone's safe at home.

Scr. How now Cancrone! what! poefied?

Can. Why Scrocca, is it such a matter for a waterman to be a poet now a daies?³

1 = Aye or ay: and so below and throughout. G.

2 = gyres or revolves. G.

3 Cf. ESSAY, Vol I., page cccxlix. There is no donbt an intended hit here and onward, at the notorious rather than famous JOHN TAYLOR, the 'water-man' and water, that is watry Poet or Poetaster. I may record another by EUGENIUS PHILALETES or THOMAS VAUGHAN, twin-brother of The Silurist, from his "Second Wash" (1651) where,

Ser. I, but I wonder that in all thy poems thou never madst an epitaph for thy grandsire that was eaten vp by the Cyclops.

Can. Ah Scrocca ! I prethee doe not ming¹ my gransire; thoul't spoile my poetry presently ! Those hungry side slops ; they eate him vp, crust and crum, and then kild him too, and that which grieues me most, he neuer sent mee word who it was that bit of's head, yet fayth, one draught more and haue at him.

[*Hee drinkes.*

Ser. Nay if one draught will serue, he shall neuer starue for an epitaph.

Can. So : it's comming ! I haue it Scrocca. Here lies Cancrone's grandsire, who sans boate, Sans winde, sans seas, saild down the Cyclop's throate.

Ser. Here lies ? Why will you graue an epitaph on the Cyclop's belly ? I'me sure he lies yonder.

among other taunts at MORE he asks "Is it not Jack Taylor the Water-Poet?". (p 2) So too Woodrooffe (friend of Dr. Joseph Beaumont) in his lines to the blind poet FRANCIS TAYLOR, prefixed (among others) to the latter's "Grapes from Canaan" (1658) "TAYLOR.

Thou art no Water-poet, nor by wine
Art thou inspir'd, thy genius is divine,
And stoops not to that Helicon." G.

1 = mention, refer to. G.

Can. Masse, thou sayst true, but all our late writers begin so.

Sir. Well sir, will you walke home and warme your poeticall vaine at the kitchin fire?

Can. Yes, I care not if I doe; for I shall nere be well till I haue got the chimney-corner over my head.

Farewell ye rockes and seas, I thinke yee'l shew it
That Sicelie affords a water-poet.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

Enter CONCHYLIO *solus*.

Hah, ha, he! I haue laught my selfe weary : i't
possible

That fire and frost should thus keepe house together?

Sure age did much mistake him, when it set

Her snowie badge on his blew riueled¹ chin.

Were not his face's furrowes fild with snow

His hams vnstrung, his head so straightly bound.

His eyes so rainy, and his skinne so drie,

He were a pretty youth.

¹ Wrinkled. Cf. on ' writheld ' Vol II, page 332, and Cotgrave, Fr. Dict. s. r. rugeux, ed. 1632. G.

ACT II. SCENE VIII.

Enter CANCRONE and SCROCCA.

Con. What old acquaintance? lie by mistris a little,

I'le fish a while; I may chaunce to catch
A cod's head; I'le stand and heare them.

Ser. Did not I tell you we were wrong sir?

Can. Me thought we were at land vile soone.

Ser. I prethee on which hand was the cape of
Peloro,

When wee left Scyllae's bandogs?

Can. That did belong to thy water-office to
marke,

But sure it stood straight before a little o'th' on[e]
side,

Right vpon the left, and then it left, the right,
And turnèd West by East, and then stood still
North, North by South.

Can. Well bould woodcocke
Without a bias.

Ser. Come looke about you to your land-office.
I'le hold a ped¹ of oysters the rocke stands on
yonder side;

1 A hamper without a lid, in which shell-fish or others
are carried. G.

Looke this way : I prethee is not this Circe's rocke?

Can. I like thy reasons wondrous well : it is her rocke and her distaffe too.

Can. I'le spine some thred out of this distaffe.

Ser. Then I sweare by Circe's iugling box, wee come in o'th' wrong side.

Can. Looke into my poll, cans't thou not perceive by the colour of my braines that I haue vnlac't her knavery? Thou knowst Circe is a plagueie witch.

Ser. I, she did translate a good father of mine into an hogge.

Can. She with her whisking white wand, has giuen this rocke a box on the eare and set it on the other side of the country.

Ser. I care not where Circe dwells, but I am sure we dwell on this side, and wee haue pusht in the cleane contrary way, and wat you what, wee haue leapt through Hell-mouth : O strange how.....

Can. O the Orke, the huge huntie, puntie.

[he falls downe and cries.

Ser. Vp Cancerone, I tell thee wee haue scap't him.

Can. I tell thee Serocca wee haue not scap't him, he has cate vs vp.

Con. These fishers are new returnd from fishing, and know not that Atyches has slaine the Orke : I'le orke them.

Can. Ah Scrocca ! I would this Orke were in Neptune's bellie, that will suffer such a worme to liue in his dominions ; I am a very macherell¹ if the very name be not worse to mee then three nights cold fishing.

Ser. Mee thinks I am colder too then I was before.

Con *Cán.* Let mee strike then before the iron be key-cold :²

What hardie fishers dare approch this shore
Vntrod by men this twenty yeares and more ?

Can. Good now Conchylio doe not the Norke

Ser. Wee did eate the golden apples, wee.

Con. What old Cancerone ? I am sorrie for your chaunce. The best that I aduise you is that you returne round about the Cape presently, before the Orke smell you (if he were within twelue score he might wind them) foh !

Can. Nay I shall be deuour'd.

1 This means a 'bawd' : but probably he intends no more by calling himself a 'macherell' than Conchylio does a little onward, in wishing to be turned into an oyster or Falstaff when he says (1 Henry, iv., iv., 2) 'I am a soused gurnet.' It is only a term of contempt. G.

2 Very cold: a Shakesperian word : Richard III. i., 2 'poor key-cold figure.' G.

Can. Plucke out a good heart man.

Can. If I could doe so I might saue the Orke a labour, that will be done to my hand ; I know I shall be deuour'd.

Con. Why man ?

Can. Why, my grandsire was deflour'd¹ and they say deflouring goes in a blood.

Con. If I ridde you both of this feare, will you worship mee?

Can. O worshipfull water-wight !

Ser. O Neptune's father !

Can. O Glaucus mother !

Con. Why then thus : my deitie's oracle giues you answer thus :

When two famous fishers fall vpon this sand
Let them for feare of mightie Orke, leaue seas,
saile home by land.

I haue not pincht them for measure,
I haue giuen them oracle vp to the elbowes.

Can. Saile, ther's your office Scrocca, you must goe :

Ser. By land, there's your officé, goe you.

Con. What can you not expound? Dragge vp your bote and homeward crosse this shore.

¹ Query: devour'd? G.

Can. Wee are all made : I vnderstood you, Sir, but I did not know your meaning.

Ser. Pull you the bote at nose : I'le lift at the arse.

Can. Manners, Jacke, this is a land-voyage ; I am master.

Con. Hoh, roh, droh, Horka, Corca, Suga ponto : the monster come's downe vnder the boate, turne it over, Ile helpe :

Retire thou sacred monster—(creepe on)—

These sweet soules are no food for thee (on, on.)

'Tis time these soules were spent, they begin

To stink ; retire thou great god Neptune's scourg[e].¹

Retire I say while this twinne tortoise passes

And dare not once to touch these fish-flesh asses. Hah, ha, he : farewell good tortoise ! what good fouch?² Haddocke, Flare, and Cod ? you shall walke with me, Il'e be your Orke : yet I'le carry the Cod to my mistris Cosma : I know she loues

1 In margin here 'they couer themselves ouer with their boates, for feare of the Orke and creepe ouer the gate' G.

2 'Fouch' is a scoundrel or mean fellow (sometimes used jokingly). Probably the three names that follow are nick-names from fish. G.

it well : let Conchilio be turn'd into an oyster
if hee would not play the Orke euery day for such
sport : it shall go hard but I'le with my friend
Cancerone yet once againe.

[*Exit.*

CHORVS.

Happy happie fisher-swaine[s],
If that yee knew your happines ;
Your sport tastes sweeter by your paines,
Sure hope your labour relishes :
Your net your liuing, when you eate
Labour finds appetite and meat.

When the seas and tempest roare
You eyther sleepe or pipe or play,
And dance along the golden shore :
Thus you spend the night and day
Shrill windes a pipe, hoarse seas a tabor
To fit your sports or ease your labour.

First ah first the holy Muse
Rap't my soule's most happy eyes,
Who in those holy groues doe use
And learne those sacred misteries,
The yeares and months, old age and birth
The palsies of the trembling earth.

The flowing of the sea and moone
 And ebbe of both, and how the tides
 Sinke in themselues and backward run.
 How palled¹ Cynthia closely slides
 Stealing her brother from our sight :
 So robs herselfe and him of light.

But my² cold Nature's frozen parts
 My dull, slow heart and cloudie braine
 Cannot reach those heauenly arts ;³
 Next happie is the fisher's paine
 Whose low⁴ rooffe's peace doe[s] safely hide
 And shut out fortune, want and pride.

There shall I quiet, fearelesse raigne
 My boyes, my subiects, taught submission
 About my court, my sonnes my traine :
 Nets my puruaiors of prouision,
 The steere⁵ my septer,⁶ pipe musition,
 Labour my phisicke, no phisitian.

So still I laugh the angry seas and skie
 Thus singing may I liue and singing die.

1 Pallid? palled i. e. = paled, turned 'pale'? G.

2 Misprinted 'if.' G.

3 Misprinted 'nets'. G.

4 Spelled 'loue'. G.

5 Steerer = helm. G.

6 Sceptre. G.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter PERINDUS.

When Atyches with better sight I eye,
Some powre me thinks beyond humanity,
Some heauenly power within his bosome lyes
And plainely looks through th' windowes of his
eyes.

Thalander, if that soules departed, rest
In other men, thou liuest in his brest ;
He is more then he seemes, or else—but see !

[*Enter Glaucilla.*

My loue, my hate, my ioy, my miserie.

Glauc. Perindus, whither turn'st thou ? if thy
wandring loue

My loue eschew, yet nothing can'st thou see
Why thou shouldst fly me ; I am no monster, friend,
That seekes thy spoyle : looke ou me, I am shee
To whom th' hast vowd all faith and loyalty,
Whom thou with vowes and prayers and oathes
hast ply'd

And praying wept, and weeping beene deny'd,
And dy'd in the denyall : I am she
Whom by my brother's importunity
Thalander's meaues thou wants't, who still per-
seuer :

Though thou art chang'd, I louing loue for cuer.

Tell me, am I altered in minde or bodie's frame ?

What then I was, am I not still the same ?

Per Yes, yes, thou art the same both then and now,
As faire, more faire then heauen's clearest brow.

Glauc. What haue I now deserued ?

Per In heauen to dwell :

The purest starre deserues not heauen so well.

Glauc. Perindus, I am the same, ah ! I am she
I was at first : but thou, thou art not hee
Which once thou wast.

Per. True ah ! too true :

Then was I happy being so distressed,
And now most miserable by being blessed.

Glauc. Tell me what thus hath chang'd thy former
loue,

Which once thou sworst nor heauen nor hell could
moue :

How hath this scorne and hate stolne in thy heart
And on a commick stage hast learnt the art
To play a tyrant and a foule deceiuer ?¹
To promise mercy and performe it neuer ?
To looke more sweete, mask't in thy lookes disguise
Then Mercie's selfe or Pittie's gracious eyes ?

¹ These four lines repeated in *Pisc. Ecl* : iii., 13 : Vol. II., p. 267 : the first line herein confirms our correction of 'the' for 'thee'. G.

Per. Fa, la, la, fa, la, la, lah.

Glau. Ah! me, most miserable!

Per. Ah! me, most miserable!

Glau. Wretched Glaucilla, where hast thou set
thy loue?

Thy plaints his ioy, thy teares his laughter moue,
Sencelesse of these, he sings at thy lamenting,
And laughs at thy heart's tormenting.
Wretched Glaucilla!

Per. More wretched Perindus,
Where by refusing life, thou diest for whom
Thou liest, in whom thou drawst thy ioy and
breath,
And to accept thy life is more then death.

Glau. Perindus.

Per. Fa, la, la, fa, la, la, lah.

[*Exit Perindus.*]

ACT III. SCENE II.

GLAUCILLA SOLA.

Haplesse and fond, too fond and haplesse maide,¹
Whose hate with loue, whose loue with hate is
payd.

² This soliloquy also occurs in *Pisc. Ecl.* iii., 10—12 :
Vol. II., pp. 265—266. G.

Or learne to hate where thou hast hatred prou'd,
 Or learne to loue againe, where thou art lou'd.
 Thy loue gets scorne : doe not so dearely earne it,
 At least learne by forgetting to vnlearne it.
 Ah fond and haplesse maide, but much more fond
 Can'st thou vnlearne the lesson thou hast cond ?
 Since then thy fixèd loue will leaue thee neuer
 He hates thy loue, leave thou his hate foreuer ;
 And though his yce might quench thy loue's
 desiring

Liue in his loue and die in his admiring.¹

Olinda so late abroad [Enter Olinda.

The sunne is now at rest, heauen's winking eyes
 All drowsie seeme : Loue onely rest denies :
 But thou art free as aire ; what is the reason ?
 What glasse is this ?

Olin. Prethee Glaucilla

Doe not thus search my soule's deepe ranckling
 wound

Which thou canst neuer helpe when thou hast
 found.

Glauc. Thy soule was wont to lodge within mine
 eare,

And euer was it safely harboured there :

¹ Cf. 'Who wrote Brittain's Ida?' Vol I. page 18, 28,
 and Postscript page 105. G.

My eare is not acquainted with my tongue
That eyther tongue or eare should doe thee wrong :
Yet doe not tell me, I'le thee—I spie
Thy burning feauer in thy teltale eye.
Thou lous't ! deny it not, thou lous't Olinda !
In vaine a chest to locke vp flames we seeke
Which now with purple fire's thy blushing cheekes.

Olin. Th' art such a mistris in thy louing art
That all in vaine I hide my loue-sicke heart :
And yet as vaine to open't now 'tis hid.

Glau. Why so loue's hee another ?

Olin. I would he did.

Glau. Strange wish in loue, much rather had
I die !

Is he then perisht ?

Olin. Yes, and with him I.

Glau. I prethee tell me all, doe not conceale it.
It'e mourne with thee if that I cannot heale it.

Olin. Heare then and who so ere may'st be a
bride,

Learne this of me to hate thy maiden pride.
Atyches thou knowest ?

Glau. Thy champion ?

Olin. The same—

Almost a yeare since he came to this towne
When finding mee fishing along the shore,
Silent he angles by mee, till at length

Seeing me take a starfish, and fling't away
 He straight demands why I refus'd that pray :
 The cause I said was hate : he thus replied
 Alas ! poore fish, how wretched is your fate,
 When you are kild for loue, sau'd but for hate ;
 Yet then that fish much worse the fisher-swaine
 Who for his loue by hate is causeles slaine.

Glau. Yet happier he that's slaine by loue's
 : defying

Then she in fate that liue's yet euer dying.

Olin. But soone as loue he nam'd, I straight
 was parting :

He holding mee, thus speaks ; stay Nymph and
 heare,

I bring thee newes which well deserues thine eare :
 He which most loues thee and thou hatest most
 Thalander (at his name my guiltie heart
 Ashamèd of itselſe did in me start) :

He thus went on : Thalander's dead, and dying
 By oath and all his loue, swore me to see thee
 With these few words : Thalander quite forsaken
 Would send to thee what thou from him hast
 taken,

All life and health, and ne're his loue remoouing
 Wishes thee a friend more happie, and as louing.
 And with this prayer, these legacies he sends thee,
 This pipe, his mother Circe's gift, to bind

With this soft whistle the loud-whistling wind :
 And with this pipe, he left this precious ring
 Whose vertues euers a venemous tooth or sting.

Glau. Thalander, were wee nothing like the
 other

Only thy loue would proue thou art my brother.
 Did not this moue thee ?

Olin. Glaucilla, why should I lie ?

I tooke them as spoiles from a slaine enemy.
 And for these gifts (sayes he) his last demand
 Was this, that I might kisse thy hand :

The last, the only gift thou can'st impart
 To such, so louing and now dying heart !

I grant : be gone, vpon the ring I spie[d]
 A rubie cut most artificially,¹

Wherein was fram'd a youth in fire consuming,
 And round within it, as the ring I turne,
 I found these words, Aliue or dead, I burne.

Glau. These words well fitt his heart, so you,
 so I

Thalander liuing loues, and louing dies.

Olin. But oh those fainèd flames, such strange
 desires,

Such true, such lasting, never-quenchèd fires
 Haue kindled in my brest, that all the art

¹ With art or skill. G.

Of Triphon's selfe cannot allay my smart :
 Ah ! Glaucilla, the scornfull proud Olinda ;
 Which at so sweete a loue a mockery made,
 Who scornd the true Thalander, loues his shade,
 Whose thousand graces liuing could not turne mee,
 His ashes now hee's dead, to ashes, burne mee.

Glauc. If thus you loue him, how cans't thou
 allow

Thy loue to Atyches ! late didst thou vowe
 In Neptune's temple to be his for euer.

Olin. My hand he married there, my heart,
 ah ! neuer.

Glaucilla, I loue him for his loue to mee,
 For such his venture, for such his victorie !
 But most, because in loue he is my riual,
 Because hee's like my loue, my Loue's Thalander.¹
 Ah ! if my life will please him, let him take it,
 He gaue it mee, and I would faine forsake it,
 Had it beene mine to giue, my wretched heart
 Not worth his dangerous fight, I would impart ;
 But that is thine, Thalander, thine, for euer
 With mee 'tis buried, and arise shall neuer.

[*Glaucilla.*²] And wherefore serues this glasse ?

1 The reading here is *literatim*, "because hee's like and loue, my Loue Thalander." G.

2 The speaker's name is here omitted. The 'glasse' is apparently a phial. Cf. Act III, sc. 5, Act v, sc. 3, G.

Olin. This is a dessamoue³ Cosma lately gaue mee.

Glau. Olinda, knows't not yet the treachery
Of Cosma, she thy greatest enemy?
Prethee let me see't: shoulds't thou this liquor
proue,
I tell thee, friend, 'twill quench thy life and loue.
But so Il'e temper't, it shall better please thee,
And after few spent houres, shall euer ease thee.

Olin. 'Tis beyond art; who there can giue
reliefe,
Where patients hate the cure more then the griefe?

Glau. Yes, by my art, before th' art twelue
houres older,
I'le ease thy heart, though neuer make it colder.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCENE. III.

Enter Conchilio.

Con. Glaucilla and Olinda? I mar'le what
mettle,

3 Query=dessamoure. This seems to be something to cause hate, the contrary of a philtre. The Italian *disamore* is given in Florio's Dictionary, as the contrary of love, vnlove, hate, grudge, unkindnesse. Cf. Act v, sc. 5. G.

What leaden earth and water, Nature put
Into these Nymphes, as cold, as dull, as frozen
As the hard rockes they dwell on ! But my mis-
tris

Shee's all quicksiluer, neuer still, still mouing ;
Nor is she with some shepheard or some fisher,
And here she sets me to entertaine all commers :
This is the houre her louers vse to muster :
But who should this be ? is't you, old boy ?

[*Enter Fredocaldo.*

Old ten i'th' hundred, are you the captaine ? boh !

Fred. Breshrew your heart, you are a very
naughty boy,

I shake euery ioynt of me.

Con. No shaking palsey, nor crampe has tane
possession

Of your nimble limbes : ha, ha, he !

Fred. Boy, where's thy mistress ?

Con. Where she would bee.

Fred. Where's that ?

Con. Where you would bee.

Fred. What, in her bed ?

Con. Ah ! old goate, doe I smell you ? yet in
her bed ?

Fred. May not I speake a word or two with her ?

Con. What a foole tis ! thou hast spoken twice
two allreadie.

Fred. I, but I would speake them in her eare.

Con. I know your errand, but I preethee tell mee Fredocaldoe,
How is't possible that all the bellowes in Loue's father's shoppe, should kindle any fire in such a frost?

Fred. Thou know'st not what is loue; I tell thee boy

I loue faire Cosma more then all her louers.

Con. Now in my conscience he says true; this old wood makes a brighter fire then the greenest euer:

Fred. Conchylio th' art deceiud, hast not seene That of[t] the May, the best¹ of all the yeare Nipt with the hoarie frost grows cold and chare?² And oft October though the yeare's declining, With many daintie flowers is fairely shining; For as the flaming sunne puts out the fire So may the heate of loue quench loue's desires.

Con. Could this dotard doe as well as speake, he might——

Fred. I tell thee boy, when I was young——

Con. That was at the siedge of Troy:

Now shall wee haue more tales then euer poets made.

1 Misprinted 'lust'. G. 2 'clear'. G.

But what will you giue mee Fredocaldoe
If I helpe thee in the rockie caue, neere to the
mirtle groue,

To speake with Cosma all alone?

Fred. If thou'ld doe it, I'le giue thee as faire
an otter tam'd for fishing, as euer was in Sicely.

Con. Your hand on that: Ah! old Saturne cold
and dry: well, I'le doe't.

Fred. But when, Conchylio, when?

Con. Within this houre expect her.

Fred. Wilt thou be sure?

Con. Why, did I euer deceiue you?

Fred. Neuer, neuer:

Con. Beleeue mee Fredocaldoe, I say beleeue
mee then.

Fred. Farewell: I'le keepe my promise.

Con. Faile not within this houre:

Exit Fredocaldo.

I know not what this old man's like, vnlesse
Our hill of Sicely, the flaming *Ætna*:
Whose parched¹ bowells still in fire consuming.
Fils all the valley with flame and pitchy fuming.
Yet on his top congealèd snow doth lye
As if there were not fire nor *Phœbus* nie.
Why should we count this strange? when euen so

¹ Misprinted 'parches'. G.

This old man's heart's all fire, his head all snow ?
But what fresh souldier's this ? [*Enter Armillus.*

Ar. My pretty wagge !

Con. Sure you doe mistake me, sir ! I am
another's.

Ar. Thou dost mistake mee, boy : I know well
whose thou art.

Con. I doubt you doe not.

Ar. Th' art faire Cosmae's boy.

Con. My mother told me so.

Ar. Th' art a very wagge : take this, my boy,

Con. True sir, now I am your's indeede ; what !
yellow ? your's to command : what would you
with me ?

Ar. Seest thou ?

Con. Yes, I see very well.

Ar. Thou art too quicke : I prethee let me see
the mistres.

Con. Troth, sir, you cannot : shee's taken vp
with other busines, or rather taken downe ; yet
i'll trie sir. [*Exit.*

Ar. Oft haue I maruaild how the erring eye
Which of his proper obiect cannot lye,
In other subiect, failes so in his duty
When hee's to iudge of's chiefest obiect, beauty.
None takes the night for day, the day for night.
The lillies seeme alike to euey sight :

Yet when we partiall iudge of beautie's graces,
Which are but colours plac't in women's faces,
The eye seemes neuer sure; the selfe same show
And face, this thinkes a swanne, and that a crow.
But sure our minds with strong affections tainted,
Looke through our eyes as through a glasse that's
painted.

So when we view our loues, we neuer see
What th' are, but what we faine would haue them
be.

Thus Atyches, Perindus thus affecting
These Nymphs make them seem worthiest their
respecting,
And thus to loue their beauties neuer moue them:
But therefore beautionous seeme because they loue
them.

Me thinks this Cosma farre them both excels,
In whose high forehead Loue commanding dwels.
I like not this same too much modestie;
Commend the Senate for their grauity.
The wanton Nymph doth more delight me farre
The modest Nymphs doe more seeme chaste then
are;

Women are all alike, the difference this,
That seemes and is not, that both seemes and is.
Or if some are not, as they call it, ill,
They want the power and meanes, but not the
will.

[*Enter Conchylio.*

Con. My mistris as yet is so ouerlayd with sport or busines, she cannot speake with you: may not I know your errand?

Ar. My errand boy is loue.

Con. Loue (um) 'tis light enough, I shall carry it away: 'tis so short, I shall remember it; but troth sir, another golden star this starlesse night, dropt in my hand, may chance to giue light to make my mistris shine in your armes.

Ar. Hold thee boy, hold thee: will that content thee?

Con. Sir, doe you know the myrtle groue?

Ar. Yes well.

Con. Your star will conduet you thither straight; within this houre shee'l meete you there.

Ar. How can'st thou assure it?

Con. Trust mee I'll procure it;
Else neuer more let me see golden stars.

Ar. I'le try thee boy, 'tis but one mis-spent houre,

If thou performe thy promise good Conchylio,
Many such glittering nights shall shine on thee.

Con. If? make no question sir.

Ar. Farewell,

Con. Adiew.

[*Exit.*

This strange new bird, this goose with golden eggs

Must with some graine of hope be cherishèd;
 And yet not fedde too fat; now for my erab,
 Here's his twin, if heauen's signes are right.

[*Enter Scrocca.*

Next to the erab, the twin must come in sight,
 I'le out and seeke him.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

SCROCCA. CANCRONE.

Scr. Saile home by land quotha? well, I'le
 haue that saddle-boate hung vp for a monument
 in the temple of Odoxcom, hard by the euerlasting
 shooes,¹ and now to see the ill lucke on't neuer
 more neede of fish, a bounsing² feast toward, vm-
 ber³ of guests, not a whiting, not a haddock, not

1 An allusion to and hit at the 'shoes' in which Tom Coryat, of *Odcombe*, performed his journeys of the immortal (!) 'Crudities'. G.

2 'Bounsing feast' may mean a large or great feast as='bouncing': but then 'bounce' is a fish, otherwise called 'dog-fish'. G.

3 'umber' may be a mis-print for 'number' (brokenly spoken in jest): but again 'umber' is a fish, otherwise called the 'grayling'. I suspect the text here to be misprinted. I print *literatim et punctatim*. I have failed to trace the (apparently) technical words. Perhaps the

a cod-mop in the house : and instead of catching fish, wee must goe fish for our nets. Cancerone, come along, along, along : the Orke's dead and buried, the Orke's dead and buried.

Can. I, but doe's not his ghost walke thereabout?

[*within.*

On afore, I'll follow hintly sintly, by the hob-nailes of Neptune'[s] horse-shooes—

Ser. Nay if you sweare, we shall catch no fish : what Cancerone, sneake you still ? whoop, we shall fish fairely if your searmore¹ be off.

[*Enter Cancerone but'ning his coate.*

How now, what all in white ?

Can. Seest not I am busified ? doest thou thinke a man can button his coate and talke all at once ?

Ser. My prettie sea-cob, why, I preethee why in thy white ?

correct reading and punctuation may be as follows : ' And now to see the ill-lucke o'nt . . . neuer more neede of fish . . . a bousing feast toward [= coming] . . . number of guests . . . not a whiting &c.' these being broken sentences, as if in perplexed soliloquy over a Feast un-prepared for. G.

1 Query = sea-armour, referring to the boat under which Cancerone had skulked ? Cf. Act II. sc. 8, foot-note, ante. G.

Can. Ino triumph ! Ino triumph ! tell thee this is my triumphing sute : did not wee vanquish the Orke ?

Ser. I hope so too : but all our fellow-fishers say t'was Atyches.

Can. Thus Atyches kild him aliue, and wee kild him dead.

Ser. I preethee on with thy gaberdine¹ againe.

Can. My old, scaly, slimie gaberdine ? why, if I should fish in that, euery finne would smell mee.

Ser. Well, our nets are not aboue ground : what shall wee doe ?

Can. Why then Sir, you must goe seeke them vnder ground.

Ser. Well Sir, you'l follow. [Exit.

Can. Muddie Scrocca, can'st thou not perceiue Cancrone's inside by his new outside ? my old Orke apparell, my pitch patch pole-dauies² had no good perfume for a sweete loucr, as I now must be : but why a loucr ? because I meane to kill the next Orke hand to hand ; for my master's sister's sweetheart Atyches, because a loucr, therefore an Orkekiller.

1 Rough cloak or covering. G.

2 Coarse canvas=clothes thereof. G.

Enter CONCHYLIO.

Con. What? old crab tortoise? has the Orke made you cast your shell?

Can. Fish! mee no fishing: I'me all for flesh.

Con. Thy lob¹ hath learnt that fishers keepe no lent.

Can. Therefore thou blue-beard Neptune, and thou trumphing² Triton, and thou watchet³ iacket Glaucus, Daucus, Maucus, and all the rest of the salt fish-gods: I denounce you all, and for your

1 This means a 'clownish fellow' and hence a 'lubber': but I suspect there is an intended allusion to 'lob' or 'lub' of the (English) Mythology, and so another illustration of Milton from our Poet. In *L' Allegro*. v. 105—114 we have the portrait in full:

'Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn
His shadowy flail hath thrashed the corn,
That ten day-lab'ers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber-fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's length
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin sings." G.

2 Trumpeting? G.

3 'Watchet' is 'sky-blue'; here=blue-jackets. Cf. Cotgrave, as before. G.

formable farewell, I doe here reach forth to your dropping driueling deities, my loue-warme hand to kisse.

So, haue you done? Fie flapmouth [*Conchylio spits in's hand*]; Triton, thou beslauerest mee.

Con. O doutie loues! here's more game for my mistresse's net or rather for mine.

Can. Nothing but Venus's smocke or Cupid's wing, shall wipe it dry; surmount thy wagging wanton wing to mee, god Cupid.

Con. Are you there? I orkt you once, and now I'll fit you for a Cupid. [*Exit Conchyl.*]

Can. Mee thinks I am growne very eloquent already; thanks, sweete loue; O now for my master Perindus, he has a fine crosse cut with's armes, and yet that Orke-catcher Attyches has a pesslence¹ carriage on's pate: the Nymphs beleare² him partly: so, so, so.

Now Cupid doe I come to thee,
To thee upon my bare-head knee:
Knee neuer bare-head yet before,
Before it beggèd at thy doore.

[*Enter Scrocca, with his nets.*]

Scr. What? deuout Cancerone knocking at Cupid's doore?

¹ Pestilence=offensive? G.

² Be-leer? G

Can. Ah Scrocca, thou hast corrupted the goodest verse ! I was making my supplantation to trustie Triton for good lucke, and see if he haue not heard mee : our ncts are return'd.

Ser. He might well heare thee for this once : for thou doest not trouble him often. But if I had not lookt to them better then he had, wee might haue gone whistle for them : come Cancrone, will you goe ?

Can. Yes I warrant you, I'll peradventure my person in a cocke-boate.

Ser. Why then wee'll take the gallie foist.¹

Can. Goe foist if you will ! the burnt child dreads the water, and good men are scantie ; make much of one, Cancrone.

Ser. Well, if you come, you shall haue vs at the red rocke.

Can. Yes, I'll fish on land for mermaids [*Exit.* This dog-fish had almost put mee out of my loue-lesson.

Now to thee againe, courteous Cupid.

All sunke and soust in soppy loue,

¹ A pinnace or shallow barge is called a ' foist ' : but query here ' first ' ? G.

Cupid for thy mother's doue
Helpe.

[*Enter Conchylio in Cupid's habitt.*

Con. All haile, Cancrone, according to thy wish
I here am present great king of hearts ! duke of
desires ! lord of loue ! whom mortals gentle Cupid
doe y'cleape.¹

Can. Bee'st thou Cupid ? thou art vile like our
Conchylio.

Con. True, Cancrone, and lest the beames of
my bright deitie should with their lustre wound
those infant eyes, I haue vouch-saf't in this forme
to appeare: lo ! thy Conchylio and thy Cupid here,
what would'st thou with mee ?

Can. I haue a suite to your godship.

Con. So it be not your Orke-suite I embrace it :
say on, my darling.

Can. I am in loue as they say, but I cannot tell
whom to be in loue withall.

Con. Here are Nymphs enow, Vrina, Olinda,
Lilla, Glaucilla, Bobadilla.

Can. Mee thinks that Boberdil sounds like a
fine play-fellow for mee.

Con. No, I'le tell thee one ; her name shall
make thy mouth water.

1 Name or call. G.

Can. Make water in my mouth? that's Vrina; I'll none of her, shee's too high-colour'd.

Con. No, 'tis Cosma, the fisher's flame, the shepherd's hope, whose beautie Pas admires.

Can. I, but will you throw forth a good word for mee?

Con. I tell thee I'll make her all to beloue thee, shee shall not rest till shee meete thee here; but first I must arme thee with some magicke charmes.

Can. What be they? my chops would faine be champing them.

Con. First you must anagramatize her name, then sympathize your owne.

Can. Tize, zize, thize, : I shall ne're hit that.

Can. For an anagram I'll fit you: Cosma a smocke.¹

Can. Prettie.

Con. For the sympathie of your owne name, but thus, your name, Cancerone, bids you counterfeite the counter-creeping crab; and goe backward to her.

Can. Doe I looke like a crab? I had rather goe forward to a Nymph.

Con. Thirdly, because euery fisher is borne vnder Pisees, therefore the signe is in the foote

¹ A SMOC = Cosma. G,

with you; you must come therefore with one foote bare.

Can. I, but shall I not catch cold and cough, and spoile my part?

Con. It must be the right-foote: and then seest thou this mirtle-tree? all my arrowes are made of the wood of it; thou must in her sight get vp and gather the highest bough of it.

Can. I, but what shall I doe with the bough?

Con. O the bough! why, setting thus a prettie while, you must wrappe a cockle garland about it, and then when the poore lasse melts and consumes with thy loue —

Con. Then I'll throw it at her, and come downe to her, shall I not?

Con. Excellent well! I see thou art inspir'd.

Can. Nay, I can take it, if you put it to mee.

Con. But the iust nicke when thou must throw it, is, when she says I die, I cry, I lie.

Con. I die, I cry, I lye. I would haue her lie, but not die: but will you make her come indeede?

Can. I, and in her best clothes too.

Con. Nay 'tis no such matter for clothes, but what must I say? I had almost forgot it.

Con. Nothing but a short charme, which I'll teach you as we goe on afore, I'll follow you.

Can. Let me see: backward?

Con. Blockhead !

Can. Barelegge !

Con. Beetlepate !

Can. Cockleshell !

Con. Coxecombe !

Can. Boughs !

Con. Buzzard !

Can. The towne's ours. Ino triumph, Ino triumph.

Con. I'le coole my hot loue, he shall sit on a perch for a stale ;¹ now must I be vncupidate, and shortly appeare here 'Cosmafied ; it shall be hard but with the same limetwig I'le catch a bigger bird then this :

First I will serue my selfe, my mistris after ;

My baite is seeming loue, my prey, true laughter.

ACT III. SCENE V.

Enter *PAS solus.*

What art, strength, wit, can tame a fish or flye ?

The least of creatures v'sd to liberty,

Wlth losse of life shake off base captiue chaines,

And with restraint all life disdaines.

But I ah foole ! y[i]eld up myselfe a slaue,

¹ Decoy. See foot-note Vol II., pp. 102, 119. G.

And what they shunne, by death doe basely craue :
 My grieve more then my folly, who deplore
 That which all others vse to wish before :
 My loue loues too too much too many,
 For while she liketh all, she loues not any.
 Loue, let my prayers yet thus farre onely moue
 thee,
 Let me her falsly or she truely loue me.

[*Enter Cosma.*

See where she comes; and that so bright a sunne
 Should haue no spheare, no certaine race to runne:
 I'll stand and ouer-heare her.

Cos. I can but smile to thinke how foolish wise
 Those women are that chuse their loues for wis-
 dome.

Wisdom in men's a golden chaine, to tie
 Poore women in a glorious slavery.

Pas. Hark heauens! O monstrous! harke! O
 women, women.

Cos. Fond men, that blame the loue that euer
 ranges

To foule and sluttish loue, that neuer changes.
 The Muses loue by course, to change their meeter,
 Loue is like linnen, often changd, the sweeter.

Pas. Thus these neate¹ creatures, dead with
 loue and all,

1 'Cleanly', 'pure'. G.

By shunning beastlines make it beastiall.

Cos. Our beauty is our good, the cause of loue :
 Fond that their good to th' best will not improue :
 What husbandman neglects his time of sowing ?
 What fisher loseth winds, now fairely blowing ?
 Beauty our good : ah ! good, ah ! short and brittle,
 A little little good, for time as little,
 How easie doest thou slide, and passe away !
 Vnborne, full growne, and buried in a day.
 Thy spring is short, and if thou now refuse it,
 'Tis gone ; when faine thou would'st thou shalt not
 vse it.

The time and euery minute daily spends thee,
 Spend thou the time, while Time fit leisure lends
 thee.

Pas. Does she not blush ? hark, women, here's
 your preacher,

Maids you want a mistris : here's a teacher.

Cos. Now since Conchylio spake of this Armillus,
 My new-found louer, I halfe long to try him :
 Too cruell she that makes her heart's contenting
 To see a heart languish in loue's tormenting.
 What though i' th' night we liue most wantonly !
 I' th' morne with clothes we put on modestie.
 Thus though we sport and wanton all the night
 Next sunne I'le act a part of feare and fright.

Pas. Modestie? marry guipp:¹ these are your
modest creatures!

Cos. Long have I hated Olinda and Glaucilla,
And one of them by this hath drunke her last,
The next shall follow ere the next day's past.
The ginne is layd, and if it hit aright,
This is her last, this her eternall night.
Perindus long I haue lou'd, who euer scorn'd
mee,
Because he loues Glaucilla; I know hee'l grieue:
But when the tempest once is ouer-blowne,
Hoyst vp all sailes, the prize is sure mine owne.
Ill for a woman is that woman plac't,
Who like old Ianus is not double fac't.
Now to Armillus who sure expects me.
How darke the night! more fit for louer's play;
The darkest night is louer's brightest day²

[*Exit Cosma.*

Pas. Well mistris Iana with your double face,
I thinke I shall outface you by and by.
I'le fit you for a face, i' fayth I could be mad now.
Well, since you are sportiue, I'le make one i' th'
play;

1 'Quip' is a 'sharp retort'. G.

2 Cf. Postscript Vol. I., p. 106. G.

You have a foole already, I'll act a deuill ;
And since you needes must to a new consort,
I'll beare a part, and make or marre the sport.

[*Enter Perindus.*

ACT III. SCENE VI.

PERINDUS. PAS.

Per. Atyches.

Pas. No : *Pas.*

Per. If thou see'st Atyches, send him hither
friend : [Exit *Pas.*

Of all the plagues that torture soules in hell,
Tantale, thy punishment doth most excell.
For present goods, thy euill most expresse,
Making thee vnhappy in thy hapinesse.
Such are my paines : my blessednes torments
mee,

I see, and may enioy what more torments me.
My life then loue, I rather would forsake
Yet for my life, my loue I dare not take.
Glaucilla, could'st thou see this wretched brest,
What torments in it neuer-resting rest,
Whom now thou think'st the cause of all thy
greeuing,
Then thou would'st iudge the wretchedst oreature
liuing.

She's here.

[*Enter Glaucilla.*

Glau. Perindus, whither goest thou? the day's
enough

To shew thy scorne, the night was made for rest.
For shame if not for loue, let night relieue me :
Take not that from mee, which thou wilt not
giue me.

Know'st thou this place? euen here thou first
did'st vow,

Which I beleeeue, and still me thinkes euen now
Cannot vnbeleeu't, that when thy constant heart
From his first onely vow'd loue should start,
These wauing seas should stand, these rocks
remoue.¹

Per. Fa, la, la, fa, la, la, lah.

Glau. O dancing leuity, you steady rocks,
Still stand you still! his fayth he lightly mocks.
Ye fleeting waues, why doe you neuer stand?
His words, his loue, his oathes, are writ in sand.
In rocks and seas I finde more sense and louing,
The rocke lesse hard then he, the sea lesse mouing.

Per. Did'st neuer see the rockes in sayling moue?

Glau. Not moue, but seeme to moue.

Per. My picture right.

Glau. What says Perindus?

Per. Ha, ha, he: how scuruily grieffe laughs!

1 Piscatorie Eclogues, Vol II. page 246. G.

Glau. Perindus, by all the vowes I here coniure thee,

The vow that on thy soule thou didst assure me,
Tell me why thus my loue thou false refusest?

Why me thy fayth thy selfe thou thus deceiuest?

Per. Ay me.

Glau. How fares my loue?

Per. Ah Glaucilla.

Glau. I know thou can'st not hate me.

Per. I cannot hate, but laugh, and dance, and sport,

This is not hate, Glaucilla, 'tis not hate.

Glau. Can'st thou Perindus thus delude me?

I'ue liu'd enough, farewell: thou last hast viewd mee.

Per. Glaucilla!

Glau. How cans't thou speake that hated name?

Per. Stay:

Glau. To be mockt?

Per. Stay, I'le tell thee all.

Glau. Me thinks this forcèd mirth does not seeme thee:

Sure 'tis not thine, it comes not from thy heart.

Per. Glaucilla call backe thy wish, seeke not to know

Thine or my death; thou win'st thine overthro^w.

Glau. Thy grieve is common, I haue my part in thine:

Take not that from me which is iustly mine.

Per. If I had any ioy, it were thine owne,
But grant me to be wretched all alone.

Glau. Now all thy griefe is mine, but it vn-
hiding ;¹

Halfe thou wilt take away, by halfe diuiding.

Per. Thou seek'st my loue, it is my loue to
hide it,

And I shall shew more hate, when I diuide it.

Glau. Thy loue thus hid, to me much hatred
proues,

Vnhide thy hate, this hate will shew it loues :

Per. Glaucilla, while my griefes vntouched rest,
My better part seemes quiet in thy brest.

Glau. So thou art well, but still my better part,
Perindus, sinkes all loaden with his smart :
So thou my finger cut'st and wound'st my heart.

Per. Since then thou wilt not giue me leaue to
hide it ;

Briefly 'tis thus : when thou thy loue had'st vowd
me

Most sure, but yet no certaine time allowd me ;
My marriage-day as all my good desiring,
To Proteus' cell I went, the time enquiring ;

¹ Uncovering = revealing. Cf. Notes and Illustrations in Vol II page 331. G.

There heard these words, the cause of all my
sadnes,

The cause of all my seeming hate and gladnesse.

Thus went th' Oracle :

The day that thou with griefe so long forbearest,
Shall bring thee what thou wishest most, and
fearest.

Thy sister's graue shall bee her marriage-bed,
In one selfe day, twice dying, and once dead.
Thy friend, whom thou didst euer dearest choose,
In loosing thou shalt finde, in finding loose.

And briefly to conclude, the worst at last,

Thou or thy loue shall from a rocke be cast.

Glaucilla, had thy loue but with my life beene
priz'd,

My life t' enioy thy loue I had despis'd.

But since it may be thine, thy life destroying,

Shall nere be giuen for thy loue's enioying :

Much rather, let me liue in fires tormenting,

Then with such purchase buy my heart's content-
ing.

Glauc. Then loue's the cause of all thy seeming
hate ;

What hast thou scene in me, that I should seeme

My life more then thy loue, or mine, esteeme ?

Perindus, thy hate hath cost me often-dying,

So hast thou giuen mee death by death denying :

For th' Oracle, with death I am contented,
And will not feare what cannot be preuented.

Per. Yet, though such mischiefe Proteus did
diuine,

Much better sped I at my father's shrine :
Comming to Delphos, where the Pythian maid
Told me my wishes should be fully paid,
And that within few dayes I should arriue
Through many bitter stormes, into the hiue.

Glau. Why doubt'st thou then ? adiew, loue till
to-morrow,

Next rising sunne shall to thee ease thy sorrow.

Per. Mai'st thou proue true, or if heauen bad,
decree.

The good be thine, light all the bad on me.

Glau. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Thou giuest Glaucilla what thou wishest, good
rest.

This victory my minde hath whole possest,
And from my eyes shuts out all sleepe and rest :
If I but slumber, straight my fancie dreames,
This Atyches is much more then he seemes.
Comming to his couch, I found his emptie bed
As yet vntoucht ; himselfe from sleepe is fled.
But soft, whom haue wee here ? [*Enter Atyches.*

Atych. The oxe now feelles no yoke, all labour
sleepes,

The soule vnbenent, this as her play-time keepes,
And sports itselfe in fancie's winding streames,
Bathing his thoughts in thousand wingèd dreames.
The fisher, tyr'd with labour, snorteth fast
And neuer thinkes of paines to come, or past,
Only loue waking, rest and sleepe despises,
Sets later than the sunne, and sooner rises.
With him the day as night, the night as day,
All care, no rest, all worke, no holy-day.
How different from loue is louer's guise,
He neuer opes, they neuer shut their eyes.

Per. Ha! this is he; I'll stand and ouerheare
him.

Atych. So : I am alone, ther's none but I,
My grieve, my loue, my wonted company,
And which best fits a grieuèd louer's sprite,
The silent stars and solitarie night.
Tell mee, heauen's sentinels, that compasse round
This ball of earth, on earth was neuer found
A loue like mine, so long, so truly seru'd,
Whose wage is hate; have all my paines deseru'd
Contempt? mine and her; for shee deare affected:
The more I lou'd, the more I was neglected.
Since thou can'st loue where thou hast hatred
prou'd,
Olinda, how can'st thou hate where thou art lou'd?
Thy body is mine by conquest, but I find,

Thy bodie is not alwayes with thy mind.
Giue both or none, or if but one o'th' two
Giue mee thy mind, and let thy bodie goe.
If this without thy minde I only haue,
What giu'st thou more to me then to thy graue?
Prooue mee my deare, what cans't thou hate in
mee?

Vnlesse my loue, my loue still bent on thee?
My name's Thalander, perhaps it doth displease
thee,

I will refuse my name if that may ease thee.¹
Thalander to exile wee'l still confine,
And I'le be Atyches, so I bee thine.

Per. Thalander? I'st possible? I oft suspected
How he is altered! not himselfe! I'st possible!

Aty. Yet what thou hat'st, thy brother loues as
well;

Tell me, my dearest loue, what haue I done?
What has Thalander done? ah tell mee!

Per. More [then]

Ten² thousand such as she, can nere restore
Thalander; start not: how haue my eyes deceiu'd
mee?

1 This reminds us of Romeo and Juliet: (Act II. sc. ii.) O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? &c. G.

2 Misprinted 'More then thousand': above conjectura\ G.

Ah! let me blesse my armes with thy embraces.
My deare Thalander, my only life, my heart,
My soule, O of my soule the better part,
I'st thee I hold? I scarce dare trust mine eyes,
Which thus deceiu'd mee by their former lies.

Aty. Thou welcom'st miserie while thine armes
infold mee.

Pas. I am the blessed'st man that liues to hold
thee;

My heart doth dance to finde thee.

Aty. Ah! Perindus,

When least thou think'st, thou art deceiuèd
most,

My selfe, my loue, my labour, I haue lost,
When I haue lost myselfe, to finde my loue.

Per In losing of thy fame, th'ast found
Shee loues thee friend, most dearly;
And though she thought thy loue would be her
death,

Yet, for and in thy loue, shee'd lose her breath,
And nothing else should grieue her in the end
She had one life for such a loue to spend.

Aty. Doe not deceiue me.

Per. Why should'st thou mistrust me?

Aty. Perindus, my ioy, by too much ioy enioy-
ing,

I feele not halfe my ioy by ouer-ioying.¹

Per. Herselfe shall speake it: come, let's goe.

Aty. 'Tis night!

Per. Shee'l thinke it day, when thou art in her sight.

Aty. Lead me, for yet my mind, too much affected

To haue it so, makes Truth it selfe suspected.

[*Exeunt.*

CHORVS.

Loue is the fire, damme, nurse, and seede
Of all that aire, earth, waters breede.

All these, earth, water, aire, fire,
Though contraries, in loue conspire.

Fond painters: loue is not a lad
With bow, and shafts, and feathers clad;
As he is fancied in the braine

Of some loose, louing, idle, swaine;

Much sooner is he felt then seene;

His substance subtile, slight and thinne;

Oft leapes hee from the glancing eyes,

Oft in some smooth mount he lyes,

Soonest he winnes, the fastest flies:

1 Cf. 'Who wrote Brittain's *Ida*'? Vol. I. pages 15—16, and Postscript, page 106. G.

Oft lurkes he 'twixt the ruddy lips,
Thence while the heart his nectar sips,
Downe to the soule the poyson slips ;
Oft in a voyce creeps downe the eare,
Oft lends his darts in golden haire,
Oft blushing cheeks do light his fire,
Oft in a smooth soft [s]kinne retires,
Often in smiles, often in teares ;
His flaming heate in water beares.
When nothing else kindles desire,
Euen Vertue's selfe shall blow the fire :
Loue with thousand darts abounds,
Surest and deepest vertue wounds :
Oft himselfe becomes a dart,
And loue with loue, doth loue impart.
Thou painfull pleasure, pleasing paine,
Thou gainefull life, thou losing gaine :
Thou bitter sweete, easing disease,
How doest thou by displeasing please !
How doest thou thus bewitch the heart
To loue in hate, to ioy in smart !
To thinke it selfe most bound, when free,
And freest in his slaüery.
Every creature is thy 'debter,
None but loue's : some worse, some better :
Onely in loue, they happy prooue,
Who loue what most deserues their loue.

ACT IV. SCENE. I.

Enter PERINDUS and THALANDER.

Per. Be patient.

Aty. Yes, I am patient,
And suffer all, while all heauen's ills are spent.

Per. You giue yourselfe to grieve.

Aty. Sencelesse and mad:
Who in much grieve is not extremely sad?

Per. Alas! sir, she was mortall, and must die.

Aty. True, true, and could the fates no time espie
But this? to me she never liu'd till now,
And now Perindus! now! oh——

Per. She was my sister!

Aty. Alas! thy sister.
She was my life, my soule, she was my loue,
She was—words know not what she was to me:
She was—thou most accursed word of 'was'.

Per. Be comforted.

Tha. Perindus, the very name of comfort is
most comfortlesse:

Comfort, ioy, hope, liu'd in her cheerfull smiling,
And now must die or liue in far exiling.

Comfort, ioy, hope, for euer I deny you,
And would not name you now but to defie you.

Per. Sir, with more patience you haue often
borne
Far greater euils.

Tha. Perindus, doe not say so ;
If thou yet loue me, prethee doe not say so ;
Was euer ill as this ? hel's breuiary,
All torment in this narrow space is layd,
The worst of all, in these two words are sayd,
Olinda dead ! dead ! whither doest thou lead mee ?
Why, I can goe alone, alone can finde
The way I seeke : I see it best when blinde :
I prethee leaue me.

Per. Thalander, I'le not leaue thee,
Should heauen with thunder strike these arms that
 claspe thee,
My dying hands should but more firmly graspe
 thee.

Tha. Thou violat'st thy loue in thy mistaking,
And cleane forsak'st thy friend, in not forsaking :
Olinda ! I cannot come ; they here enchaine me.
But neyther can nor shall they heere detaine me.
I' th' meane time, all the honour I can giue thee,
Is but a graue : that saered rocke, the place
Of my conception and my buriall :
Since Hymen will not, death shall make thee
 mine,
If not my marriage, my death-bed shall be thine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Enter RIMBOMBO.

Farewell yee mountaines and thou burning Aetna,

If yet I doe not beare thee in my brest,

And am myselfe a liuing walking Aetna :

The Nymphs that on you dwell, are too coy,

Too coy and proud, more fierce then robbèd tygre.

More deafe then seas, and more inflexible

Then a growne Oake : false-flattering, cruell,
craftie,

And, which most grieues me, when I would embrace them ;

Swifter then chasèl deere, or dogs that chase
them,

You heauens, what haue we poore men deserued
That you should frame a woman, I, and make her
So comely and so needfull ? why should you
cloath them

With so fine a shape ? why should you place
Gold in their haire, allurement in their face ?

And that which most may vex vs, you impart

Fire into their burning eyes, yce to their heart.

Why sweeten you their tongues with sugred
charmes

And force men loue and need, their greatest
harmes ?

And most of all, why doe you make them fleete ?

Minds as the windes, and wings vpon their feete?
Of hundred women that I know,
Not one deserues to be a woman :
Whom better heauens haue not made more faire
Then courteous, louing, kinde and debonaire :
She, when she vsd our mountaines, oft would stay,
And heare me speake, and vow, and swcare, and
 pray.
Here I haue learnt, she haunts along these shores :
Within these rockie clifts I'le hide my selfe
Till fit occasion : if she haue chang'd her minde,
Then safely may I curse all women-kinde. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Enter ARMILLUS.

Loue, without thee, all life is tedious,
Without thee, there's no sweete, no ioy, no life ;
Thou first gau'st life, and still with new succession
Continnest what thou gau'st ; with sweet intice-
 ments,
Taming the strong'st rebellion : thy weapons
 women,
Whom thou so fram'st, that proudest men are glad,
Beaten with them, gently to kisse the rod.
Eyther my weighty passions pull too fast
The wheele of time, or else the houre is past :
But this is she, or I mistake it.

Enter COSMA.

Cos. Women that to one man their passions
bind,

As this man alters, so alters still their mind :

Thus euer change they, as those changing faires.

And with their louers still their loue impaires :

But I, when once my louers change their graces,

Affect¹ the same, though now in other faces :

Thus now my mind is firme and constant prou'd,

Seeing I euer loue what first I lou'd.

Who blames the speedy heauen for euer ranging ?

Loue's fiery, wingèd, light, and therefore changing.

Ar. True, fairest Nymph, Loue is a fire still
burning,

And if not slak't, the heart to ashes turning.

Cos. If I could scold, Sir, you might be chid-
den,

For comming to my thoughts before y'are bidden.

Ar. Blame me not, Sweet, thy words do fanne
my² fires,

And coole the flames which thy faire eye inspires.

Cos. The fire so lately applied, so lately fram'd ?

Methinks, greene wood should not be yet inflam'd.

Ar. Loue's flame is not like Earth's but Heauen's
fire,

1 Choose. G. 2 Misprinted 'thy' G.

Like lightning, with a flash it lights desire.

Cos. I loue not lightning, : lightning loue that
flashes,

Before't be all on fire, will be all ashes.

Ar. Gather the fruite then while 'tis yet vn-
blasted.

Cos. Is't worth the gathering? is it pleasing
tasted?

Ar. Take say of this. [*Kisses her.*
Monster!

[Enter *Pas*, offering to kisse on the other side,
disguised like a fury.]

Cos. Helpe ho!

[*Exeunt Armill. Cos. seuerall waies—*

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

PAS. FREDOCALDO.

Pas. The doe was almost strooke, 'twas time I
came,

For once I'll be a keeper of the game.

I see 'tis owle-light, Mineruae's waggoner,

[*Enter Fred.*

My old riual, who this twenty yeeres

Saw nothing but what shin'd through glasse
windowes ;¹

What comes he for ? I'll stay a while and watch him.

Fred. Most happy age that shall be crown'd with loue,

Of thy loue, Cosma : I am not as I seeme :

Farewell old age, I now am young againe,

And feels not age's but a louer's paine :

In loue I dare aduventure with the best,

Old beaten souldiers are the worthiest :

If all my riuals heard, I could dare them,

If furies should out-front me, I'de out-stare them.

[*Pas runs upon him : hee falls and lyes. Exit Pas.*

Enter CONCHYLIO in his Mistresse's apparell.

Con. How well my mistris Cosmae's clothes do fit me !

What pitty 'twas, I was not made a woman !

I thinke I should haue made a pretty Nymph : ha !

I could haue beene a pittifull creature,

And yet perhaps a good vnhappy wench.

Cosma by this hath met with her Armillus,

And sports herselfe : could I meete Fredocaldo,

I should haue sport enough :

[*She stumbles at Fred.*

What Fredocaldo dead ! courage, man.

Fred. I had a fearefull dreame, and scarce am waken.

Con. Come shake off dreames, sleepe is not fit
for louers,

Wee'l to the rocky caue. .

Fred. My sunne! my fire!

Con. But Fredocaldo, can you thinke that fire
Can loue cold water, the sunne can frost desire?

Fred. I tell thee fairest Cosma, those faire eyes
Bring backe my Spring:

Wrong not thy selfe, dear loue, so faire a day
Cannot but make mid-winter turne to May.

Cold rhewms I feele not, nor frost's lock't in
this chest

Thy loue begets a Summer in my brest.

Con. Fie Fredocaldo!

Not in the open aire.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE V.

ARMILLUS. COSMA.

Ar. What furies haunt this groue? is not this
Cosma?

Yes: here again she comes: most blessed
heauens.

[*Enter Cosma.*

I see that yee are more gracious then Hell's
— spightfull.

Cosma?

Cos. Armillus.

Ar. My loue.

Cos. Sure thou hast done some eruell murder,
And the vnexpiate ghost thus haunts thee.

Ar. I neuer thought it Cosma: rather some
power of these woods
Too enuious of my good hap, and iealous of thy
fauor

Thus crosses our desires : but if againe
He chance to interpose his horrid face,
I'le rather dye then leaue thy wisht embrace

[*Enter Pas disguised*

All hell and furies haunt vs ! [Exit *Ar.*

Pas. Well ouertaken ! Nymph, start not, you are
sure,

See I am your familiar.¹

Cos. Beshrew your heart for thus affrighting me.

Pas. Doe you not blush to cast your loue vpon a
man,

Whose loue is as himselfe an alien ? to thine owne
Thou mak'st thee strange, familiar to vnknowne.

Cos. Pish, thou art foolish : did I euer binde
thee to me

Only ? why should'st thou then confine me
To thy sole passion ? so oft before

1 A 'spirit' attendant on witch or conjuror. G.

You men haue chang'd that you can change no
more :

From bad to worse, from worse to worst of all :
There lie you now, and can no lower fall :
And as you wisht that we should neuer roue,
We pray as fast, that you at length could moue.
Cease then for shame to raile at womens ranging :
When men begin, women will leaue their changing.
Farewell.

Pas. Nay, soft, I am dog well bitten
And will not part so easily with my prey :
I have not tasted venison many a day.

Cos. I cannot well deny thee : 'tis thy right
Thou well hast purchast it : this be thy right.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

CONCHYLIO.

Con. Ha, ha, he ! this old dry stubble, how it
crackes i' th' burning ! alas ! poore saplesse oake :
'tis time 'twere down : I stayd till he was
ready, all vnready : but when he 'gan to put on
his spectacles, away slipt I : hee'l doe my mistris
little hurt. Spectacles ! hah ! ha, he ! now for my
louing lobster, this is his time : and if the Cyc-
lops too doe keep his promise, O what rare com-

pound of mirth I'll make, while the one with shame, the other with feare I'll take! The fish comes alreadie to the net.

[*Enter Cancrone: going backward upon her:*

Can. To all I speake, but I tell no man,
Whether I loue nymph or woman. [*he lookes over
his shoulder—*

Con. Tell not mee, but tell the rocks,
Not words must disciple you but knocks.
I am out of your debt for a rime.

Can. I thinke shee knew my cue,
The charme begins to worke already.

Con. I know not how this fisher's hooke hath
caught mee: I euer for his rudenesse loue him:
'tis the badge of innocencie.

Can. Somewhat rude if you will, but innocent
in your face.

Con. O those glearing eyes that dart the beames,
The beames that drownd my heart with fierie
streames.

Can. Now to Cupid's arrowe tree, and she
sinks downe-right condoling: Cosma, I haue pittie
on thee, but it beseemes a man of my confession,
to haue a negligent care of his good reputation
abroad in the world and elsewhere: I would be
loth to be seene in my loue-worke: I'll mount
the tree and 'sery the coast. [*He goes up the tree.*

Con. Stay not, but come againe thy selfe,
sweete heart, to receiue me.

Can. O ho ! here's 'bundance of people, 'bundance a lookers on ! I dare not loue thee before them all ; wee'l into the myrtle-groue present[ly].

Con. Quickly returne, my loue, returne Can-
crone, my dearest.

Can. Stand forth Cosma, and say on till thou
come to that, I cry, I dye, I lye.

Con. I spie him now approaching.

[*Enter Rimbombo*

What though he be all ragges in his limbs ?
what though his gesture taste of violence ! we
nymphes, they say, like not such wooers worst.

Rim. Thou speakest of thy Rimbombo, that
myrtle-groues which loue the winding shores, de-
serue to bee to Venus consecrate, as faster friends
to louers, then the woods and caues of all the
mounts of Sicily, whose nymphs do coyly shunne
and mocke our troopes.

Con. You come somewhat before your time,
Rimbombo,

And yet in loue preuention¹ is no erime :

Louers may come before not out of time.

And truly I wish y'had come a little sooner.

1 Anticipation. G.

Euen now a mongrell crabbed fisher-swaine
Laid siege to this vnconquerèd fort.

Rim. What wight of brauest blood, by sea and
land dares share with mee in Cosma's loue? by
Polypheme, my sea-bred sire, I vow, the sand on
which he treads, is not so small as shall this pest-
tell¹ make his pounded bones.

Con. Nay, now he treadeth not vpon these
sands, but is fled vp to the hills, and shortly
thence will of himselfe come tumbling downe to
mee.

Rim. I would he durst: I neuer yet but once
did tast of fisher's blood: 'tis jollie sweete: come,
fisher, this way or that way, I am for you at both
weapons, club or teeth: let's to the groue, see,
euery mirtle-tree bids warre to fisher's peace,
and ioy to mee. Why weepes my Cosma?
Sweete, feare not that which thou desirest.

Con. Sweete Cyclops, mean'st thou to rauish
mee?

Rim. O heauens, thine owne appointed time
and place, thine owne sweete Cyclops, and can
rauishment?—

Con. Why this know: wee Nymphs, that long
line chast, and weare our girdle of virginity—

1 'Pestle'. G.

but lo! Diana stops my tongue, shee bends her deadly bow, I dare not.

Rim. Speake on, here's none but trees, and thy trustie, true Rimbombo.

Con. By that bright flame which like one only sunne, giues day to the spheare of the maiesticke face, I thee adiure, that thou disclose to none this sacred myserie.

Rim. Not to my mother: no, not in my dreame: say on.

Con. Wee neither yeeld nor take in loue delight,
Vntill our girdle first be once vnplight
By louer's hands, and then about his wast,
By our owne hands the same be tied fast.
Now all is out.

Rim. A pretty piece of work! my hands do their office nimbly; I have vnfettered thee: come put this sweete yoke on mee.

Con. Nay turne about: it must be 'tied contrarie to other girdles, iust behind. Stand neerer to mee, yet neere.

Rim. As close as thou wilt, Cosma: I would your filthy fisher saw vs now, 'twould make his teeth water.

Con. Hang him stinking lobster! he darres not looke vpon any of thy kinne: his haddocke-eyes would start out of his head, if he should see but one haire of Rimbomboes head.

which ere long will fall and turne to a goose :
now Cupid's gosling. Now on your bare-head
knee goe begge at Cupid's doore.

Can. Ah cursed Cupid ! I'le no more of thy
seruice ; I had rather fight with mine Orkes : ha,
hei, au !

Rim. Come downe thou fished bit, my mouth
shall catch thee. Gentle Cosma, I'le forgiue thee
all and loue thee yet, if thou wilt helpe to reache
my walking-sticke : I'le make my young Orke-
ketcher belecue he shall see his grandsire's heire.

Con. Your staffe ? marry and shal't : it's a
pretty pole to hang those boughs withall : and
when thou doest it, doe but gape, and that rotten
plumme will fall into thy mouth.

Can. Nay, I knew of old I should be deuoured.

Con. Thy staffe, Rimbombo, is not for a weak
nymph to lift.

Rim. Yet a little more to this hand : oh, oh !
my shoulder's thunderstrook ! O coward Ioue !
to strike me on the backe : but was't our fisher-
lubber ? is he escap't our hands ?¹

As barnacles turn Soland geese,

In th' islands of the Orcades." G.

1 In the margin here 'While Rimbombo reaches for
his staffe, Canerone leapes on's backe, and lies on the
ground.' G.

Con. Why, Cancerone, I'se, I'le helpe thee.

Can. Good Charon, earry me ouer gently; my bones are sore, and your boate-side so hard.

Con. Giue me thy hand, I'le waft thee.

Can. I tell thee, Charon, I haue nothing to giue thee for ferriage: I'le helpe to row: I haue beene a poore fisher while I liu'd.

Rim. I would I were there too: but that I should sinke Charon's boate, with a tree at my backe.

Con. Why valorous Cancerone, view thy selfe and mee thy captiue, Cosma: we are conquerours, behold our enemies in fetters, fast bound.

Can. Am I aliue indeede? me thought this this legge hung out of Charon's boate i' th' water: did I tie the Orke there: [*Cancerone rises up.* Come, captain, let's goe triumphing to the temple.

Con. Nay, the Ork's dead and buried: this is the second fatall [accident] for the Cyclops.

Can. Is he safe? I'le make side-slops on him. I lay studying how to deale with him vpon equall tearmes: come, if thou darest, thou sea-bred brat of Polypheme's sire, you that would licke your lips at sweete fisher's blood! sweete fisher's blood marke that Cosma: I hope you thinke so too.

Rim. Sweete fisher, I will turne thy net-maker if thou wilt vndoe me.

Can. No : it shall nere be said that I was the vndoing of any man by net-making : and besides, I haue forsworne the muddie trade.

Con. Canerone, wher's thy spirit ? this is that pocketted vp thy grandsire in his wide intrailles.

Can. Me thought, when I was on the tree, his breath smelt of fish : my stomacke euen foam'd at him. Now then, Sir Bompello, as that Orke-mouth of thine did crumme thy porridge with my grandsire's braines, and then gaue him his death's wound too, so will I first mince out thy scald-pate bones, and giue thy flesh to a fisher's boy for haddock's meat : and then, O then I will geld thee, that thou neuer shalt run rutting after the nymphs. How lik'st thou this ?

Rim. Shame and scorne make me silent.

Con. Nay I will tell thee fitter vengeance, vse him as sage Vlysses did his father Polypheme.

Can. That same foolishes had a pole-cat head : I meane to mitigate him : he was something, as it were about branding a huge stone in a caue, in a goate skinne with Polypheme, when the fire-brand was asleepe.

Con. I, I, in the caue he branded out Polypheme's eye when he was asleepe, and you must imitate him : here take his owne staffe, and make it an extinguisher for that glazing lampe.

Rim. This sport I like worst of all : helpe !
gods of the woods !

Can. I'le blow the coale, while you take your
aime : but will your sarginity¹ hold him fast ?

Con. I warrant you it has been tried : come, be
thou my rest, I'le tilt on thy shoulders.

Can. Raunt tara, raunt taunt : and I shall make
you stumble, let me come hindermost. [*Cancerone*
fals, and his dagger from him in the Cyclops' reach.

Con. O your whineyard,² the enemy hath seazd
on't.

Can. 'Tis no matter, hee'l hardly make it fly
out of the celeskiunne : it hath seene no sunne this
fue quarters of a yeere I am sure.

Con. I hope the salt breath of the sea hath
seald it vp.

Can. O Cosma ! 'tis out, let vs out too.

Con. O Cancerone, loe thy Cosma, Cupid, and
Conchilio. Cyclops, blame not this my supposed
sexe : no Nymph but lad, hath caught thee in this
snare.

Rim. The greater shame and fouler scorne to
me.

1 = virginity. Conchylio is dressed as Cosina : and
the reference is to the girdle. Cf. *ante.* G.

2 Sword. G.

Can. No : it shall nere be said that I was the vndoing of any man by net-making : and besides, I haue forsworne the muddie trade.

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Rim. This sport I like worst of all: helpe! gods of the woods!

Can. I'le blow the coale, while you take your aime: but will your sarginity¹ hold him fast?

Con. I warrant you it has been tried: come, be thou my rest, I'le tilt on thy shoulders.

Can. Raunt tara, raunt taunt: and I shall make you stumble, let me come hindermost. [*Cancerone fals, and his dagger from him in the Cyclops' reach.*]

Con. O your whineyeard,² the enemy hath seazd on't.

Can. 'Tis no matter, hee'l hardly make it fly out of the celeskinne: it hath seene no sunne this fve quarters of a yeere I am sure.

Con. I hope the salt breath of the sea hath seald it vp.

Can. O Cosma! 'tis out, let vs out too.

Con. O Cancerone, loe thy Cosma, Cupid, and Conchilio. Cyclops, blame not this my supposed sexe: no Nymph but lad, hath caught thee in this snare.

Rim. The greater shame and fouler scorne to me.

1 = virginity. Conchylio is dressed as Cosma: and the reference is to the girdle. Cf. *ante.* G.

2 Sword. G.

Vp to the hill, Rimbombo, flye this shore,
And neuer deale with fisher-Nymph-lad more.

[*Exit.*

CHORVS.

Thus his wiue's quicke fate lamenting,
Orpheus sate, his soule tormenting :
While the speedy wood came running,
And riuers stood to heare his cunning :
The hares ran with the dogs along,
Not from the dogs, but to his song :
But when all his verses turning,
Onely fram'd his poore heart's burning ;
Of the higher powers complaining,
Downe he went to Hell, disdaining :
There his siluer lute-strings hitting
And his potent verses fitting :
All the sweets that ere he tooke
From his sacred mother's brooke :¹
What his double sorrow giues him,
And loue that doubly double grieues him :
There he spends to mooue deafe Hell,
Charming deuills with his spell :
And with sweetest asking-leaue
Does the lord of ghosts deceaue.
C[h]aron amaz'd his boate fore-slowes,

While the boate the sculler rowes,
And of itselſe to th' ſhoare doth floate,
Tripping on the dancing moate.
The three-headed porter preaſt to heare
Prickt up his thrice double care,
The Furies, plagues for guilt up-heaping
Now as guilty fell a-weeping :
Ixion, though his wheele ſtood ſtill
Still was wrapt with muſicke's ſkill.
Tantale, might have eaten now,
The fruite as ſtill as was the bough :
But he foole no longer fearing,
Staru'd his taſt to feede his hearing.
Thus ſince Loue hath wonne the field
Heauen and Hell to earth muſt yeeld :
Bleſt ſoule that dyest in Loue's ſweete ſound
That loſt in loue in loue art found.
If but a true-loue's ioy thou once doe proue,
Thou wilt not loue to liue, unlesſe thou liue to loue.¹

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter **ALCIPPUS** and **THALANDER** with a torch.

Tha. Tell me, *Aleippus*, is it day or night ?

Al. The light you beare, ſhews you there is no
light.

1 Cf. Vol. II. page 285. G.

Tha. This is none : light was light in her eyes,
In them it liu'd, put out, with them it dies.
The sunne is quench't.

Al. Yet soone will shine againe.

Tha. Not possible ! heauen's light will euer plaine :
When her two liuing stars can sinke and die,
How can the sunne dreame immortalite ?

Al. Sir, if you'r to mee or mine to you, might
giue me priuiledge, I faine would tell you, that
this too fixèd loue seemes rather doting.

Tha. Alcippus, did'st thou euer loue ?

Al. I thinke Sir, neuer.

Tha. I thinke so too : nor can'st know what
loue is.

Al. Yet this I know, loue still is of the fairest,
Fond¹ then the loue that loues the witherèd :
But madnesse seemes to dote vpon the dead.

Tha. True, true, Alcippus, loue is of the fairest,
And therefore neuer tyed vnto the body :
Which if compared vnto the minde's faire graces,
Seemes like the blacke² that Lunæ's face defaces.
But grounded on the mind, whose vertuous parts
And liuing beauties are Loue's surest darts :
Which makes me now as freely loue as euer :
Her vertue and my loue decayeth neuer.

See'st thou this rocke, Aleippus? 'tis a temple
Olindae's temple! 'tis a sacred shrine,
Where vertue, beauty and what ere diuine,
Are to be worshipt; prethee friend, now leaue me,
Here is an altar, I must sacrifice.

Al. If you will leaue your griefe.

Tha. I will, I will:

Indeede I will: leaue me: grief's ebbe growes
lowe,

When priuate hearts th' eye-bankes ouerflow.

Al. I will retire, not leaue him: well, I feare
When two such flood-streams meet, loue and
despaire.

Tha. Thou blessed Altar, take these worthlesse
off'rings,

The corral's, once more drown'd in brine of sorrow:
These pearly shells, which dayly shall bee fil'd
With my heart's water, through my eyes distil'd.
You corral's, whose fresh beauties are a shadow
Of her sweete blushes, tell her liuing graces,
Though now as you, pluck't from their native
places,

Are yet as you from your first seate remou'd,
Here fresher shining, then when first I lou'd.
Thou rocke, that in thy blest armes doest infold
her,

Witnes my heart as firme as you do hold her.

And now good night thou set-sunne beauties, neuer,
 Neuer more to be seene : goodnight for euer,
 Thou siluer forehead, and thou golden haire !
 My best, my onely treasure when you were :
 You snowy plaines, and you faire modest dies,
 You liuing stars, but now two quenched lights,
 Whose fall, heauen's stars with feared ruine 'frights.
 You eyebrowes, which like two rainebowes appeare :
 A miracle, rainebowes on skie so cleare.
 And all you vnseene beauties, softly rest
 Sleepe, quiet sleepe you in this stony chest :
 I cannot long, I will not long, be from you,
 Shortly I'll come, and in this rockie bed
 Slumber with my Olinda, with Olinda
 I'll sleepe my fill : meane time as neere as may be,
 Here rest mine eyes, rest close by your Olinda.

[He lies downe by the rocke.

Harke, harke ! Arion, thou choice musician,
 Sing mee a note that may awake pale death,
 Such as may moue deafe Hell and Stygian Ioue,
 Such as once Orpheus O I am idle, idle :
 Sleep, sleep mine eyes, this short releasement
 take you,
 Sleepe, sleepe for euer : neuer more awake you.
 Her face your obiect neuer more shall be,
 Sleepe then vaine eyes, why should you wish to
 see ?

ACT V. SCENE II.

The rocke opens : Enter OLINDA led by GLAUCUS
and CIRCE : they retire leauing OLINDA.

SONG.

Olin. Thou worthiest daughter of the greatest
light,

Most powerfull Circe, and thou honour'd Glaucus,

What dutie a poore fisher-maid may giue you,

In thanks, and vowes, and holy offerings,

Shall still be ready at your sacred altars.

Thalander, now to thee, what sacrifice ?

What offerings may appease thy wrongèd loue ?

What haue I but my selfe ? ah ! worthlesse prize

Of such, so tryed and so vn mou'd a faith.

Ah ! could I spend my body, weare my soule,

And then resume another soule and body,

And then consume that soule and body for thee,

All would not pay the vse¹ of halfe my debt.

How pale he lookes, how strangely alter'd,

Is he not dead ? no, no : his pulse is quicke,²

His heart is strong and rising, in his heate

Threatens with strokes, my churlish hand to beate :

Nature how could'st in one so firmly tie

Perpetuall motion to fixt constancy ?

1 Usury = interest. G. 2 Living = beats. G.

How can this wonder fall in notion,
 A heart vnmo'd, yet still in motion?
 Alas! he weepes: I hope his grieve and feares
 Swimme fast away in those sad streaming teares.
 Th'ast mourn'd enough, more iustly may I weepe,
 Leaue me thy teares; rest thou and sweetley sleepe.

Thalander starts up.

Tha. Morpheus, one more such dreame shall buy
 me.

Where, where art, Olinda? whither, whither flyest
 thou?

Olin. Nay, whither flies Thalander? here's Olinda:
 Tell mee, why wak'd, the substance thou eschewest
 Whose shadowe in a dreame thou gladly viewest?

Tha. Thou fairest shadow of a Nymph more faire,
 Death, yet I see, cannot thy light impaire.

Olin. Thou dreamest still, Thalander!

Tha. Ah! too too true:

For such a sight 'wake shall I neuer viewe.

Olin. I liue.

Tha. Would I were dead on that condition.

Olin. So would not I: beleue me friend, I liue.

Tha. Could I beleue it, I were happie.

Olin. If mee thou wilt not, trust thy sence, thy
 eyes.

Tha. They saw thee dead, how shall I trust my
 eie,

Which either now or then did vouch a lie?

Olin. Credit thy touch.

Tha. Then like a dreame thou'lt flie.

Olin. Thou flyest, thou art the shadow, loue,
not I :

Thalander, take this, 'tis thine for euer,
Nothing but Death, nor Death, this knot shall seuer.

Enter ALCIPPUS.

Al. How is this? haue you learnt, haue you
learnt your mother

Circe's art, to raise the dead? wonder! thinke
shee liues.

Olin. What says Thalander? does he yet
belceue mee?

Tha. If thou art dead, faire hand, how doest
reuiue mee?

Olin. Thalander, heart and hand had now
beene cold, but for Glaucilla: shee preuenting
Cosma, temperd the poysonons viall, changing
death for sleepe, so gaue mee life, thee, loue.

Thal. Alcippus, art thou there? thou art my
freind, I prethee tell mee true, true Alcippus;
doest thou not see Olinda?

Al. I see her in your hand.

Tha. Art sure 'tis she? tell me, are wee alie?
Art sure we wake? are we not both mistaken?
If now I sleepe, O let me neuer waken.

Al. If you would surely know, trie if shee
breathe.

Tha. Thy hand liues: doe thy lips liue too.
Olinda?

Alcippus, shee liues and breathes, Alcippus!
And with that sugred breath¹ my heart hath² fir'd:
And life and loue with thousand ioyes inspir'd.
Ah! my Olinda!

Olin. My deare, my deare Thalander.

Tha. Is't possible thou liu'st? is't sure I hold
thee?

These happy armes shall neuer more vnfold thee.

Olin. Tell mee, my loue, can'st thou such
wrong forgiue mee?

Tha. My ioy, my soule!

Olin. I neuer more will grieuue you.

Can'st thou forget my hate, my former blindnes?

If not, boldly reuenge my rash vnkindnes.

Pierce this vile heart, my soule's vngratefull
center,

Pierce with thy dart where Loue's dart could not
enter.

Tha. For thy defence my hand shall still attend
thee,

1 Misprinted 'bread.' G.

2 Misprinted 'both.' G.

My hand and heart : but neuer to offend thee :
 The only penance that I enioyne thee euer,
 Is that we liue and loue and ioy together.
 Thinke not my hand will sacriledge commit,
 To breake this temple, where all Graces sit.

Olin. True, true, my loue, 'tis vow'd a temple
 now,

Where euer shall be worshipt, loue and thou.

Al. You happie paire, since Cosma's spight's
 defeated,

And Magoe's charmes, and Death by Loue is
 cheated.

Why stand you here ? 'tis time from hence to
 moue :

This was the bedde of Death, and not of Loue.
 Death hath his part of night, Loue challengeth
 The rest, Loue claimes the night as well as Death.

Tha. What sayes my loue ?

Olin. What my Thalander, euer

With thee to life or death, but from thee neuer.

[*Exeunt.*

Al. This halfe perswades mee to become a louer.
 Where better could her loue then here haue neasted ?
 Or he his thoughts more daintily haue feasted¹ ?

[*Manet Alcippus.*

¹ So in the opening poem of 'Poeticall Miscellanies'
 viz., the Roberts' 'Hymen,' stanza third. G.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Enter TYRINTHUS and GRYPHUS.

Tyr. Knows't thou Perindus sister, or Olinda ?

Al. I know them both, Sir.

Tyr. Liue they yet and breathe ?

Al. They liue and now most happy.

[*Exit Alcippus.*]

Tyr. Thou mak'st me happy in thy happy newes.
All thanks yee heauenly powers ! when I forget
Your goodnesse in my childrens' life and safety,
Let heauen forget both me and mine for euer.
Gryphus, backe to our shippe, and fetch mee
thence

The vestments vow'd to Neptune, and the chest,
Wherein I lock't my other offerings.

[*Exit Gryphus.*]

This rocke my heart prefers before a palace.
Fonde men that haue enough, yet seeke for more ;
I thought by traffique to encrease my store,
And striuing to augment this carefull pelfe,
I lost my goods, my liberty, my selfe,
Taken by Persians on the Græcian seas ;
So I my captaine and the king did please :
Soone was I loosèd from my slauish band,
And straight prefer'd to haue a large command :
There haue I now consum'd these thrice fīue sum-
mers,

There might I haue liu'd long in wealth and
honour,
But ah! thou little home, how in thy want
The world so spacious, yet seemes too too scant!
At my departure hence, I left two infants,
Perindus and Olinda, the boy some eyght,
The girle but two yeeres old: their mother dead,
Who giuing life to th' girle so tooke her death,
And left her owne, to giue her infant breath.
Great Ioue and Neptune, I will keep my vowes,
Seeing my children liue: two chosen bulls
With mirtle crown'd, and oake leaues laid with
gold,
Shall fall vpon your altars.

Enter *Pas.*

Pas. Your sacred vertues, truth and spotlesse
fayth,

Where will you liue, if not in such a nymph?
Whose brest will you now seeke? what mansion?

Tyr. My trembling heart doth some great ill
diuine,

And tels me euery grieve and feare is mine.

Pas. Where now can vnsuspected friendship
rest?

If treachery possesse so faire a brest?

Tyr. Fishers, what newes?

Pas. Sir, little as concernes you.

Tyr. Pray heauens it doe not.

Pas. Your habit speakes a stranger,
And yet me thinkes, I somewhere¹ else haue scene,
Some lineaments of that face: are you Tyrinthus?

Tyr. The same.

Pas. O cruell heauens! could you finde
No other time to giue him backe his country!
If thus you giue, happy whom you deny,
The greater good, the greater iniury:
Thy onely daughter.

Tyr. Is dead. [*Tyrinthus falls.*

I should haue sayd so. Alas! he falls:
Tyrinthus, what, one blow thus strike thee vnder
Fortune's feete?

How loth his life returnes!

Tyr. How well I had forgot my grieffe,
And found my rest, with love of restlesse life!
Thou much hast wrong'd me, fisher, 'tis no loue,
Death from his iust possession to remoue:
Heauens, ye haue thanks for both, yet one you
slue,
Giue backe halfe of thy thanks, take but your
due:

I owe you nothing for Olinda, nothing.

Ah! poore Olinda! I shall neuer more

1 Misprinted 'somewhat' G.

Neuer more see thee : thy father must lament
thee,

Thy father who in death should long preuent¹ thee :
How long since died shee ?

Pas. With the last sunne she fell.

Tyr. Sure heauens, ye mocke me : alas, what
victory,

What triumph in an old man's misery ?

When you haue wonne, what conquest, that you
slue²

A wretch that hated his life as much as you ?

Pas. Sir, you forget your selfe : to warre with
heauen

Is no lesse fond³, then dangerous.

Tyr. Tell me fisher, haue you a child ?

Pas. No Sir.

Tyr. No maruell then

Thou blam'st my grieffe, of which thou hast no
sence :

First lose a child, then blame my patience.

Pas. If thou be grieu'd, this is no way to ease
it,

Sooner we anger heauen, then thus appease it.

Tyr. But when the heart such weight of sorrow
beares,

1 'Anticipate' = precede. G. 2 'Slew' G.

3 'Foolish.' G.

It speakes from what it feeles, and what it feares :
Died she by a naturall, or by violent meanes ?

Pas. Nature refuses an office so vnnaturall.

Tyr. Hard fate, most fitly were you women
made :

Since fate vnmercifull, vnmouèd stands :
Well was life's distaffe put in women's hands :
Kil'd by a man ?

Pas. No man was so vnnaturall.

Tyr. A woman ?

Pas. Yes.

Tyr. Fit instrument of women : what was the
weapon ?

Pas. The coward's weapon, poyson.

Tyr. Can'st tell the murderer's namè ?

Pas. Her name Glaucilla :

A nymph thought absolute,—though now infec-
ted,—¹

That heauen it selfe might sooner bee suspected.

Tyr. Tell me the circumstance.

Pas. 'Twill but more grieue you.

Tyr. True, but 'tis pittie in vnhelpt distresse,
Condemnèd soules with all the weight to presse.

Pas. Olinda this last night complain'd to Cosma,
(A nymph which lately came from faire Messena)

That this Glaucillae's powerfull charmes had fir'd
 her,
 And with Thalander's loue now dead, inspir'd her
 With such a feeling griefe, her griefe lamenting,
 That she, to helpe so desperate loue, consenting,
 Gaue her a water which she oft did proue,
 Would eyther quench or ease the paines of loue.
 Which Cosma swore, the other nere denyed.
 Glaucilla chang'd, Olinda dranke and dyed :
 Dicæus hearing this.....

Tyr. Liues then Dicæus ?

Per. As well and iust as euer.

Tyr. His life doth somewhat mend
 My child's sad death : after a child, a friend.

Pas. Dicæus by this euidence condemnes her
 By th' law, from that high rocke to fall, and she
 With smiling, welcom'd death, and quietly
 Steal'd to the rocke from whence shee must be cast.
 Wonder so heauie guilt should flye so fast !
 She led her leaders to that deepe descending,
 The guilty drawes the guiltlesse to their ending :
 And thus I left them, and with her iust Dicæus,
 To see her execution, who goes not from her,
 Till from the rocke, in seas, she leaue her breath,
 Die must she, as she kil'd : water, her crime and
 death.

Tyr. Ah ! my poore Olinda ! had I seene thee
 yet

And clos'd thine eyes : alas ! my poore Olinda !

Pas. This griefe is vaine, and can no more reuiue
her : you lose your teares.

Tyr. When that I hold most deare is euer lost,
poore losse to lose a teare !

Pas. Your sonne survives :¹ the good which
heau'n bereaues you,

You quickly see, but see not what it leaues you.

Tyr. Art sure he liues ?

Pas. Two houres sincee, sad I left him

But safe.

Tyr. What chanches happen in an houre !

By this he may be dead and buried.

But yet Perindus, if thou liuing be,

My halfe ioy liues, my halfe ioy dies in thee.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Enter CANCRONE and SCROCCA bound : NOMICUS,
the priest.

Can. Ah ! Scrocca, thou hast often heard me
say, it would be my lucke to be deuoured ; and to
tell thee true, I euer fear'd those Cyclops most :
I neuer had any minde to them.

Scr. Why Cancrone, this is the slavery on't :

1 Misprinted 'striues'. G.

had we beene Master-fishers, we should neuer haue beene troubled to climbe vp these mountaines, wee should neuer haue beene cast to our old acquaintance, the fish.

Tyr. Fisher, know'st thou these men?

Pas. I know the men, but not their meaning.

Con. That would neuer haue angred me, thou know'st wee haue fed vpon fish this many yeere, and for vs to haue made them one merry meale, had beene but the signe of a thankfull nature, but ah those Cyclops, clops, clops, Scrocca, I cannot digest them.

Ser. I feare they will 'gest vs well enough.

Can. And yet I care not much if I were sure to bee eaten vp by that Cyclops that ate vp my grandsire: and then I might haue some hope to see the good old man once againe before I die.

Ser. I care not whose hands I fall into: I'me sure hee shall haue no sweete-bitte of me now: nothing grieues mee but that hauing done but one good deede in all my life, I must die for that.

Nom. Thou foolish fisher, think'st it good to
stop

The course of iustice, and breake her sword, the
Law?

By law thou liv'st: hee iustly death deserues,
Who that destroyes which him and his preserues.

Tyr. Are not these my old men, Scrocca and Cancrone?

Ser. Well, Sir, you may say what you will, but if wee liue by the Law, how commeth it to passe, that we must die by the Law?

Can. Mee thinkes I see how busie Rimbombo¹ will bee about mee: he surely will be vpon my backe for my being vpon his a while a goe.

Ser. Nay, Cancrone, thou diest for sauing thy master too.

Tyr. Ay me, my sonne!

Can. I haue no minde to climbe these mountaines: I begin to bee short-winded already: I shall neuer hold out: had I thought it would haue come to this, I would haue beene vilely tempted to ha let my master drowne quickly.

Ser. What man! thou could'st neuer haue done thy master better seruice than to dye for him: nay, if Perindus liue, I care not.

Tyr. Perindus? I can hold no longer; friend, who is thy master? why art thou manacled?

Ser. Mantled hither! marry, this priest hath mantled vs for sauing our master, Perindus.

Tyr. Ay, me, my sonne!

¹ Misprinted 'Rimronce.' G.

Can. Vds fish, old master, where haue you beene this twenty yeeres and more.

Nom. Tyrinthus! art such a time! Sir, your arriuall is eyther very happy or else most haplesse, eyther to see or else preuent a danger.

Tyr. Priest, how is my Perindus?

Nom. Doom'd to die.

Tyr. What is the cause?

Nom. His will.

Tyr. Who could perswade him?

Nom. She who most stroue to hinder and disswade him.

Tyr. What had he done?

Nom. That which deserues all life and loue.

Tyr. How fine the heauens powers can sorrowes frame!

The fates will play and make my woe their game.
Where is he?

Can. Safe enough, I warrant you: get's leaue of the priest, master, and wee'l goe fetch him.

Scr. We caught him out of the water.

Can. O he had supt abundance of salt porridge!

Scr. And brought him to the shippe where the mariners keepe him.

Tyr. Why stand I idle here? O to the shore
I'll fly,

And eyther with him liue or for him die.

Can. Master, master, master. [*Exit Tyrinthus.*

Pas. I'le follow him : nature can doe no lesse
Then eyther helpe or pittie such distresse.

[*Exit Pas.*

Can. Nay, if you goe too, then farewell all,
Farewell, ye rockes, farewell to thee, O loue.
You louely rockes, you hard and rocky loue.

Nay, I shall turne swanne,¹ sir, presently, and
sing my finall song.

Nom. I maruell what it is that stayes Dicæus.

Can. Marry let him stay till I send for him :
he Cyclops shall want their breakfast this month.

Nom. Here I must stay for him.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Enter COSMA.

Cos. Faine would I know how my ginne thrives
and prospers. Olinda is fast, and by my disamour²
hath quencht her loue with death : if now Glau-
cilla be taken in that snare, then am I cunning :
well may I proue a fisher, who haue tooke two

¹ Misprinted 'swaine'. G.

² See foot-note page 61, *ante*. G.

maidēs so soone with one selfe baite and hooke.
Is not that Nomicus? I shall learne of him:
Nomicus?

Nom. Who Cosma?

Cos. Why are these fishers bound?

Can. For you.

Cos. For mee?

Can. I, for you: had not you cus'd Glaucilla,
shee had not bene condemnd: if shee had not
beene condemnd, Perindus would not haue died
for her: if he would not haue died for her, he
had not fallen from the rocke: had he not fallen
from the rocke, we had not sau'd him: if wee had
not sau'd him, wee had not beene bound: were
wee not bound, wee would shoue a faire payre of
heelēs.

Cos. What talks this foole? Perindus falne
from the rocke!

Nom. Hast thou not heard, then, of Perindus
faith and fall?

Cos. No, not a word: but faine would heare.

Nom. And shalt: my tongue is as ready as
thy eare;

Mean while leade these away, soone as Dicæus
returnes, I'll ouertake you.

Can. I prethee Mr. Priest, let mee craue one
fauour: that I may haue an epitaph for mee in

Neptune's church-porch : I'le neuer goe farther.

Nom. Here's no time for epitaphs, away!

Can. Nay, 'tis soone done : I'le trouble neuer
a poet of them all : I haue it already.

Cancrone, valorous and kind, where art thou ?

Cancrone too kind and valorous to liue,
Ingulft in Cyclop's guts. Readers, why start you ?

His life for his master he did freely giue.

Vngratefull Sicelie, that want'st his bones.

Instead of members keeping his memorie in stones.

Short and sweete, Mr. Priest.

Ser. Cancrone, this is a land-voyage, you must
leade the way.

Can. But when wee saile downe the Cyclop's
throate, I'le giue you the pre-eminence. [*Exeunt.*

Nom. After that haplesse nymph had heard
her doome,

As shee was led to th' rocke, i' th' middle way,

Perindus flying fast, calls out, stay :

And for he thought his feete too slowly bore him,

Before he came, he sent his voyce before.

Stay, stay, Dicæus, th' art a man, I see,

And well may'st erre : heauen's not more pure
then she.

Yet, since the doome is past, I'le pawne my
breath,

And make your fact lesse hainous by my death :

I'le lose her life in me, and she shall spend
My life in her, so both shall better end.

Cos. This was no ill newes to the nymph.

Nom. Yes, yes : then, first she thought her-
selfe condemn'd

Death in him she fear'd and in her selfe contemnd.
That law itselfe (says shee) should suffer death,
Which one condemnes, another punnisheth.
True, sayes Perindus, my life, my all's in thee,
When thou offend'st, why should'st thou punish
me ?

But briefe to giue their words, in short contracted,
Was neuer part of loue more louely acted :
Both loath to liue, and both contend to die,
Where onely death stroue for the victory.
Meane time I could but weepe, nor I alone,
That two such loues should die, not liue in one.

Cos. Their spotlesse fayth's a cristall, where I
see

Too late, my cancred hate's deformity.

Nom. At length the law it selfe decides the strife,
That he with losse of his, might buy her life.
Then and but then she wept, and to preuent him,
Downe fell shee with a deadly looke and eye,
Acting the prologue of his tragedy :¹

1 See Vol. II., page 226, note 68. G.

And wak'd againe, she 'gan to chide and raue,
 And vowes to liue no further then his graue ;
 While he with cheerfull steps the rockes ascending :
 Fearlesse beholds his death, that steepe descending
 And boldly standing on the vtmost browe,
 Thus spake :

Poore life, I neuer knew thy worth till know,
 How thou art ouervalewed to pay
 Her life with thine, gold with base alchemy.¹

Cos. Iust, iust, you heauens, I haue set a gin
 For them, and now my selfe the first am in.

Nom. Then turning to his loue, thus spake his
 last :

Farewell Glaucilla, liue and in thy brest
 As in a heauen my loue and life shall rest :
 Seeke not by death thy selfe from griefe to free,
 Remember now Perindus liues in thee.
 Cherish my heart, which in thy heart doth lye,
 For whilst thou liu'st, Perindus cannot dye :
 So leapt he lightly from the cloudy rocke.

Cos. Is hee then dead ?

Nom. No : for the guilty sea
 With soft embraces wrapt his limbes ;
 It seemes the waues moou'd with sympathy,
 Would teach vnhumane men humanity.

1 'Alchemy' = mixed metal. Cf. Vol. I. p cccxcv. G.

Though they could not preuent, would ease his fall ;
 And not consenting to his pious death,
 Restor'd him vp againe to aire and breath :
 Briefly, those two his seruants not regarding
 Dicæus threatning voyce, and iust awarding,
 With him tooke vp his guilt, and to a shippe
 That rides in the hauen, safe conuay'd him ; there
 They left him now reuiu'd ; themselues were taken
 And as the law commands, were doom'd to suffer
 The death of slaues ; both to be strongly bound,
 And in those hils left to the greedy Cyclops :
 And now the stay is onely in Dicæus,
 At whose returne they suffer ; iust they dye
 Who loue their master more then equity.

Cos. O lawlesse loue ! this foule offence,
 Which when it prosper'd pleas'd my rauish't
 sence :

With what a dire¹ aspect ! what horrid sight !
 Now done, it fills my soule with guilty fright ;
 Who ere thou art, if in thy spotlesse brest
 Thy vndefilèd thoughts doe quiet rest,
 Wake them not, and let no blood-hound with thee
 dwell :

These murthering thoughts are like the mouth of
 Hell,

Into whose yawning 'tis more easie neuer
To fall, then falne, to cease from falling euer.

Enter PAs.

Pas. Nomicus, thou now may'st let thy prisoners
free,

Thalander to Olinda now reuiu'd,
Perindus to Glaucilla, are to be married,
And all are brought along with singing,
Hymen the shores, Hymen the ecchoes ringing.
Nomicus, sees't thou this nymph? ah! could'st
thou thinke

That treason, enuy, murder, spight and hell
All Hell itselſe in ſuch a heauen could dwell?
This is the knot of all theſe ſorrowes; Cosma
If not for ſhame, why yet for ſpight or fashion,
For woman's fashion let ſome teares bee ſpilt:
A ſea of weeping will not waſh thy guilt.

Nom. Great nature that hath made a ſtone²
deſery

'Twixt meaner natures, checking baſer metalls,
Which proudly counterfeit the purer gold:
Why haſt thou left the ſoule of man no touch-
ſtone,
To iudge diſſemblance, and deſery proud vice,
Which with falſe colours ſeemes more vertuous

Then vertue's selfe? like to some cunning worke-
man,

Who frames a shape in such a forme of stature,
That oft he excells by imitating nature.

He that should looke vpon this nymph's sweete
eye

Would vow't a temple sworne to purity.

Pas. If murder rest in such a louely grace,
Here do I vow neuer to trust a face.

Shall I call backe your prisoners?

Nom. Prethec doe :

Our nets, boates, oares and hookes shall now goe
play,

For Heauen hath sworne to make this holyday.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

Enter DICÆUS, TYRINTHUS, THALANDER, OLINDA,
PERINDUS, GLAUCILLA, ALCIPPUS, CHORUS.

SONG.

Hymen, Hymen, come safe on, Hymen.

That I loue for euer constant stands,

Where hearts are tied before the hands,

Where faire Vertue marries Beauty,

And Affection pleads for Duty :

Hymen, Hymen, come safe on, Hymen.

Al. You honour'd paire of fishers, see where
your loue,

So full of constant triall, now hath brought you :
 See, blessèd soules, through so many teares,
 Turnings, despaires, impossibilities,
 Your loue is now most safe arriu'd : Thalander,
 Is this the nymph whom heauen and angry hell,
 Her cold desires, and colder death it selfe
 Would haue deuoured from thy deseruing loue ?
 Thalander, these hands are thine, that heauenly
 face,

Those starrie eyes, those roses and that grace,
 Those corral lips, and that vnknowne brest,
 And all the hidden riches of the rest :
 They all are thine, thine is the fair Olinda;
 Yet thou, as thou wast wont, all sad and heauy.

Tha. Blame me not, friend : for yet I seeme
 forsaken

And doubt I sleepe, and feare still to be waken.

Enter *Pas*, with *CANCRONE* and *SCROCCA*.

Cos. Now is the time of pardon. Ye happie
 maids

Your loue, in spight of all tempestuous seas,
 Is safe arriu'd, and harbors in his ease,
 And all those stormes haue got but this at last,
 To sweeten present ioyes with sorrowes past.
 Blessèd Olinda, thou hast got a loue
 Equall to heauen, and next to highest Ioue.
 Glaucilla, thy losse thou now dost full recouer.

Ah you haue found (too seldome found) a loue.
Then doe not her too rigorously reprove,
For louing those whom you yet better loue.

Olin. For vs, we iudge not of your hard intent,
But reckon your ioye's fatall instrument.

Dicæ. Yet this her penance : Cosma, marke thy
censure,
Whom most thou shouldest loue, thou shalt loue
neuer,

Dote thou on dotards, they shall hold thee euer :
The best and wisest neuer shall respect thee,
Thou onely fooles, fooles onely shall affect¹ thee.
Loose now those prisoners : so forward to the
temple. *[Exit Chorus.*

Can. Ha braue iudge, now mistris mine, I must
confesse.

Cos. This charme begins to worke already,
I loue this foole, and doate vpon him more
Than euer vpon any man before :
Well, I must be content thus to be curst,
And yet of louers, fooles are not the worst :
For how so euer boyes doe hoote and flout them,
The best and wisest oft haue fooles about them.

Can. I, and many a foole's bable too, I warrant
thee.

1 'Choose', 'esteeme'. G.

Sweete-heart shall we goe to bedde ?

Cos. What, in the morning ?

Can. Morning ? 'tis night.

Cos. Thou art a foole indeede, seest not the sunne ?

Can. Why that's a candle or the moone : I prethee let's goe to bed.

Cos. Content ; no time vnfit for play,
Some knowe no difference 'twixt night and day.

Can. Nay, all the play's done, gentles, you
may goe,

I haue another play within to doe.

Riddle me, Riddle me, what's that ?

My play is worke enough : my worke is play,
I see to worke i' th' night, and rest i' th' day :
Since then my play and worke is all but one,
Well may my play begin, now your's is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

Epilogvs.

As in a Feast, so in a Comedy,
Two sences must be pleasd, in both the eye ;
In feasts, the eye and taste must be inuited,
In Comedies, the eye and eare delighted :
And he that onely seekes to please but eyther,
While both he doth not please, he pleaseth neyther.

What euer feast could euery guest content,
When as t' each man each taste is different?
But lesse a scene, where nought but as 'tis newer,
Can please, where guests are more, and dishes
fewer :

Yet in this thought, this thought the Author eas'd,
Who once made all, all rules, all neuer pleas'd.
Faine would we please the best, if not the many,
And sooner will the best be pleas'd then any :
Our rest we set in pleasing of the best,
So wish we you, what you may giue us : Rest.

Finis.



Memorandum.

As stated in Note, pages 7—8 *ante*, SICELIDES was most incorrectly and carelessly printed : and as a consequence it has been with no little difficulty I have been able to present a readable text. In foot-notes I have marked important corrections, others being obvious, have been corrected without marking. I fear that still some portions are hopelessly corrupt. The following conjectural emendations ought to have been given in their places :

Page 19th, line 21st, for 'state-like,' query 'star-like' ?

Page 73rd, line 2d, for 'supplantation', query 'supplication' ?

Page 73d, line 14th, for 'water,' query 'fire' ?

Page 75th, line 13th, for 'sympathize,' query 'symbolize' ? but see 'sympathie' a little onward.

The following not very serious over-sights of my Printer may as well be noted here :

Page 7th, line 2nd, read, title-page, not title page.

Page 9th, line 16th, spell, Rimbombo, as in text of the 'Comedy' itself, though *in loco* it is spelled with a 'y'.

Page 19th, line 9th, spell, pleasantst not pleasantest.

„ 32nd., „ 2nd, read, one } Let each Reader correct
„ 62nd, „ 5th, read, Now } these two specially.

„ 65th, „ 18th, read, thy mistres.

„ 80th, „ 10th, read, because.

„ 83rd, „ 9th, read, thou.

„ 89th, „ 8th, read, Per[indus] not Pas, the speaker.

„ 98th, „ 7th, read, feele.

and some misplacings of letters, &c.

My usual annotations have found fittest insertion in foot-notes, being mostly brief. I add these trifles :

Page 19th, line 7th, 'shamefast strawberries' = modest or modest-blushing. So WILLIAM BROWNE [Works by Hazlitt (1868)] "Beautie's cheek, crown'd with a shame-fast brow" (I. 77.) So too HERRICK (as before) "My kisse out-went the bounds of shamefastnesse" (II. 315.) and "their cheekes unstain'd with shamefac'tnesse" (II. 333).

Pages 20th and 21st, foot-note 2. 'Ork': In addition see Pliny ix., 6, where the 'ork' is said to attack the whale: also Serenius' Swedish Dictionary, *s. v.* and Festus *s. v.*

Page 26th, lines 2—6 :

"The male Thalander, the female called Glaucilla

And now to youth arriu'd so faire they are

That with them but themselves who may compare,

All else excelling; each as faire as other,

Thus best compar'd, the sister with the brother."

See our remarks on these lines in relation to Milton, in Vol. Ist., page cccliii. It may be worth-while recalling Pope's uncritical and unjust attack on SHADWELL'S 'Double Falsehood' in his *Martinus Scribberus Περὶ Βαθους*, &c., because of, among other things, the line

"None but itself can be its parallel." Such phrasology as Mr. Dyce remarks—alas! that as I write this note I am reminded that this admirable man and many-gifted scholar must now be spoken of as 'the late'—may be defended by examples, not only from our early dramatists, but from foreign writers also: 'Et leurs playes, dissemblables à toutes autres, n'avoient rien de semblable, ny de

pareil, qu'elles mesmes.' *Hist. des Amours de Lysandre et de Caliste* p 255 ed. 1663. (Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. I. p xliv.) Our Fletcher above, confirms all this.

Page 28th, Chorus. Cf. 'Sylva Poetica' onward in the present volume, for Latin version of the sentiment here, viz: in 'Mors est malum.'

Page 45th, foot-note 'writheld'. Note further that this word occurs in Shakespeare :

"It cannot be this weak and *writheld* shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies".

K. Henry VI. : P. I., ii., 3.

Page 58th, line 2d, 'pray' = prey. Cf. note 6, and references, Vol. II., pages 205—206.

Page 69th, line 16th, by 'sea-cub' is meant doubtless 'sea-cub' = child of the sea?

Page 136th, line 22nd, 'the *guilty* Sea'. I call attention in the Essay (Vol. I., pp. ccxliv., cccxxix.) to this fine epithet. Cf. William Browne, as before, "The vast *insatiate* Sea" (I, page 180) There are *bits* of delightfully true description of Nature in our old Singers that even WORDSWORTH in his famous 'Preface' missed. It were well if they were brought together to shew that the ancient eyes were wide-open not shut-lidded, as toward the outward World. G.

II.

Elisa : an Elegie.

Note.

FOLLOWING the 'Poetical Miscellanies', and occupying pp. 103—130 in the quarto of 1633 is 'Elisa', of which this is the original title-page:

ELISA

OR

AN ELEGIE UPON
THE UNRIPE
DECEASE,

OF

Sr. ANTONIE IRBY:

Composed at the request (and for a monument)
of his surviving Ladie.

Anagrama:

Antonius Irbeus: An virtus obiens?

Esto mei mortisque memor

Fumus virtuti fœnus.

Printed by the Printers to the *Universitie*
of *Cambridge*. 1633.

On reverse of title-page is this short 'Epistle-Dedicatory':

"To the right worthy

Knight,

Sr. ANTONIE IRBY.

SIR, I am altogether (I think) unknown to you, (as having never seen you since your infancie); neither do I now desire to be known by this trifle. But I cannot rule these few lines, composed presently after your father's decease: they are broken from me, and will see more

light then they deserve. I wish there were any thing in them worthy of your vacant houres. Such as they are, your's they are by inheritance. As an Urn, therefore, of your father's ashes (I beseech you) receive them, for his sake, and from him, who desires in some better employment to be

Your servant,

P. F."

Collation: title-page—Epistle-Dedicatory, one leaf, and pp. 105—130.

The Sir Antonie Irby of this 'Elegie' died in 1625. His 'Elisa' was a daughter of Sir John Peyton of Isleham. Oddly enough, in the very year in which Fletcher published his 'Elegie' (1633), she married, secondly, Sir George Le Hunte of Bradley, Suffolk: a fact that imparts a spice of grotesqueness to the passionate dolour of the 'Elegie', albeit it must be remembered, for the lady's sake, that she remained in widow-hood fully eight years. For much information on the Irbys, consult Thompson's *History of Boston* (1856). G.



Elisa.

1.

LOOK as a stagge, pierc'd with a fatal bow,
As by a wood he walks securely feeding—
In coverts thick conceales his deadly blow,
And feeling death swim in his endles bleeding,
—His heavy head his fainting strength exceed-
ing,—
Bids woods adieu, so sinks into his grave;
Green brakes and primrose sweet, his seemly herse
embrace.¹

2.

So lay a gentle knight now full of death,
With clowdie eyes his latest houre expecting;
And by his side, sucking his fleeting breath,
His weeping spouse, Elisa; life neglecting,
And all her beauteous faires with grief infecting:
Her cheek as pale as his; 'twere hard to scanne,

¹ Adorn. Cf. Notes and Illustrations to Apollyonists,
Vol. II., Note 30, pages 215—216. G.

If Death or Sorrow's face did look more pale or
wanne.

3.

Close by, her sister, fair Alicia, sits ;
Fairest Alicia, to whose sweetest graces
His teares and sighs a fellow-passion fits :
Upon her eye—his throne—Love, Sorrow places ;
There Comfort, Sadnesse, Beautie, Grief em-
braces :
Pitie might seem a while that face to borrow,
And thither now was come to comfort Death and
Sorrow.

4.

At length lowd Grief thus with a fearfull shriek
—His trumpet—sounds a battell, Joy defying ;
Spreading his colours in Elisa's cheek,
And from her eyes—his watch-tower—farre
 espying
With Hope, Delight, and Joy, and Comfort,
 flying,
Thus with her tongue their coward flight pursues,
While sighs, shrieks, tears, give chace with never
fainting crues¹ :

¹ Qu : = 'Cries' ? See Notes and Illustrations on the
change of orthography for rhyme and rhythm, Vol. II,

5.

Thou traitour Joy, that in prosperitie
 So lowdly vaunt'st; whither, ah, whither fliest?
 And thou that bragg'st never from life to flie,
 False Hope, ah, whither now so speedy hiest:

In vain thy wingèd feet so fast thou pliest:

Hope, thou art dead, and Joy in Hope relying
 Bleeds in his hopelesse wounds, and in his death
 lies dying.

6.

But then Alicia—in whose cheerfull eye
 Comfort with Grief, Hope with Compassion,
 livèd—

Renews the fight. If Joy and Comfort die,

Note 6: pages 205—206. I add here, that even BROWNE, in his 'Britannia's Pastorals' (1613—14) furnishes confirmatory examples, *e.g.*:

"All birds flew from the wood, as they had been
 Scar'd with a strong bolt ratling 'mong the *treen*."
 where *treen* is = trees. Again,

"Now Limos did as from the *thicke* he 'scapes"
 where 'thicke' is = thicket. Once more:

"Now manaceling his hands, then on his legs
 Like fetters hang the vnder-growing *segs*"
 where 'segs' is = sedges. (Hazlitt's Works of William Browne (1868), Vol. I., pp. 181, 182). G.

The fault is yours : so much—too much—you
grievèd,

That Hope could never hope to be relieved.

If all your hopes to one poore hope you binde,
No marvel if one fled, not one remains behinde.

7.

Fond¹ hopes on life, so weak a threed, depending !
Weak, as the threed such knots so weakly tying :
But heav'nly joyes are circular, ne're ending,
Sure as the rock on which they grow ; and lying
In Heav'n, increase by losse, live best by dying.

Then let your hope on those sure joyes depend,
Which live and grow by death, and waste not
when they spend.

8.

Then she : Great Lord, Thy judgements righteous
be,

To make good ill, when to our ill we use it :
Good leads us to the greatest good, to Thee ;
But we to other ends, most fond, abuse it ;

A common fault, yet cannot that excuse it :

We love Thy gifts, and take them gladly ever :
We love them—ah too much !—more then we
love the Giver.

9.

So falling low upon her humbled knees,
And all her heart within her eye expressing ;
'Tis true, great Mercy, onely miseries
Teach us our selves and Thee : oh, if confessing
Our faults to Thee be all our faults releasing—
But in Thine eare, I never sought to hide them:
Ah! Thou hast heard them oft, as oft as Thou
hast ey'd them.

10.

I know the heart knows more then tongue can
tell ;
But Thou perceiv'st the heart his foulnesse tell-
ing :
Yet knows the heart not half, so wide an hell,
Such seas of sinne, in such scant banks are swell-
ing :
Who sees all faults within his bosome dwelling?
Many my tenants are, and I not know them.
Most dangerous the wounds thou feel'st, and
canst not show them.

11.

Some hidden fault, my Father and my God,
Some fault I know not yet, nor yet amended,
Has forc't Thee frown, and use Thy smarting rod;

Some grievous fault Thee grievously offended :

But let Thy wrath, (ah!) let it now be ended.

Father, this childish plea—if once I know it—
Let stay Thy threatning hand, I never more will
do it.

12.

If to my heart Thou show this hidden sore,

Spare me ; no more, no more I will offend Thee ;

I dare not say I will, I would no more :

Say Thou I shall, and soon I will amend me.

Then smooth Thy brow, and now some comfort
lend me ;

Oh let Thy softest mercies rest contented :

Though late, I most repent, that I so late repented.

13.

Lay down Thy rod, and stay Thy smarting hand ;

These raining eyes into Thy bottle gather :

Oh see Thy bleeding Sonne betwixt us stand ;

Remember me a childe, Thy-self a father :

Or if Thou may'st not stay, oh punish rather

The part offending, this rebellious heart.

Why pardon'st Thou the worse, and plagu'st my
better part ?

14.

Was't not Thy hand, that ty'd the sacred knot ?

Was't not Thy hand, that to my hand did give him?
Hast Thou not made us one? command'st Thou not,
None loose what Thou hast bound? if then Thou
reave him,

How without me, by halves, dost Thou receive
him!

Tak'st Thou the head, and leav'st the heart
behinde?

Ay me! in me alone can'st Thou such monster finde?

15.

Oh why dost Thou so strong me weak assail?

Woman of all thy creatures is the weakest,

And in her greatest strength did weakly fail:

Thou who the weak and bruised never breakest,

Who never triumph in the yeelding seekest;

Pitie my weak estate, and leave me never:

I ever yet was weak, and now more weak then
ever.

16.

With that her fainting spouse lifts up his head,

And with some joy his inward griefs refraining,

Thus with a feeble voice, yet cheerfull, s'ed;¹

¹ Cf. Notes and Illustrations to Brittain's *Ida*, Vol. I.
Note 4, pages 87—88. G.

Spend not in tears this little time remaining
Thy grief doth adde to mine, not ease my
paining :

My death is life ; such is the scourge of God :
Ah, if His rods be such, who would not kisse His
rod ?

17.

My deare,—once all my joy, now all my care—
To these my words—these my last words—apply
thee :

Give me thy hand ; these my last greetings are :
Shew me thy face, I never more shall eye thee.

Ah would our boyes, our lesser selves, were by
thee !

Those my 'live pictures to the world I give:
So single onely die, in them twice-two I live.

18.

You little souls, your 'sweetest times enjoy,
And softly spend among your mother's kisses ;
And with your prettie sports and hurtlesse joy
Supply your weeping mother's grievous misses :

Ah, while you may, enjoy your little blisses,
While yet you nothing know : when back you
view,

Sweet will this knowledge seem, when yet you
nothing knew.¹

19.

For when to riper times your yeares arrive,
No more—ah then no more—may you go play you
Lanct in the deep, far from the wishèd hive,
Change of world's tempests through blinde seas
will sway you,
Till to the long-long'd haven they convey you :
Through many a wave this brittle life must
passe.
And cut the churlish seas, shipt in a bark of
glasse.

20.

How many ships in quick-sands swallow'd been !
What gaping waves, whales, monsters there expect
you !
How many rocks, much sooner felt then seen !
Yet let no fear, no coward fright affect you :
He holds the stern, and He will safe direct you,
Who to my sails thus long so gently blew,
That now I touch the shore, before the seas I
knew.

¹ Cf. quotation from Bp. Jeremy Taylor in *Memoir*,
Vol. I. p cxlix. G.

21.

I touch the shore, and see my rest preparing.
Oh blessèd God ! how infinite a blessing
Is in this thought, that through this troubled
faring,
Through all the faults this guiltie age depressing
I guiltlesse past, no helplesse man oppressing :
And coming now to Thee, lift to the skies
Unbribèd hands, cleans'd heart, and never-tainted
eyes !

22.

Life, life ! how many Syllas¹ dost thou hide
In thy calm streames, which sooner kill then
threaten !
Gold, Honour, Greatnesse, and their daughter,
Pride !
More quiet lives, and lesse with tempests beaten,
Whose middle state content doth richly sweeten :
He knows not strife, nor brabbling² lawyers
brawls ;
His love and wish live pleas'd within his private
walls.

1 Scylla. G. 2 Wrangling. G.

23.

The king he never sees, nor fears nor prayes :
Nor sits, Court-promise and false hopes lamenting :
Within that house he spends and ends his dayes,
Where day he viewèd first : his heart's contenting,
His wife and babes ; nor sits new joyes inventing :
Unspotted there and quiet, he remains ;
And 'mong his duteous sonnes most lov'd and
fearlesse reignes.

24.

Thou God of peace, with what a gentle tide
Through this world's raging tempest hast Thou
brought me !
Thou, Thou my open soul did'st safely hide,
When thousand crafty foes so nearely sought me ;
Els had the endlesse pit too quickly caught me ;
That endlesse pit, where it is easier never
To fall, then being fall'n to cease from falling
ever.

25.

I never knew or want or luxurie,
Much lesse their followers ; or cares tormenting,
Or ranging lust, or base-bred flatterie :
I lov'd, and was belov'd with like consenting :
My hate was her's, her joy my sole contenting :

Thus long I liv'd, and yet have never prov'd
Whether I lov'd her more, or more by her was
lov'd.

26.

Foure babes—the fift with Thee I soon shall finde—
With equall grace in soul and bodie fram'd :
And lest these goods might swell my bladder'd
minde,
—Which last I name, but should not last be
nam'd—

A sicknesse long my stubborn heart hath tam'd,
And taught me pleasing goods are not the best ;
But most unblest he lives, that lives here ever blest.

27.

Ah life, once Vertue's spring, now sink of evil !
Thou change of pleasing pain and painfull pleasure ;
Thou brittle painted bubble, shop o' th'devil :
How dost thou bribe us with false, gilded, treasure,
That in thy joyes we finde no mean or measure !
How dost thou witch ! I know thou dost deceive
me :
I know I should, I must, and yet I would not
leave thee.

28.

Ah death ! once greatest ill, now onely blessing,
Untroubled sleep, short travel, ever resting,
All sicknesse cure, thou end of all distressing,
Thou one meal's fast, usher to endlesse feasting ;
 Though hopelesse griefs crie out thy aid request-
 ing,
 Though thou art sweetned by a life most hate-
 full ;
How is't, that when thou com'st, thy coming is
 ungratefull ?

29.

Frail flesh, why would'st thou keep a hated guest,
And him refuse whom thou hast oft invited ?
Life thy tormenter, death thy sleep and rest.
And thou—poore soul—why at his sight art
 frighted,
 Who clears thine eyes, and makes thee eagle-
 sighted ?
Mount now my soul and seat thee in thy throne :
Thou shalt be one with Him, by whom thou first
 wast one.

30.

Why should'st thou love this star, this borrow'd
 light,

And not that Sunne, at which thou oft hast
 guessed,
But guess'd in vain? which dares thy piercing
 sight,
Which never was, which cannot be expressèd?
 Why lov'st thy load and joy'st to be oppressèd:
 See'st thou those joyes: those thousand thousand
 graces?
Mount now my soul and leap to those outstrecht
 embraces.

31.

Deare countrey, I must leave thee; and in thee
No benefit,—which most doth pierce and grieve
 me:
Yet had not hasty death prevented me,
I would repay my life and somewhat give thee:
 My sonnes for that I leave; and so I leave thee:
 Thus Heav'n commands; the lord outrides the
 page,
And is arriv'd before: Death hath prevented¹ age.

32.

My dearest Bettie, my more lovèd heart,
I leave thee now; with thee all earthly joying:

1 Preceded, anticipated. G,

Heav'n knows, with thee alone I sadly part :
All other earthly sweets have had their cloying ;
Yet never full of thy sweet love's enjoying,
Thy constant loves, next heaven I did referre
them :
Had not much grace prevail'd, 'fore heav'n I
should preferre them.

33.

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away ;
In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving ;
Yet in my children here immortall stay :
In one I die, in many ones am living :
In them and for them, stay thy too much griev-
ing :
Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two Antonie.

34.

And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit—ah carelesse—playing,
And stammering ask a kisse, give them a brace ;
The last from me : and then a little staying,
And in their face some part of me survaying,
In them give me a third, and with a teare
Shew thy deare love to him, who lov'd thee ever
deare.

35.

And now our falling house leans all on thee ;
This little nation to thy care commend them :
In thee it lies that hence they want not me ;
Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend
 them ;
And when green age permits, to goodnesse bend
 them :
A mother were you once, now both you are :
Then with this double style double your love and
 care.

36.

Turn thy unwarie steps into The Way :
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth :
No barres will hold, when they have us'd to stray :
And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,
 Point thou to heav'n, and say, he there re-
 maineth :
And if they live in grace, grow and persever,
There shall they live with me : els shall they see
 me never.

37.

My God, oh in Thy fear here let them live ;
Thy wards they are, take them to Thy protection :
Thou gav'st them first, now back to Thee I give ;

Direct them Thou, and help her weak direction,
That reunited by Thy strong election,
Thou now in them, they then may live in Thee ;
And seeing here Thy will, may there Thy glorie
sec.

38.

Bettie, let these last words long with thee dwell :
If yet a second Hymen do expect thee,
Though well he love thee, once I lov'd as well :
Yet if his presence make thee lesse respect me,
Ah do not in my childrens' good neglect me :
Let me this faithfull hope departing have ;
More easie shall I die, and sleep in carelesse grave.

39.

Farewell, farewell ; I feel my long long rest,
And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing :
Night after day, sleep after labour's best ;
Port after storms, joy after long distressing :
So weep thy losse, as knowing 'tis my blessing :
Both as a widow and a Christian grieve :
Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in Heav'n I
live.

40.

Death, end of old joyes, entrance into new,
I follow thee, I know I am thy debtour ;

Not unexpect thou com'st to claim thy due :
 Take here thine own, my soul's too heavie fetter ;
 Not life, life's place I change, but for a better :
 Take Thou my soul, that bought'st it : cease
 your tears :
 Who sighing leaves the earth, himself and Heaven
 fears.

41.

Thus said, and while the bodie slumbring lay,
 —As Theseus Ariadne's bed forsaking—
 His quiet soul stole from her house of clay ;
 And glorious angels on their wings it taking,
 Swifter then lightning flew, for Heaven making :
 There happie goes he, heav'nly fires admiring,
 Whose motion is their bait ;¹ whose rest is restlesse
 giring :²

42.

And now the courts of that thrice blessèd King
 It enters, and His presence sits enjoying ;
 While in itself it findes an endlesse spring

1 Stopping to feed = refreshment. G.

2 ' Revolving ' So Lovelace (as before)

“ Ixion willingly doth feele

The gyre of his eternal wheel.”

(Poems by Hazlitt p 114) G.

Of pleasures new and never weary joying,
 Ne'er spent in spending; feeding, never cloying:
 Weak pen to write, for thought can never
 feign them:
 The minde that all can hold, yet cannot half con-
 tain them.

43.

There doth it blessed sit, and looking down,
 Laughs at our busie care and idle paining;
 And fitting to it self that glorious crown
 Scorns Earth, where even kings most serve by
 reigning;
 Where men get wealth and Hell; so loose¹ by
 gaining.
 Ah blessèd soul! there sit thou still delighted,
 Till we at length to Him with thee shall be
 united.

4 .

Bvt when at last his lady sad espies
 Her flesh of life, her self of h^h deprived;
 Too full of grief, closing his quenched eyes,
 As if in him, by him, for him she livèd,
 Fell dead with him; and once again revived,

Fell once again : Pain wearie of his paining,
And Grief with too much grief felt now no grief
remaining.

45.

Again reliev'd, all silent sat she long ;
No word to name such grief durst first adven-ter :
Grief is but light that floats upon the tongue,
But weightie sorrow presses to the center,
And never rests till th' heavie heart it enter ;¹
And in life's house was married to life :
Grief made Life grievous seem, and Life enlivens
grief :

46.

And from their bed proceeds a numerous presse,
First shrieks, then tears and sighs, the heart's
ground renting :
In vain poore Muse would'st thou such dole
expresse ;

¹ See Who wrote Brittain's Ida? Vol I, pp 18—19.
Besides the illustrations from HERRICK in Epilude to
Vol Ist, one is reminded of Macbeth (IV sc. iii) " Give
sorrow words" &c. The old Latin saying may be the com-
mon source of all: *curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*
G.

For thou thy self lamenting her lamenting,
And with like grief transform'd to like torment-
ing,
With heavie pace bring'st forth thy lagging verse
Which eloath'd with blackest lines attends the
mournfull herse.

47.

The cunning hand which that Greek princeesse
drew
Readie in holy fires to be consum'd,
Pitie and Sorrow paints in divers hue ;
One wept, he pray'd, this sigh'd, that chaf'd and
fum'd ;¹
But not to limme her father's look presum'd :
For well he knew his skillfull hand had fail'd :
Best was his sorrow seen, when with a cloth 'twas
vail'd.

48.

Look as a nightingale, whose callow young
Some boy hath markt, and now half nak'd hath
taken,
Which long she closely kept, and foster'd long,
But all in vain ; she now, poore bird, forsaken

1 = perfumed, i.e. used restoratives. G.

Flies up and down, but gríefe no place can
 slaken :

All day and night her losse she fresh doth rue,
And where she ends her plaints, there soon begins
 anew :

49.

Thus sat she desolate, so short a good,
Such gift, so soon exacted, ~~saye~~ complaining :
Sleep could not passe, but almost sink i'th' floud ;
So high her eye-banks swell'd with endlesse
 raining :


Surfet of grief had bred all meats' disdaining :
A thousand times, 'my Antonie,' she cried,
Irby a thousand times ; and in that name she died.

50.

Thus circling in her grief, it never ends,
But moving round, back to it self enclineth ;
Both day and night alike in grief she spends :
Day shews her day is gone, no sun there shineth :
Black night, her fellow-mourner, she defineth :
Light shews his want, and shades his picture
 draw,
Him—nothing—best she sees, when nothing now
 she saw.

Part II.

1.

HOU blacker Muse, whose rude uncombèd
hairs
With fatal eugh¹ and cypresse still are
shaded ;
Bring hither all thy sighs, hither thy teares :
As sweet a plant, as fair a flower is faded,
As ever in the Muses' garden bladed ;
While th'owner—haplesse owner—sits lamenting,
And but in discontent and grief, findes no con-
tenting.

2.

The sweet—now sad—Elisa weeping lies,
While fair Alicia's words in vain relieve her ;
In vain those wells of grief she often dries :
What her so long, now doubled sorrows give her,
What both their loves—which doubly double
grieve her—
She carelesse spends without or end or measure ;
Yet as it spends, it grows : poore grief, can tell
his treasure.

3.

All as a turtle on a barèd bough
—A widow turtle—joy and life despises,
Whose trustie mate—to pay his holy vow—
Some watchfull eye late in his roost surprises,
And to his God for errour sacrifices ;
She joylesse bird sits mourning all alone,
And being one when two, would now be two or
none :

4.

So sat she gentle lady weeping sore,
Her desert self and now cold lord lamenting ;
So sat she carelesse on the dusty floor,
As if her tears were all her soul's contenting :
So sat she, as when speechlesse griefs tormenting
Locks up the heart, the captive tongue enchain-
ing :
So sat she joylesse down in wordlesse grief com-
plaining.

5.

Her chearfull eye—which once the crystall was,
Where Love and Beauty dress'd their fairest faces,
And fairer seem'd by looking in that glasse—
Had now in tears drown'd all their former graces :
Her snow white arms, whose warm and sweet
embraces

Could quicken death, their now dead lord infold,
And seem'd as cold and dead as was the flesh they
hold :

6.

The roses in her cheek grow pale and wan ;
As if his pale cheeks' livery they affected :
Her head, like fainting flowers opprest with rain,
On her left shoulder lean'd his weight neglected :
Her dark-gold locks hung loosely unrespected ;
As if those fairs, which he alone deserv'd,
With him had lost their use, and now for nothing
serv'd.

7.

Her lady-sister sat close by her side,
Alicia, in whose face Love proudly lorded ;
Where Beautie's self and Mildnesse sweet reside,
Where every Grace her naked sight afforded,
And Majestic with Love sat well accorded :
A little map of heav'n, sweet influence giving ;
More perfect yet in this, it was a heaven living.

8.

Yet now this heav'n with melting clouds was
stain'd :
Her starry eyes with sister grief infected

Might seem the Pleiades, so fast they rain'd :
And though her tongue to comfort she directed,
Sighs waiting on each word like grief detected ;
That in her face you now might plainly see
Sorrow to sit for Love, Pitie for Majestie.

9.

At length, when now those storms she had allay'd,
A league with grief for some short time indenting ;
She 'gan to speak, and ' sister ' onely said :
The sad Elisa soon her words preventing,

El. In vain you think to ease my heart's tormenting ;

Words, comforts, hope, all med'cine is in vain :
My heart most hates his cure and loves his pleasing pain.

10.

Al. As vain to weep, since fate cannot reprieve.

El. Teares are most due, when there is no reprieving.

Al. When doom is past, weak hearts that fondly grieve.

El. A helplesse grief's sole joy is joyless grieving.

Al. To losses old-new losse is no relieving :

You lose your teares. *El.* When that I onely
fear

For ever now is lost, poore losse to lose a teare.¹

11.

Al. Nature can teach, that who is born must die.

El. And Nature teaches teares in grief's tormenting.

Al. Passions are slaves to Reason's monarchie.

El. Reason best shews her reason in lamenting.

Al. Religion blames impatient discontenting.

El. Not passion, but excesse Religion branded;
Nor ever countermands what Nature's self com-
manded.

12.

Al. That hand which gave him first into your hand,
To His own hand doth now again receive him :

Impious and fond,² to grudge at His command,

Who once by death from death doth ever reave him !

He lives by leaving life, which soon would
leave him :

Thus God and him you wrong by too much
crying.

Who living dy'd to life, much better lives by
dying.³

1 Cf. Sicelides, page 128 *ante*. G. 2 Foolish. G.

3 Cf. Sicelides, Chorus, p. 29, line 15th, *ante*. G.

Who helps, when Thou my Father so dost threaten ?

Thou hid'st Thy eyes ; or if Thou dost not hide them,

So dost thou frown, that best I hidden may abide them.

18.

I weeping grant, what ever may be dreaded,

All ill thou can'st inflict I have deserved ;

Thy mercy I, I mercie onely pleaded.

Most wretched men, if all that from Thee swerved,

By merit onely in just weight were served !

If nought Thou giv'st, but what desert doth get me,

Oh give me nothing then ; for nothing I intreat Thee.

19.

Ah wherefore are Thy mercies infinite,

If Thou dost hound them up, and never send them ?

Mercy's no mercy hid in envious night :

The rich man's goods, while in his chest he penn'd them,

Were then no goods ; much better to misspend them.

Why mak'st Thou such a rod ? so fierce dost
threat me ?

Thy frowns to me were rods ; Thy forehead would
have beat me.

20.

Thou seiz'd my joy ; ah he is dead and gone,
That might have dress'd my wounds, when thus
they smarted :

To all my griefs I now am left alone ;

Comfort's in vain to hopelessse grief imparted :

Hope, Comfort, Joy with him are all departed.

Comfort, Hope, Joy, life's flatterers, most I
flie you,

But would not deigne to name, but naming to
defie you.

21.

Al. Sister, too farre your passions' violent heat
And griefs' too headlong in your plaint convay you :
You feel your stripes, but mark not Who does beat ;
'Tis He that takes away Who can re-pay you :

This grief to other rods doth open lay you :

He bindes your grief to patience, not dejection.

Who bears the first not well, provokes a new correction.

22.

I know 'tis true ; but Sorrow's blubber'd eye
Fain would not see, and cannot well behold it :
My heart surround with grief is swoll'n so high,
It will not sink, till I alone unfold it ;

But grows more strong, the more you do with-
hold it :

Leave me a while alone ; Grief's tide grows low,
And ebs, when private tears the eye-banks over-
flow.

23.

She quickly rose, and readie now to go,

Al. 'Remember measure in your grief's complain-
ing ;

His last, his dying words command you so ;
So left her ; and Elisa sole remaining,

Now every grief more boldly entertaining,

They flock about her round ; so one was gone,
And twentie fresh arriv'd : 'lone Grief is least
alone.

24.

Thus as she sat with fixt and settled eye,
Thousand fond thoughts their wandring shapes
depainted .

Now seem'd she mounted to the crystall skie,

And one with him and with him fellow-sainted ;
Straight pull'd from Heav'n : and then again
she fainted :

Thus while their numerous thoughts each fancie
brought,
The minde all idle sat : much / thinking lost her
thought.

25.

And Fancy, finding now the dullèd sight
Idle with businesse, to her soul presented
—While th' heavy minde obscur'd his shaded
light—

Her wofull body from her head absented ;
And suddain starting, with that thought tor-
mented,
A thing impossible too true she found :
The head was gone, and yet the headlesse body
sound.

26.

Nor yet awake she cries ; ah this is wrong,
To part what Nature's hand so neare hath tied ;
Stay oh my head and take thy trunk along :
But then her minde—recall'd—her errour spied ;
And sigh'd to see how true the Fancy lied,
Which made the eye his instrument to see
That true, which being true it self must nothing be.

22.

I know 'tis true ; but Sorrow's blubber'd eye
Fain would not see, and cannot well behold it :
My heart surround with grief is swell'n so high,
It will not sink, till I alone unfold it ;

But grows more strong, the more you do with-
hold it :

Leave me a while alone ; Grief's tide grows low,
And ebs, when private tears the eye-banks over-
flow.

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To part what Nature's hand so neare hath tied ;
Stay oh my head and take thy trunk along :
But then her minde—recall'd—her errour spied ;
And sigh'd to see how true the Fancy lied,
Which made the eye his instrument to see
That true, which being true it self must nothing be.

27.

Vile trunk—saies she—thy head is ever gone ;
Vile headlesse trunk, why art thou not engravèd¹ ;
One wast thou once with him, now art thou none
Or if thou art or wert, how art thou savèd ?

And livest still, when he to death is slavèd ?

But—ah—when well I think, I plainly see,
That death to him was life, and life is death is
to me.

28.

Vile trunk, if yet he live ; ah then again
Why seek'st thou not with him to be com-
binèd ?

But oh since he in Heav'n doth living reigne,
Death wer't to him in such knots to be twinèd ;

And life to me with him to be confinèd :

So while I better think, I eas'ly see
My life to him were death, his death were life to
me.

29.

Then die with him, vile trunk, and dying live ;
Or rather with him live, his life applying ;

1 See ' Who wrote Brittain's *Ida* ? Vol 1 pages 35 and
110. G.

Where thou shalt never die, nor ever grieve :
But ah, though death thou feel'st within thee
 lying,
 Thou ne're art dead though still in sorrow dying :
 Most wretched soul, which hast thy seat and
 being,
Where life with death is one, and death with life
 agreeing!

30.

He lives and joyes ; death life to him hath bred :
Why is he living then in earth enwombèd ;
But I, a walking coarse,¹ in life am dead :
'Tis I, my friends, 'tis I must be entombèd ;
 Whose joy with griefe, whose life with death's
 benummèd :
 Thou coffin art not his, nor he is thine ;
Mine art thou : thou the dead and not the living's
 shrine.

31.

You few thinne boards, how in so scantèd room
So quiet such great enemies contain ye ?
All joy, all griefe lies in this narrow toombe :
You contraries, how thus in peace remain ye,

1 Corse, corpse G.

That one small cabin so should entertain ye ?
But joy is dead, and here entomb'd doth lie,
While Grief is come to moan his dead-lov'd
 emie.

32.

How many vertues in this little space
—This little little space—lie buried ever !
In him they liv'd, and with them every grace :
In him they liv'd and di'd, and rise will never.
Fond¹ men ! go now, in Vertue's steps persever,
Go sweat and toil ; thus you inglorious lie :
In this old frozen age Vertue it self can die.

33.

Those petty Northern starres do never fall ;
The unwasht Beare the Ocean-wave despises ;
Ever unmov'd it moves, and ever shall :
The Sun, which oft his head in Night disguises,
 So often as he falls, so often rises ;
And stealing backward by some hidden way,
With self-same light begins and ends the yeare
 and day.

34.

The flowers, which in the absence of the sunne

Sleep in their winter-houses all disarm'd,
And backward to their mother's wombe do runne;
Soon as the Earth by 'Taurus' horns is warm'd,
Muster their colour'd troupes; and freshly arm'd,
Spreading their braving colours to the skie,
Winter and Winter's spight, bold little elves, defie.

35.

But Vertue's heav'nly and more glorious light,
Though seeming ever sure, yet oft dismounteth:
And sinking low, sleeps in eternall night,
Nor ever more his broken spheare remounteth:
Her sweetest flower, which other flowers sur-
mounteth
As farre as roses nettles, soonest fadeth:
Down falls her glorious leaf and never more it
bladeth.

36.

And as that dainty flower, the maiden rose,
Her swelling bosome to the sunne discloses;
Soon as her lover hot and fiery grows,
Straight all her sweets unto his heat exposes,
Then soon disrob'd her sweet and beautie loses;
While hurtfull weeds, hemlocks, and nettles
stinking

Soon from the Earth ascend, late to their graves
are sinking.¹

37.

All so the vertuous bud in blooming falls,
While Vice long flourishing late sees her ending :
Vertue once dead no gentle Spring recalls ;
But Vice springs of it self ; and soon ascending,
Long views the day, late to his night descending.

Vain men, that in this life set up your rest,
Which to the ill is long, and short unto the best !

38.

And as a dream, where th' idle fancie playes,
One thinks that Fortune high his head advances ;
Another spends in woe his weary dayes ;
A third seems sport in love, and courtly dances ;
A fourth to finde some glitt'ring treasure
chances ;
Soon as they wake they see their thoughts
were vain,
And either quite forget or laugh their idle brain :

1 Cf. Notes and Illustrations : Vol. II., 46 : pp. 220—
221. G.

39.

Such is the world, and such life's quick-spent play :
This base and scorn'd, that great in high esteem-
ing ;

This poore and patched seems, that rich and gay ;
This sick, that sound, yet all is but a seeming :

So like, that waking oft we fear w'are dreaming;

And think we wake ~~oft~~, when we dreaming play:

Dreams are as living nights, life as a dreaming day.

40.

Go then, vain life ; for I will trust no more
Thy flattering dreams : Death to thy resting take
me :

Thou sleep without all dreams, life's quiet shore,
When wilt thou come ? when wilt thou overtake
me ?

Enough I now have liv'd ; loath'd Life forsake
me :

Thou good mens' endlesse sight, thou ill mens'
feast ;

That at the best art bad and worst art to the best.

41.

Thus as in teares she drowns her swollen eyes,
A suddain noise recalls them ; backward bending

Her weary head, there all in black she spies
Six mournfull bearers, the sad hearse attending,
Their feet and hands to that last dutie lending :
All silent stood she, trembling pale, and wan ;
The first grief left his stage, a new his part
began.

42.

And now the coffin in their arms they take,
While she with weight of grief sat still amazèd ;
As do sear leaves in March, so did she quake,
And with intented¹ eyes upon them gazèd :
But when from ground the doleful hearse they
raisèd,
Down on the beer² half dead she carelesse fell ;
While teares did talk apace and sighs her sorrows
tell.

43.

At last 'fond men'—said she—'you are deceiv'd ;
It is not he, 'tis I must be interred :
Not he but I of life and soul bereav'd ;

1 'Earnest' full-looking. G.

2 Bier. G.

He lives in heav'n, among the saints referred :¹
This trunk, this headlesse body must be buried.'
But while by force some hold her, up they reare
him,
And weeping at her tears, away they softly beare
him.

44.

But then impatient grief all passion proves,
She prayes and weepes ; with teares she doth in-
treat them :
But when this onely fellow-passion moves,
She storms and raves, and now as fast doth threat
them ;
And as she onely could, with words doth beat
them ;
' Ah cruell men, ah men most cruell, stay :
It is my heart, my life, my soul, you beare away. '

45.

And now no sooner was he out of sight,
As if she would make good what she had spoken,
First from her heart's deep centre deep she sigh'd
Then,—as if heart, and life, and soul were broken—

1 Reverted, returned, placed. G.

Down dead she fell ; and once again awoken,
Fell once again ; so to her bed they bore her :
While friends—no friends—hard love to life and
grief restore her.

46.

Unfriendly friends,—saith she—why do ye strive
To barre wisht death from his so just ingression ?
Your pitie kills me ; 'tis my death to live,
And life to die : it is as great oppression
To force out death, as life from due possession ;
'Tis much more great : better that quickly
spills
A loathèd life, then he that with long torture
kills.

47.

And then as if her guiltlesse bed offended ;
Thou trait'rous bed, when first thou did'st receive
me,
Not single to my rest I then ascended :
Double I came, why should I single leave thee ?
Why of my better part dost thou bereave me ?
Two prest thee first : why should but one de-
part ?
Restore, thou trait'rous bed, restore that better
part.

48.

Thus while one grief another's place inherits,
And one yet hardly spent, a new complainèd :
Grief's leaden vapour dulls the heavy spirits,
And sleep too long from so wisht seat restrainèd
Now of her eyes un'wares possession gainèd ;
And that she might him better welcome give,
Her lord he new presents, and makes him fresh
to live.

49.

She thinks he lives, and with her goes along ;
And oft she kiss'd his cheek, and oft embracèd ;
And sweetly askt him where he staid so long,
While he again her in his armes enlacèd ;
Till strong delight her dream and joy defacèd :
But then she willing sleeps ; sleep glad receives
her ;
And she as glad of sleep, that with such shapes
deceives her.

50.

Sleep widow'd eyes, and cease so fierce lament-
ing ;
Sleep grievèd heart, and now a little rest thee :
Sleep sighing words, stop all your discontenting ;

Sleep beaten breast; no blows shall now molest
thee :

Sleep happy lips; in mutuall kisses nest ye :

Sleep weary Muse, and do not now disease¹ her :
Fancie, do thou with dreams and his sweet pre-
sence please her.

¹ Dis-ease = do not by awaking take away the 'ease'
of Sleep's pleasant visions. G.

Finis.



III.

Poeticall Miscellanies.

III

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Note.

Following the 'Piscatorie Eclogues' given in Vol. II, pp 223—332—but without a separate title-page—being simply headed 'Poeticall Miscellanies'—are a number of 'occasional' Poems (as the phrase was) extending from page 55 to page 102 of the quarto of 1633. The 'Miscellanies' thus form the second moiety of the second division of the volume, the first consisting of The Purple Island. In large paper copies of the volume (on which see 'Note' *in loco* in Vol. II., as above) at page 54, there is an engraving presenting a Landscape, a ship in full sail—of somewhat Chinese look—a fruit-laden tree, and the conventional sun in the right corner. On the right hand, at top, are the words 'Aduentante Deo' and below, an engraved inscription as follows:

Above:

Charrissimo E. B. P. Fletcher

Below:

Anagr: { Edouardus Benlowes }
 { Durus, a Deo Benevolus }

Quæ modò dura gelu riguit lento inuia nautæ

Unda, aperit liquidos sole calente sinus.

Quæ modò nocturnis Clytie se occluserat umbris,

Purpureas pandit sole tepente comas.

Quæ modò calva suis stabat laniata capillis,

Dat fructus arbor sole vigente novos.

Dura modò, modò clausa, incultaque; mollia, aperta,

Pinguia sunt radiis pectora, Christe, tuis.

With reference to the anagram above, playing on the

name Benlowes as = Benevolus, it is rather amusing that Benlowes' Oxonii Enconium (Oxon: 1672) is signed thus:

Benevolus

123867549

the figures with all care revealing the author as 'Benlowes.' See Vol. I., page lxxx.—cviii.—cix, *et alibi*. Cf. Verses prefixed to Purple Island. G.



Poeticall Miscellanies.

AN HYMEN AT THE MARRIAGE OF MY MOST DEARE COUSINS MR. W. AND M. R.¹

CHAMUS, that with thy yellow-sanded stream
Slid'st² softly down where thousand Muses
dwell,³

1 See our Memoir (Vol I, pp xxxi—xxxiii) on the Roberts's here 'sung of, viz: Walter Roberts (or Robarts) and Margaret, daughter of George Robarts of Moatlands in Brenchly. Robarts, of Brenchly, had a son at the time his daughter was married: but he died soon afterwards, and the whole of his property became united with the Glasenbury estates in Cranbrook, and so it remains until now. G.

2 See Note 2, Vol II, page 240. G.

3 Cf. Apollyonists, c. v., st. 14, Vol II, page 161.

"He, patron to my mother Cambridge, where
Thousand sweet Muses, thousand Graces, dwell."

See Memoir, Vol I, pp lxxxi—lxxxviii. G.

Gracing their bowres, but thou more grac'd by
them ;

Heark Chamus, from thy low-built greeny cell ;
Heark, how our Kentish woods with Hymen ring,
While all the nymphs, and all the shepherds sing,
Hymen, oh Hymen ! here thy saffron garment bring.

With him a shoal of goodly-shepherd swains ;
Yet he more goodly then the goodliest swain :
With her a troop of fairest wood-nymph trains ;
Yet she more fair then fairest of the train :
And all in course their voice attempering,
While the woods back their bounding echo fling,
Hymen, come holy Hymen ! Hymen ! lowd they sing.

His high-built forehead almost maiden fair,
Hath made an hundred nymphs her chanceenvying
Her more then silver skin and golden hair,
Cause of a thousand shepherds forcèd dying.¹

1 Cf. Brittain's *Ida*, c. i., st. 4—5 with this and immediately following stanza. The whole delineation in the one is identical with the other : and as in '*Ida*' you have

'Thousand boyes for him, thousand maidens dy'de'
so here

'Cause of a thousand shepherds forcèd dying'.
See also *Purple Island*, c. xii, st. 86th. G.

Where better could her love then here have
nested?

Or he his thoughts more daintily have feasted?¹

Hymen! come Hymen! here thy saffron-coat is
rested.

His looks resembling humble Majesty,

Rightly his fairest mother's grace befiteth:

In her face, blushing, fearfull Modesty,

The Queene² of Chastity and Beauty, sitteth:

There Cheerfulnesse all sadnesse farre exileth:

Here Love with bow unbent all gently smileth.

Hymen come! Hymen come! no spot thy garment
'fleth.³

Love's bow in his bent eye-brows bended lies,

And in his eyes a thousand darts of loving:

Her shining starres, which—fools—we oft call
eyes,

As quick as heav'n it-self in speedy moving;

And this in both, the onely difference being,

Other starres blinde, these starres indu'd with
seeing.

Hymen! come Hymen! all is for thy rites agreeing.

1 See Sicelides p 121 *ante*. G.

2 Misprinted 'queens'. Cf. as above, Brittain's Ida,
c. I., st. 4th. G.

3 See Note to Apollyonists, 39, Vol II, page 218. G.

His breast a shelf of purest alabaster,
 Where Love's self sailing, often shipwrackt sitteth:
 Her's a twin-rock, unknown but to th'ship-master;
 Which though him safe receives, all other splitteth:
 Both, Love's high-way, yet by Love's self un-
 beaten,
 Most like the milky path which crosses heaven.
 Hymen! come Hymen! all their marriage-joyes are
 even.¹

And yet all these but as gilt covers be;
 Within, a book more fair we written finde:
 For Nature, framing th' All's epitome,
 Set in the face the index of the minde.²
 Their bodies are but temples, built for state,
 To shrine the Graces in their silver plate:
 Come Hymen! Hymen come! these temples con-
 secrate.

Hymen! the tier of hearts already tied;
 Hymen! the end of lovers never ending;
 Hymen! the cause of joyes, joyes never tried;

¹ Repeated in *Purple Island*, c. xii, st. 6th: and see
 'Who wrote Brittain's *Ida*' Vol 1, page 20. G.

² Cf. Brittain's *Ida*, c. i., st. 5: "If eyes the index be
 where thoughts are read." G.

Joyes never to be spent, yet ever spending :¹
 Hymen ! that sow'st with men the desert sands ;
 Come, bring with thee, come bring thy sacred
 bands :

Hymen! come Hymen! th'hearts are joyn'd, joyn
 thou the hands.

Warrant of lovers, the true seal of loving,
 Sign'd with the face of joy ; the holy knot,
 That bindes two hearts and holds from slippery
 moving :

A gainfull losse,² a stain without a blot ;
 That mak'st one soul as two, and two as one ;³
 Yoke, lightning burdens ; Love's foundation :
 Hymen ! come Hymen ! now untie the maiden zone.

Thou that mad'st man a brief of all Thou mad'st,
 A little living world, and mad'st him twain,
 Dividing him whom first Thou one creat'st,
 And by this bond mad'st one of two again,

1 Cf. Who wrote Brittain's *Ida*? Vol. I., pp. 13—15. G.

2 So Dr. Donne, as before :

“ Sing on, thou virgin soul, whose *lossfull gain*
 Thy love-sick parents have bewailed in vain.”

(Anat. of the World.) G.

3 Cf. ‘ Purple Island ’ c. i., st. 3, last line. G.

Bidding her cleave to him, and him to her,
And leave their parents, when no parents were :
Hymen ! send Hymen from thy sacred bosome,
here.

See where he goes, how all the troop he cheereth,
Clad with a saffron-coat, in's hand a light ;
In all his brow not one sad cloud appeareth :
His coat all pure, his torch all burning bright.
Now chant we Hymen, shepherds ; Hymen sing :
See where he goes, as fresh as is the Spring.
Hymen ! oh Hymen ! Hymen ! all the valleys ring.

Oh happy pair, where nothing wants to either,
Both having to content, and be contented ;
Fortune and Nature being spare to neither !
Ne're may this bond of holy love be rented,
But like two parallels, run a level race,¹
In just proportion, and in even space.
Hymen, thus Hymen will their spotlesse marriage
grace.

Live each of other firmly lov'd and loving ;
As farre from hate, as self-ill, jealousie :
Moving like Heav'n still in the self same moving;

1 Cf. onward 'To E. C.' stanza 2nd. G.

In motion ne're forgetting constancy.
 Be all your dayes as this ; no cause to plain¹
 Free from satiety, or (but lovers') pain.
 Hymen, so Hymen, still their present joyes maintain.

TO MY BELOVED COUSIN W. R. ESQUIRE.²

CALEND. JANUAR.



COUSIN, day-birds are silenc't, and those
 fowl

Yct onely sing, which hate warm Phœbus'
 light.

Th' unlucky parrat,³ and death-boding owl,
 Which ush'ring into heav'n their mistresse Night,
 Hollow⁴ their mates, triumphing o're their quick-
 spent light.

The wrongèd Philomel hath left to plain
 Tereus' restraint and cruel ravishment :

1 Complain. G.

2 As before, Walter Roberts, Esq. G.]

3 I suspect a local name for a 'singing' English bird:
 Or is it the 'parrot' within the house, screaming in the
 deepening twilight?

4 See Notes and Illustrations to Apollyonists, Vol II.
 pp 207—208. G.

Seems the poore bird hath lost her tongue again.
Progne long since is gone to banishment ;
And the loud-tunèd thrush leaves all her merri-
ment.

All so my frozen Muse, hid in my breast,
To come into the open aire refuses ;
And dragg'd at length from hence, doth oft pro-
test,
This is no time for Phoebus-loving Muses ;
When the farre-distant sunne our frozen coast
disuses.

Then till the sunne, which yet in fishes' hasks,¹
Or watry urn, impounds his fainting head,
'Twixt Taurus' horns his warmer beam unmaskes,
And sooner rises, later goes to bed ;
Calling back all the flowers, now to their mother
fled :

Till Philomel resumes her tongue again,
And Progne fierce returns from long exiling ;
Till the shrill blackbird chants his merry vein ;
And the day-birds the long-liv'd sunne beguiling,
Renew their mirth, and the yeare's pleasant smiling :

1 Fish-baskets. G.

Here must I stay, in sullen study pent,
 Among our Cambridge fennes our time mis-
 spending ;
 But then revisit our long-long'd-for Kent.
 Till then live happy, the time ever mending :
 Happy the first o'th' yeare, thrice happy be the
 ending.

TO MASTER W. C.¹

WILLY my deare, that late by Haddam
 sitting,
 By little Haddam, in those private shades,
 Unto thy fancie thousand pleasures fitting,
 With dainty nymphs in those retirèd glades,
 Did'st spend thy time ;—time that too quickly
 fades—
 Ah ! much I fear that those so pleasing toyes
 Have too much lull'd thy sence and minde in slum-
 bring joyes.

Now art thou come to nearer Maddingly,
 Which with fresh sport and pleasure doth en-
 thrall thee ;
 There new delights withdraw thy care, thy eye ;

¹ See Memoir (Vol I p lxxvi) on the Courthopes. G.

Too much I fear, lest some ill chance befall thee :
Heark, how the Cambridge Muses thence re-call
thee ;

Willy our deare, Willy his time abuses :
But sure thou hast forgot thy Chame and Cam-
bridge Muses.

Return now Willy ; now at length return thee :
Here thou and I, under the sprouting vine,
By yellow Chame, where no hot ray shall burn
thee,

Will sit, and sing among the Muses nine ;
And safely cover'd from the scalding shine,
We'l read that Mantuan shepherd's sweet com-
plaining

Whom fair Alexis griev'd with his unjust disdaining :

And when we list to lower notes descend,
Heare Thirsil's moan, and Fusca's crueltie :¹
He cares not now his ragged flock to tend ;
Fusca his care, but carelesse enemye :
Hope oft he sees shine in her humble eye ;
But soon her angrie words of hope deprives him :
So often dies with love, but love as oft revives him.

1 Probably his 'Eclogues' in 'Sylva Poetica,' wherein
'Thirsil' and 'Fusca' appear. See in their places in the
present Volume. G.

TO MY EVER-HONoured COUSIN
W. R. ESQUIRE.¹



STRANGE power of home, with how strong-
twisted arms

And Gordian-twinèd knot, dost thou en-
chain me !

Never might fair Calisto's double charms,
Nor powerfull Circe's whispring so detain me,
Though all her art she spent to entertain me ;
Their presence could not force a weak desire :
But (oh !) thy powerfull absence breeds still-growing
fire.

By night thou try'st by strong imagination
To force my sense 'gainst reason to belie it :
Me-thinks I see the fast-imprinted fashion
Of every place, and now I fully eye it ;
And though with fear, yet cannot well denie it,
Till the morn-bell awakes me : then for spite
I shut mine eyes again, and wish back such a night.²

But in the day my never-slak't desire
Will cast to prove by welcome forgerie,
That for my absence I am much the nigher ;

¹ Roberts, as before. G.

² See Essay Vol I pp ccci—ccci. G.

Seeking to please with soothing flatterie.

Love's wing is thought ; and thought will soonest
fly,

Where it findes want : then as our love is dearer,
Absence yeelds presence, distance makes us nearer.

Ah ! might I in some humble Kentish dale
For ever eas'ly spend my slow-pac't houres ;
Much should I scorn fair Æton's¹ pleasant vale,
Or Windsor, Tempe's self, and proudest towers :
There would I sit safe from the stormie showers,
And laugh the troublous windes and angrie skie.
Piping (ah !) might I live, and piping might I die !

And would my luckie fortune so much grace me,
As in low Cranebrook² or high Brenchly's hill,
Or in some cabin neare thy dwelling, place me :
There would I gladly sport and sing my fill,
And teach my tender Muse to raise her quill ;
And that high Mantuan shepherd' self to dare ;
If ought with that high Mantuan shepherd mought
compare.

1 Eton G.

2 Cranbrook—the Poet's birth-place. See our Memoir for notices of the places named in the text and context. G.

There would I chant either thy Gemma's¹ praise
 Or els my Fusca ;²—fairest shepherdesse—
 Or when me list my slender pipe to raise,
 Sing of Eliza's fixèd mournfulnessse,
 And much bewail such wofull heavinessse ;
 Whil'st she a dear-loved hart—ah lucklesse—
 slew :
 Whose fall she all too late, too soon, too much, did
 rue.³

But seeing now I am not as I would,
 But here among th' unhonour'd willows' shade,
 The muddy Chame doth me enforce'd hold ;
 Here I forswear my merry-piping trade :
 My little pipe of seven reeds ymade
 —Ah pleasing pipe !—I'le hang upon this bough.
 Thou Chame and Chamish nymphs, bear witnesse
 of my vow.

1 See the 'Purple Island' canto 1, st 6. G.

2 One of the 'Eclogues' in 'Sylva Poetica' has Fusca for an interlocutor. Is the name taken from Horace's friend. G.

3 Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex are here alluded to. Cf. 'Purple Island' c 1, stanza 20. G.

TO E. C. IN CAMBRIDGE, MY SONNE
BY THE UNIVERSITY.¹



WHEN first my minde call'd it self in to
think,

There fell a strife not easy for to end ;
Which name should first crown the white paper's
brink,

An awing father or an equall friend :
Fortune gives choice of either to my minde ;
Both bonds to tie the soul, it never move ;
That of commanding, this of easie love.

The lines of love, which from a father's heart
Are draw'n down to the sonne ; and from the sonne
Ascend to th' father, draw'n from every part,
Each other cut, and from the first transition
Still further wander with more wide partition :
But friends, like parallels, runne a level race,
In just proportion, and most even space.²

Then since a double choice, double affection
Hath plac't it self in my twice-loving breast ;
No title then can adde to this perfection,
Nor better that, which is alreadie best :

1 See Memoir on the Courthopes, Vol. I. page lxxvi. G.

2 Cf. Hymen, *ante* page 204. G.

So naming one, I must implie the rest;
 The same a father and a friend; or rather,
 Both one; a father-friend and a friend-father.

No marvel then the difference of the place
 Makes in my minde at all no difference:
 For love is ot produc'd or penn'd in space,
 Having i'th' soul his onely residence.
 Love's fire is thought, and thought is never thence,
 Where it feels want: then where a love is deare,
 The minde in farthest distance is most neare.¹

Me Kent holds fast with thousand sweet embraces;
 —There mought I die with thee, there with thee
 live!—

All in the shades, the Nymphs and naked Graces
 Fresh joyes and still-succeeding pleasures give;
 So much we sport, we have no time to grieve:
 Here do we sit, and laugh white-headed caring;
 And know no sorrow, simple pleasures, marring.

A crown of wood-nymphs spread i'th' grassie
 plain
 Sit round about, no niggards of their faces;

¹ Cf. 'to my ever-honoured cousin, W. R. Esq., stanza 3rd., *ante*: another example of Fletcher's 'reproduction' of himself. On this see Postscript to 'Brittain's Ida' Vol. I. pp 101—105. G.

Nor do they cloud their fair with black disdain ;
All to my self will they impart their graces :
Ah ! not such joyes finde I in other places :
To them I often pipe and often sing,
Sweet notes to sweeter voices tempering.

And now but late I sang¹ the Hymen toyes
Of two fair lovers,—fairer were there never—
That in one bed coupled their spousall joyes ;
Fortune and Nature being scant to neither :
What other dare not wish, was full in either.
Thrice happie bed ! thrice happie lovers firing !
Where present blessings have out-stript desiring !

And when me list to sadder tunes apply me,
Pasilia's dirge and Eupathus' complaining ;²
And often while my pipe lies idle by me,
Read Fusca's deep disdain, and Thirsil's plaining ;
Yet in that face is no room for disdain ;
Where cheerfull kindnesse smiles in either eye,
And Beauty still kisses Humilitie.

Then do not marvel Kentish strong delights
Stealing the time, do here so long detain me :

1 See the 'Roberts Hymen,' the first of these 'Poeticall Miscellanies.' G.

2 Cf. 'To Tomkins' onward, st. 3rd., and relative foot-note. G.

Not powerful Circe with her Hecate rites,
 Not pleasing Lotos thus could entertain me,
 As Kentish powerfull pleasures here enchain me.
 Mean time, the Nymphs that in our Brenchly use,
 Kindly salute your busy Cambridge Muse.

TO MY BELOVED THENOT IN ANSWER
 OF HIS VERSE.



HENOT my deare, how can a lofty hill
 To lowly shepherd's thoughts be rightly
 fitting?

An humble dale well fits with humble quill :
 There may I safely sing, all fearlesse sitting,
 My Fusca's eyes, my Fusca's beauty dittyng;¹
 My lovèd louness, and hid Muse² enjoying:
 Yet should'st thou come, and see our simple
 toying,
 Well would fair Thenot like our sweet retirèd
 joying.

But if my Thenot love my humble vein,
 —Too lowly vein—ne're let him Colin call me;

1 See Note on 'Fusca' *ante*. 'Thenot' is a frequent pastoral name among our early English Poets, as in SPENSER. G.

2 See 'Who wrote Brittain's Ida?' Vol. I., p. 47. G.

He, while he was, was (ah !) the choicest swain,
 That ever grac'd a reed : what e're befall me,
 Or Myrtil,—so 'fore Fusca fair did thrall me,
 Most was I know'n—or now poore Thirsil name
 me,

Thirsil, for so my Fusca pleases frame me :
 But never mounting Colin ; Colin's high stile will
 shame me :¹

Two shepherds I adore with humble love ;
 Th' high towring swann,² that by slow Mincius,
 waves

His well-grown wings, at first did lowly prove,
 Where Corydon's sick love full sweetly raves ;
 But after sung bold Turnus' daring braves :³
 And next our nearer Colin's sweetest strain ;
 Most, where he most his Rosalind doth plain.⁴
 Well may I after look, but follow all in vain.

1 Spenser: and see 'Who wrote Brittain's Ida'? Vol. I., p. 46—47. G.

2 Mis-spelled 'swain' as in Sicelides Act V., sc. 4 : "Nay I shall turne swaine presently and sing my finall song." (page 132 *ante*). G.

3 Virgil: the Pastorals and the Aeneid. Cf. 'The Purple Island', c. vi., st. 5. G.

4 It is noticeable that our Fletcher names 'Rosalind'

Why then speaks Thenot of the honour'd bay?
 Apollo's self, though fain, could not obtain her;
 She at his melting songs would scorn to stay,
 Though all his art be spent to entertain her:
 Wilde beasts he tam'd, yet never could detain
 her.

Then sit we here within this willow glade:
 Here for my Thenot I a garland made
 With purple violets and lovely myrtill shade.

UPON THE PICTURE OF ACHMAT,¹ THE TURKISH TYRANT.



UCH Achmat is, the Turk's great Emper-
 our,

Third sonne to Mahomet, whose youthly
 Spring

rather than the more gorgeous creations of the 'Fairy Queen.' Similarly WILLIAM BROWNE, as before,

"Had Colin Clout yet liu'd, (but he is gone)
 That best on earth could tune a loue's mone,
 Whose sadder tones inforc'd the rocks to weepe,
 And laid the greatest griefes in quiet sleepe:
 Who when he sung (as I would doe to mine)
 His truest loues to his faire Rosaline,
 Entic'd each shepherd's eare."—(I. 86.) G.

1 Achmet I., Sultan of Turkey: died 1617. Cf. 'Sylva Poetica' for Latin lines. G.

But now with blossom'd cheek begins to flowre ;
Out of his face you well may read a king :

Which who will throughly view, will eas'ly
finde

A perfect index to his haughty minde.

Within his breast, as in a palace, lie
Wakefull Ambition, leagu'd with hastie Pride ;
Fiercenesse alli'd to Turkish majestie ;
Rests Hate, in which his father living dy'd :

Deep in his heart such Turkish vertue lies,
And thus looks through the window of his eyes.

His pleasure (farre from pleasure) is to see
His navie spread her wings unto the winde :
In stead of gold, arms fill his treasurie,
Which—numberlesse—fill not his greedie minde,
The sad Hungarian fears his trièd might ;
And waning Persia trembles at his sight.

His greener youth, most with the heathen spent,
Gives Christian princes justest cause to fear
His riper age, whose childhood thus is bent.
A thousand trophies willl he shortly rear,
Unlesse that God, who gave him first this rage,
Binde his proud head in humble vassalage.

TO MR. JO. TOMKINS.¹

HOMALIN my lief,² thy musick-strains
to heare,
More raps³ my soul, then when the swel-
ling windes

On craggie rocks their whistling voices tear;⁴

1 See Memoir, Vol I, pp lxxxviii et *seqq.* It is greatly to be desired that more were known concerning this friend of our Poet, and that the disputed point as to TOMKINS author of ALBUMAZAR being this TOMKINS, were fully cleared. Mr. Wright, of Cambridge, seems to me to have shewn this to be an error: but the *memorabilia* collected by Dr. Rimbault prove that Tomkins must have been a memorable man 'in his generation'. (See Notes and Queries, third series, Vol XII, p 155 et *alibi.*) The allusions in the Piscatorie Eclogues and here, and in preceding and after-poems, make it plain that Tomkins was a musical composer, and probably "Pasilia's dirge and Eupathus' complaining (page 214 *ante*) were two of his compositions. Surely these and others must be preserved somewhere? See Vol. I. pp lxxxi—lxxxii; in the foot-note, withdraw the 'probable author' &c. G.

2 dear = life? G.

3 Raps = elevates, ravishes. WILLIAM BROWNE, as before, has the still odder form of 'raping':

"On *raping* numbers like the Thracian's song" (1 p 107)

"Heard in what *raping* notes she did deplore" (1 p 135) G.

4 Cf. our Giles Fletcher pages 165—166, and Essay, Vol. I. pages ccii—cciii. G.

Or when the Sea, if stopt his course he findes,
With broken murmures thinks weak shores to
fear,
Scorning such sandie cords' his proud head bindes :
More then where rivers in the Summer's ray
—Through covert glades cutting their shadie way—
Run tumbling down the lawns and with the
pebles play.

Thy strains to heare, old Chamus from his cell
Comes guarded with an hundred Nymphs around ;
An hundred Nymphs, that in his rivers dwell,
About him flock, with water-lilies crown'd :
For thee the Muses leave their silver well,
And marvel where thou all their art hast found :
There sitting they admire thy dainty strains,
And while thy sadder accent sweetly plains,
Feel thousand sug'red joys creep in their melting
veins.

How oft have I, the Muses' bower frequenting,
Miss'd them at home, and found them all with
thee !

Whither thou sing'st sad Eupathus lamenting
Or tunest notes to sacred harmonie :
The ravisht soul, with thy sweet songs consenting.
Scorning the earth, in heav'nly extasie

Transcends the stars, and with the angels' train
Those courts survaies; and now come back
again,

Findes yet another heav'n in thy delightfull strain.

Ah ! could'st thou here thy humble minde content
Lowly with me to live in countrey cell,
And learn suspect the Court's high blandishment ;
Here might we safe, here might we sweetly dwell.
Live Pallas in her towers and marble tent.

But (ah !) the countrey-bowers please me as well :
There with my Thomalin I safe would sing,
And frame sweet ditties to thy sweeter string :
There would we laugh at Spite and Fortune's
thundering.

No flattery, hate, or envy lodgeth there :
There no suspicion wall'd in provèd steel,
Yet fearefull of the arms her self doth wear :
Pride is not there ; no tyrant there we feel ;
No clamorous laws shall deaf thy musick eare :
They know no change, nor wanton Fortune's
wheel :

Thousand fresh sports grow in those daintie
places :

Light Fawns and Nymphs dance in the woodie
spaces,
And little Love himself plaies with the naked
Graces.

But seeing Fate my happie wish refuses,
Let me alone enjoy my low estate.
Of all the gifts that fair Parnassus uses,
Onely scorn'd Povertie and Fortune's hate
Common I finde to me and to the Muses :
But with the Muses, welcome poorest fate.


Safe in my humble cottage will I rest ;
And lifting up from my untainted breast
A quiet spirit to heav'n, securely live, and blest.

To thee I here bequeath the courtly joyes,
Seeing to Court, my Thomalin is bent :
Take from thy Thirsil these his idle toyes ;
Here I will end my looser merriment :
And when thou sing'st them to the wanton
 boyes,
Among the courtly lasses' blandishment,
Think of thy Thirsil's love that never spends ;
And softly say, his love still better mends :
Ah too unlike the love of Court, or courtly
 friends!

Go little pipe ; for ever I must leave thee,
My little little pipe but sweetest ever :
Go, go ; for I have vow'd to see thee never,
Never, (ah !) never must I more receive thee ;

But he in better love will still persever¹ :
 Go little pipe for I must have a new :
 Farewell ye Norfolk maids and Ida crue :
 Thirsil will play no more ; for ever now adieu.²

TO THOMALIN.³

 HOMALIN, since Thirsil nothing ha's to
 leave thee,
 And leave thee must ; pardon me —gentle
 friend—

If nothing but my love I onely give thee ;
 Yet see how great this Nothing is, I send :
 For though this love of thine I sweetest prove,
 Nothing's more sweet then is the sweetest love.

The souldier Nothing like his prey esteems ;
 Nothing toss'd sailers equal with the shore :

1 This is one of repeated examples in Fletcher of an unusual accentuation of 'persever' as rhyming with 'ever' Cf. 'Elisa' stanza I. 36 and II. 32. It is found so in his Contemporaries, but see 'Who wrote Brittain's Ida?' Vol. I., p. 37. G.

2 For the importance of this allusion, see 'Who wrote Britain's Ida?' Vol I pp 44—45. G.

3 Tomkins, as in the immediately preceding. G.

Nothing before his health the sick man deems ;
 The pilgrim hugges his country, Nothing more ;
 The miser hoording up his golden wares,
 This Nothing with his precious wealth compares.

Our thought's ambition onely Nothing ends ;
 Nothing fills up the golden-dropsied minde :
 The prodigall, that all so lavish spends,
 Yet Nothing cannot ; Nothing stayes behinde :
 The King, that with his life a kingdome buyes,
 Then life or crown doth Nothing higher prize.

Who all enjoys yet nothing now desires ;
 Nothing is greater then the highest Jove :
 Who dwells in heav'n (then) nothing more requires ;
 Love, more then honey ; Nothing more sweet then
 love :
 Nothing is onely better then the best ;
 Nothing is sure : Nothing is ever blest.

I love my health, my life, my books, my friends,
 Thee :—dearest Thomalin—Nothing above thee :
 For when my books, friends, health, life, fainting
 ends,
 When thy love fails, yet Nothing still will
 love me :

When heav'n, and aire, the earth, and floating
mains¹

Are gone, yet Nothing still untoucht remains.

Since then to other streams I must betake me,
And spitefull Chame of all ha's quite bereft me :
Since Muses selves—false Muses—will forsake me,
And but this Nothing, nothing els is left me ;
Take thou my love, and keep it still in store :
That given, Nothing now remaineth more.

AGAINST A RICH MAN DESPISING POVERTIE.

IF well thou view'st us with no squinted eye,
No partiall judgement, thou wilt quickly
rate

Thy wealth no richer then my povertie ;
My want no poorer then thy rich estate :
Our ends and births alike ; in this as I ;
Poore thou wert born, and poore again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing minde :
Thou having more then much, yet seekest more :
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks, to finde ;

Who wishes, wants ; and who so wants, is poore :
 Then this must follow of necessitie ;
 | Poore are thy riches, rich my povertie.

Though still thou gett'st yet is thy want not spent,
 But as thy wealth, so growes thy wealthy itch :
 But with my little I have much content ;
 Content hath all ; and who hath all, is rich :
 Then this in reason thou must needs confesse,
 If I have little, yet that thou hast lesse.¹

1 Randolph, as before, furnishes an excellent parallel :

"Should both the Indies spread their laps to me,
 And court mine eyes to wish my treasure,
 My better will they never could entice ;
 Nor this with gold, nor that with all her spice.
 For what poor things had these possessions shown,
 When all were mine, but I were not mine own.
 Others in pompous wealth their thoughts may please,
 And I am rich in wishing none of these"

(Poems 1643 p 1)

Better still is Herbert in the ' Church-Porch '

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
 A mastering mind ; so both are lost thereby :
 Or else they breed them tender, make them need
 All that they leave : this is flat poverty :
 For he that needs five thousand pound to live
 Is full as poor as he that needs but five." G.

What ever man possesses, God hath lent,
 And to His audit liable is ever,
 To reckon how, and where, and when, he spent :
 Then this thou bragg'st, thou art a great receiver :
 Little my debt, when little is my store :
 The more thou hast, thy debt still growes the
 more

But seeing God Himself descended down
 T'enrich the poore by His rich povertie ;¹
 His meat, His house, His grave, were not His own,
 Yet all is His from all eternitie :
 Let me be like my Head, whom I adore :
 Be thou great, wealthie, I still base and poore.

CONTEMNENTI.



ONTINUALL burning, yet no fire or fuel,
 Chill icie frosts in midst of Summer's
 frying,

A Hell most pleasing, and a Heav'n most cruel,
 A death still living, and a life still dying,
 And whatsoever pains poore hearts can prove,
 I feel and utter, in one word—I LOVE.

¹ 'Rich Povertie or the Poore Man's Riches' is the title of one of Sibbe's finest Sermons. See my edn. of his Works, Vol VI, pp 229—263. G.

Two fires, of love and grief, each upon either,
And both upon one poore heart ever feeding ;
Chill cold despair, most cold, yet cooling neither,
In midst of fires his ycie frosts is breeding :
 So fires and frosts, to make a perfect hell,
 Meet in one breast, in one house friendly dwell.

Tir'd in this toylsome way—my deep affection—
I ever forward runne, and never ease me :
I dare not swerve, her eye is my direction :
A heavie grief, and weighty love oppresse me.
 Desire and hope, two spurres, that forth com-
 pell'd me ;
 But awfull fear, a bridle, still withheld me.

Twice have I plung'd, and flung, and strove to
 cast
This double burden from my weary heart :
Fast though I runne, and stop, they sit as fast :
Her looks my bait, which she doth seld¹ impart.
 Thus fainting, still some inne I wish and crave ;
 Either her maiden bosome, or my grave.

1 Seldom. So Bishop Hall, in Satires, as before :

“Is not one pick-thank stirring in the Court
That *seld* was free till now, by all report”

(Works xii 273). G.

A VOW.

BY hope and fear, by grief and joy opprest,
With deadly hate, more deadly love
infected ;

Without, within, in body, soul, distrest ;
Little by all, least by my self respected,
But most, most there, where most I lov'd, neglected ;

Hated and hating life, to death I call ;
Who scorns to take what is refus'd by all.

Whither, ah, whither then wilt thou betake thee,
Despis'd wretch, of friends, of all forlorn,
Since hope, and love, and life, and death forsake
thee ?

Poore soul, thy own tormenter, others' scorn !
Whither, poore soul, ah, whither wilt thou turn ?
What inne, what host—scorn'd wretch—wilt
thou now chuse thee ?

The common host and inne, death, grave, re-
refuse thee.

To Thee, great Love, to Thee I prostrate fall,
That right'st in love the heart in false love swerved :
On Thee, true Love, on Thee I weeping call ;
I, who am scorn'd, where-with all truth I served,
On thee, so wrong'd, where Thou hast so deserved :

Disdain'd, where most I lov'd, to Thee I plain me,
 Who truly lovest those, who—fools—disdain
 Thee.

Thou never-erring Way, in Thee direct me ;
 Thou death of Death, oh, in Thy death engrave¹
 me :

Thou hated Love, with Thy firm love respect me ;
 Thou freest Servant, from this yoke unslave me :
 Glorious Salvation, for Thy glory save me.

So neither love, nor hate, scorn, death, shall
 move me ;

But with Thy love, great Love, I still shall
 love Thee.

ON WOMENS' LIGHTNESSE.²



HO sowes the sand ? or ploughs the easie
 shore ?

Or strives in nets to prison in the winde ?
 Yet I,—fond I,—more fond, and senselesse more,
 Thought in sure love a woman's thoughts to binde.

Fond, too fond thoughts, that thought^e in love to
 tie

One more inconstant then inconstancie !

1 See 'Who wrote Brittain's Ida' ? Vol I page 23 G.

2 Cf. Sicelides, *ante* page 22. G.

Look as it is with some true April day,
Whose various weather stores the world with
 flowers ;
The sunne his glorious beams doth fair display,
Then rains, and shines again, and straight it lowres,
 And twenty changes in one houre doth prove ;
So, and more changing is a woman's love.

Or as the hairs which deck their wanton heads,
Which loosely fly, and play with every winde.
And with each blast turn round their golden
 threads ;
Such as their hair, such is their looser minde :
 The difference this, their hair is often bound ;
 But never bonds a woman might impound.

False is their flattering colour, false and fading ;
False is their flattering tongue, false every part :
Their hair is forg'd, their silver foreheads shading ;
False are their eyes, but falsest is their heart :
 Then this in consequence must needs ensue ;
 All must be false, when every part's untrue.
Fond¹ then my thoughts, which thought a thing
 so vain !

Fond hopes, that anchour on so false a ground !
 Fond love, to loue what could not love again !
 Fond heart, thus fir'd with love, in hope thus
 drown'd !

Fond thoughts, fond heart, fond hope ; but
 fondest I,

To grasp the winde, and love inconstancie !

A REPLY UPON THE FAIR M. S.¹



Daintie maid, that drawes her double name
 From bitter-sweetnesse,—with sweet-bit-
 ternesse—

Did late my skill and faulty verses blame,
 And to her loving friend did plain confesse,
 That I my former credit foul did shame,
 And might no more a poet's name professe :
 The cause that with my verse she was offended,
 For womens levitie I discommended.

Too true you said, that poet I was never,
 And I confesse it—fair—if that content ye,
 That then I play'd the poet lesse then ever ;
 Not, for of such a verse I now repent me,

1 Probably Lady Culpepper, as in the next. G.

—Poets to feigne, and make fine lies endeavour—
But I the truth, truth (ah !) too certain sent ye :
Then that I am no poet I denie not ;
For when their lightnesse I condemne, I ly not.

But if my verse had ly'd against my minde,
And praised that which Truth cannot approve,
And falsly said, they were as fair as kinde,
As true as sweet ; their faith could never move,
But sure is linkt where constant love they finde,
That with sweet braving they vie truth and love ;
If thus I write, it cannot be deni'd
But I a poet were, so foul I ly'd.

But give me leave to write as I have found :
Like ruddy apples are their outsides bright,
Whose skin is fair, the core or heart unsound ;
Whose cherry-cheek the eye doth much delight,
But inward rottennesse the taste doth wound :
Ah ! were the taste so good as is the sight,
To pluck such apples—lost with self-same
price—
Would back restore us part of Paradise.

But Truth hath said it,—Truth who dare denie ?
Men seldome are, more seldome women sure :
But if—fair-sweet—thy truth and constancie
To better faith thy thoughts and minde procure,

If thy firm truth could give firm Truth the lie,
 If thy first love will first and last endure;
 Thou more then woman art, if Time so proves
 thee,
 And he more then a man, that lovèd loves thee.

AN APOLOGIE FOR THE PREMISES TO THE
 LADIE CULPEPPER.¹



HO with a bridle strives to curb the
 waves?
 Or in a cypresse chest locks flaming fires?
 So when love angred in thy bosome raves,
 And grief with love a double flame inspires,
 By silence thou may'st adde, but never lesse it:
 The way is by expressing to repress it.

Who then will blame affection not respected,
 To vent in grief the grief that so torments him?
 Passion will speak in passion, if neglected:
 Love that so soon will chide, as soon repents him;
 And therefore boyish Love's too like a boy,
 With a toy pleas'd, displeasèd with a toy.

Have you not seen, when you have chid or sought,
 That lively picture of your lovely beauty,

¹ See preceding. G.

Your pretty childe, at first to lowre or pout,
But soon again reclaim'd to love and duty ;
Forgets the rod, and all her anger ends,
Playes on your lap, or on your neck depends :

Too like that pretty childe is childish Love,
That when in anger he is wrong'd or beat,
Will rave and chide, and every passion prove,
But soon to smiles and fawns turns all his heat,
And prayes and sweares he never more will do
it ;
Such one is Love : alas that women know it !

But if so just excuse will not content ye,
But still you blame the words of angry Love ;
Here I recant, and of those words repent me :
In signe hereof I offer now to prove,
That changing womens' love is constant ever,
And men, though ever firm, are constant never.

For men that to one fair their passions binde,
Must ever change, as do those changing fairs ;
So as she alters, alters still their minde,
And with their fading loves their love impairs :
Therefore still moving, as the fair they loved,
Most do they move, by being most unmoved.

But women, when their lovers change their
graces,
What first in them they lov'd, love now in others,
Affecting still the same in divers places ;
So never change their love, but change their lovers :
Therefore their mindè is firm and constant
prov'd
Seeing they ever love what first they lov'd.

Their love ty'd to some vertue, cannot stray,
Shifting the outside oft, the inside never :
But men—when now their love's dissolv'd to clay
Indeed are nothing—still in love persever :
How then can such fond men be constant made,
That nothing love, or but—a nothing—shade?

What fool commends a stone for never moving ?
Or blames the speedie heav'ns for ever ranging ?
Cease then, fond men to blaze your constant loving ;
Love's fire, wingèd, light, and therefore chang-
ing :

Fond man, that thinks such fire and aire to
fetter !

All change ; men for the worse, women for better.

TO MY ONELY CHOSEN VALENTINE
AND WIFE,

Ana- { MAYSTRESS ELISABETH VINCENT }
Is MY BRESTS CHASTE VALENTINE. } -gram.



HINK not—fair love—that Chance my
hand directed

To make my choice my chance; blinde
Chance and hands

Could never see what most my minde affected ;
But Heav'n—that ever with chaste, true, love
stands—

Lent eyes to see what most my heart respected :
Then do not thou resist what heav'n commands ;
But yeeld thee his, who must be ever thine :
My heart thy altar is, my breast thy shrine ;
Thy name for ever is, *My brest's chaste Valentine*.¹

A TRANSLATION OF BOETHIUS, THE
THIRD BOOK AND LAST VERSE.



APPIE man, whose perfect sight
Views the over-flowing light !
Happie man, that can'st unbinde

¹ See Memoir, Vol I, pages xcv—xcvi, and Epilude at end of Vol IVth, for further information, obtained since Memoir was issued, on Elizabeth Vincent. G.

Th' earth-barres pounding¹ up the minde !
Once his wive's quick fate lamenting
Orpheus sat, his hair all renting,
While the speedie woods came running,
And rivers stood to heare his cunning ;
And the lion with the hart
Joyn'd side to side to heare his art :
Hares ran with the dogs along,
Not from dogs, but to his song.
But when all his verses turning
Onely fann'd his poore heart's burning,
And his griefe came but the faster,
—His verse all easing, but his master—
Of the higher powers complaining,
Down he went to Hell disdaining :
There his silver lute-strings hitting,
And his potent verses fitting,
All the sweets that e're he took
From his sacred mother's brook,
What his double sorrow gives him,
And love, that doubly-double grieves him,
There he spends to move deaf Hell,
Charming divels with his spell,
And with sweetest asking-leave
Does the lords of ghosts deceive.

1 = impounding, confining. G.

The dog, whose never-quiet yell
Affrights sad souls in night that dwell,
Pricks up now his thrice-two eares ;
To howl, or bark, or whine he fears :
Struck with dumbe wonder at those songs,
He wisht more eares, and fewer tongues.
Charon amaz'd his oare foreslowes,
While the boat the sculler rowes.
Tantal might have eaten now,
The fruit as still as is the bough ;
But he (fool !) no hunger fearing,
Starv'd his taste, to feed his hearing.
Ixion, though his wheel stood still,
Still was rapt with musick's skill.
At length the Judge of souls with pitie
Yeelds, as conquer'd with his dittie ;
Let's give back his spouse's herse,
Purchas'd with so pleasing verse :
Yet this law shall binde our gift,
He turn not, till ha's Tartar¹ left.
Who to laws can lovers draw ?
Love in love is onely law :
Now almost he left the night,
When he first turn'd back his sight ;
And at once, while her he ey'd,

1 Tartarus. G.

His Love he saw, and lost, and dy'd.
 So, who strives out of the night
 To bring his soul to joy in light,
 Yet again turns back his eye
 To view left Hell's deformitie;
 Though he seems enlighthned more,
 Yet is blacker then afore.¹

A TRANSLATION OF BOETHIUS,
 BOOK II. VERSE VII.



HO onely honour seeks with prone affection,
 And thinks that glory is his greatest blisse;
 First let him view the heav'ns wide-
 stretchèd section,
 Then in some mappe the Earth's short narrownesse :
 Well may he blush to see his name not able
 To fill one quarter of so brief a table.

Why then should high-grow'n mindes so much re-
 joyce
 To draw their stubborn necks from man's subjection
 For though loud Fame stretch high her prating
 voice

¹ See this expanded and vivified in the 'Purple Island' canto v, stanzas 61—68. G.

To blaze abroad their vertues' great perfection ;
Though goodly titles of their house adorn them
With ancient heraldrie, yet Death doth scorn
them :

The high and base lie in the self-same grave ;
No difference there between a king and slave.¹

Where now are true Fabricius' bones remaining ?
Who knowes where Brutus, or rough Cato lives ?
Onely a weake report, their names sustaining,
In records old a slender knowledge gives :
Yet when we reade the deeds of men inhumèd,
Can we by that know them, long since consumèd ?

Now therefore lie you buried and forgotten ;
Nor can report frustrate encroaching Death :
Or if you think when you are dead, and rotten,
You live again by fame, and vulgar breath ;
When with Time's shadows this false glory wanes,
You die again : but this your glorie gains.

¹ See 'Lines' from 'Reward of the Faithfull' in our edition of GILES FLETCHER : 'The Rich-poor man.' p 240. G.

UPON MY BROTHER, MR. G. F. HIS BOOK
ENTITULED 'CHRIST'S VICTORIE
AND TRIUMPH.'



OND¹ lads, that spend so fast your posting
time,
—Too posting time, that spends your time
as fast—

To chant light toyes, or frame some wanton rhyme,
Where idle boyes may glut their lustfull taste;
Or else with praise to clothe some fleshly slime
With virgin roses, and fair lilies chaste:

While itching blouds, and youthfull eares adore
it;

But wiser men, and once your selves, will most
abhorre it.

But thou,—most neare, most deare—in this of thine
Hast prov'd the Muses not to Venus bound;

Such as thy matter, such thy Muse, divine:

Or thou such grace with Mercie's self hast found,

That she her self deignes in thy leaves to shine;

Or stoll'n from heav'n, thou brought'st this verse
to ground,

Which frights the nummèd soul with fearfull
thunder,

And soon with honeyed dewes thawes it 'twixt
joy and wonder.

Then do not thou malicious tongues esteem ;
—The glasse, through which an envious eye doth
gaze,

Can eas'ly make a mole-hill, mountain seem—
His praise dispraises, his dispraises praise ;
Enough, if best men best thy labours deem,
And to the highest pitch thy merit raise ;
While all the Muses to thy song decree
Victorious Triumph, Triumphant Victorie.

UPON THE B. OF EXON. DOCT. HALL
HIS MEDITATIONS.¹

MOST wretched soul, that here carowsing
pleasure,
Hath all his Heav'n on Earth ; and ne're
distressed

Enjoyes these fond delights without all measure,
And freely living thus, is thus deceasèd !
Ah greatest curse, so to be ever blessèd !
For where to live is Heav'n 'tis Hell to die.
Ah wretch, that here begins Hell's miserie !

1 Bishop Joseph Hall : died 1656. He doubtless read our Poet's 'praises' of him, and as himself no mean 'Singer,' would value it. G.

Most blessèd soul, that lifted up with wings
 Of faith and love, leaves this base habitation,
 And scorning sluggish Earth, to Heav'n up-
 springs;

On Earth, yet still in Heav'n by meditation;
 With the soul's eye foreseeing th' heav'nly
 station:

Then 'gins his life, when he's of life bereaven.
 Ah blessed soul, that here begins his heaven!

UPON THE CONTEMPLATIONS OF THE
 B. OF EXCESTER,¹ GIVEN TO THE
 LADIE E. W.² AT NEW-YEARES-TIDE.



HIS little world's two little starres, are
 eyes;

And He that all eyes framèd, fram'd all
 others

Downward to fall, but these to climbe the skies,
 There to acquaint them with their starrie brothers;
 Planets fixt in the head—their spheare of sense—
 Yet wandring still through heav'ns circumference
 The intellect being their intelligence.

1 Exeter: Hall, as before. G.

2 Probably Lady Willoughby. Cf. Memoir, Vol. I.
 pp xcviij., and Epilude at end of Vol. IVth. G.

Dull then that heavie soul, which ever bent
On Earth and earthly toyes, his heav'n neglects ;
Content with that which cannot give content :
What thy foot scorning kicks, thy soul respects.

Fond soul ! thy eye will up to Heav'n erect
thee ;

Thou it direct'st, and must it now direct thee.

Dull, heavie soul ! thy scholar must correct thee.

Thrice happie soul, that guided by thine eyes,
Art mounted up unto that starrie nation ;
And leaving there thy sense, entrest the skies,
Enshrin'd and sainted there by contemplation !

Heav'n thou enjoy'st on Earth, and now bereaven
Of life, a new life to thy soul is given.

Thrice happie soul, that hast a double heaven !

That sacred hand, which to this yeare hath brought
you

Perfect your yeares, and with your yeares, His
graces ;

And when His will unto His will hath wrought
you,

Conduct your soul unto those happie places,

Where thousand joyes, and pleasures ever new,

And blessings thicker then the morning dew

With endlesse sweets rain on that heav'nly crue.

THESE ASCLEPIADS OF MR. H. S.¹
TRANSLATED AND ENLARGED.

*Ne Verbum mihi sit mortua Litera
Nec Christi Meritum Gratia vanida;
Sed Verbum fatuo sola Scientia,
Et Christus misero sola Redemptio.*



UNLETTER'D Word, which never eare
could heare;
Unwritten Word, which never eye could
see,

Yet syllabled in flesh-spell'd² character,
That so to senses thou might'st subject be;
Since Thou in bread art stamp't, in print art read,
Let not Thy print-stamp't Word to me be dead.

Thou all-contriving, all deserving-Spirit,
Made flesh to die, that so Thou might'st be mine,
That Thou in us, and we in Thee might merit,

1 Query—the famous 'silver-tongued' HENRY SMITH? His Latin poetry has nearly altogether (apparently) disappeared. See Dr. Thomas Smith's edn. of his 'Sermons' with prefatory Memoir: 2 Vols. 8vo., 1867. G.

2 See Essay, Vol. I., page ccc., where I am wrong and Warton accurate. G.

We Thine, Thou ours ; Thou humane, we divine ;
Let not my dead life's merit, my dead heart¹
Forfeit so deare a purchas'd death's desert.

Thou Sunne of wisdom, knowledge infinite,
Made folly to the wise, night to prophane ;
Be I Thy Moon, oh let Thy sacred light
Increase to th'full, and never, never wane :
Wise folly set in me, fond² wisdom rise,
Make me renounce my wisdom, to be wise.

Thou Life eternall, purest blessednesse,
Made mortal, wretched, sinne it self for me :
Shew me my death, my sin, my wretchednesse,
That I may flourish, shine and live in Thee :
So I with praise shall sing Thy life, death's
 storie,
O Thou my Merit, Life, my Wisdom, Glorie.

1 See Memoir, Vol. I., pp. lxxviii.—lxxx. G.

2 Foolish. G.

CERTAIN OF THE ROYAL PROPHET'S
PSALMES METAPHRASED.

PSALM XLII.

WHICH AGREES WITH THE TUNE OF 'LIKE THE
HERMITE POORE.'



LOOK as an hart with sweat and bloud embued,
Chas'd and embost,¹ thirsts in the soil to be
So my poore soul with eager foes pursued,
Looks, longs, O Lord, pines, pants, and faints for thee :

When, O my God, when shall I come in place
To see Thy light, and view Thy glorious face ?

I dine and sup with sighs, with grones and teares,
While all Thy foes mine eares with taunting load ;
Who now thy cries, who now thy prayer heares ?
Where is, say they, where is thy boasted God ?

My molten² heart deep plung'd in sad despairs
Runnes forth to Thee in streams of teares and
prayers.

1 Foaming at the mouth. G.

2 = melted. Cf. Vol. I. p. 82. G.

With grief I think on those sweet now-past dayes,
When to Thy house my troops with joy I led :
We sang, we danc'd, we chanted sacred layes ;
No men so haste to wine, no bride to bed.

Why droop'st, my soul : why faint'st thou in
my breast ?

Wait still with praise ; His presence is thy rest.

My famisht soul driv'n from Thy sweetest Word,
—From Hermon hill, and Jordan's swelling brook—
To Thee laments, sighs deep to Thee, O Lord,
To Thee sends back her hungrie longing look :

Flouds of Thy wrath breed flouds of grief and
fears ;

And flouds of grief breed flouds of plaints and
teares.

His early light with morn these clouds shall clear,
These drearie clouds, and storms of sad despairs :
Sure am I in the night His songs to heare,
Sweet songs of joy, as well as He my prayers.

I'le say, My God, why slight'st Thou my dis-
tresse,

While all my foes my wearie soul oppresse ?

My cruel foes both Thee and me upbraid ;
They cut my heart, they vant that bitter word,
Where is thy trust ? where is thy hope ? they said ;

Where is thy God? where is thy boasted Lord?
 Why droop'st, my soul? why faint'st thou in
 my breast?
 Wait still with praise; His presence is thy rest.

PSALM LXIII.

WHICH MAY BE SUNG AS 'THE WIDOW, OR
 MOCK-WIDOW.'



Lord, before the morning
 Gives heav'n warning
 To let out the Day,
 My wakefull eyes
 Look for Thy rise,
 And wait to let in Thy joyfull ray.
 Lank hunger here peoples the desert-cells,
 Here thirst fills up the emptie wells:
 How longs my flesh for that bread without leaven!
 How thirsts my soul for that wine of heaven!
 Such (oh!) to taste Thy ravishing grace!
 Such in Thy house to view Thy glorious face!

Thy love, Thy light, Thy face's
 Bright-shining graces,
 —Whose unchanged ray
 Knows nor Morn's dawn,
 Nor evening's wane—

How farre surmount thy life's Winter-day !
My heart to Thy glory tunes all his strings ;
My tongue Thy praises cheerly sings :
And till I slumber, and death shall undresse me,
Thus will I sing, thus will I blesse Thee.
Fill me with love, oh, fill me with praise ;
So shall I vent due thanks in joyfull layes.

When night all eyes hath quenched,
And thoughts lie drenched
In silence and rest ;
Then will I all
Thy waies recall,
And look on Thy light in darknesse best.
When my poore soul wounded hath lost the field,
Thou wast my fort, Thou wast my shield.
Safe in Thy trenches, I boldly will vant¹ me,
There will I sing, there will I chant Thee :
There I'le triumph in Thy banner of grace,
My conqu'ring arms shall be Thy arms embrace.

My foes from deeps ascending,
In rage transcending,
Assaulting me sore,

Into their Hell

Are headlong fell,¹

There shall they lie, there howl, and roare :
There let deserv'd torments their spirits tear ;

Feel their worst ills, and worse yet fear.

But with His spouse Thine anointed in pleasure

Shall reigne, and joy past time or measure :

There new delights, new pleasures still spring :

Haste thee, oh haste, my soul, to dance and sing.

PSALM CXXVII.

TO THE TUNE OF THAT PSALME.



IF God build not the house, and lay

The ground-work sure ; who ever build,

It cannot stand one stormie day :

If God be not the citie's shield,

If He be not their barres and wall ;

In vain is watch-tower, men, and all.

Though then thou wak'st when others rest,

Though rising thou prevent'st² the sunne ;

Though with lean care thou daily feast,

1 Cf. Notes and Illustrations to Apollyonists, Vol. II.
42. pages 219—220. G.

2 Anticipates. G.

Thy labour's lost, and thou undone :
But God His childe will feed and keep,
And draw the curtains to his sleep.¹

Though th' hast a wife, fit, young, and fair,
An heritage heirs to advance ;
Yet canst thou not command an heir ;
For heirs are God's inheritance :
He gives the seed, the bud, the bloom ;
He gives the harvest to the wombe.

And look as arrows, by strong arm
In a strong bow drawn to the head,
Where they are meant, will surely harm,
And if they hit, wound deep and dead ;
Children of youth are even so ;
As harmfull, deadly, to a foe.

That man shall live in bliss and peace,
Who fills his quiver with such shot :
Whose garners swell with such increase,
Terrour and shame assail him not :
And though his foes deep hatred bear,
Thus arm'd, he shall not need to fear.

¹ See Essay, Vol. I. cccxxvi—cccxxvii. G.

PSAL. CXXXVII.

TO BE SUNG AS 'SEE THE BUILDING.'



HERE Perah's flowers

Perfume proud Babel's bowers,

And paint her wall ;

There we laid asteepling

Our eyes in endlesse weeping,

For Sion's fall.

Our feasts and songs we laid aside ;

On forlorn willows

—By Perah's billows—

We hung our harps, and mirth and joy defi'd,

That Sion's ruines should build foul Babel's pride.

Our conqu'rous vaunting

With bitter scoffes and taunting,

Thus proudly jest ;

Take down your harps and string them,

Recall your songs and sing them,

For Sion's feast.

Were our harps well tun'd in every string,

Our heart-strings broken,

Throats drown'd, and soken

With tears and sighs, how can we praise and sing

The King of Heav'n under an heathen king ?

In all my mourning,

Jerusalem, thy burning

If I forget ;
Forget thy running,
My hand, and all thy cunning
 To th' harp to set :
Let thy mouth, my tongue, be still thy grave ;
 Lie there asleeping,
 For Sion weeping :
Oh let mine eyes in tears Thy office have ;
Nor rise, nor set, but in the brinie wave.

Proud Edom's raging,
Their hate with bloud asswaging,
 And vengefull sword,
Their cursèd joying
In Sion's walls destroying
 Remember, Lord :
Forget not, Lord, their sightfull cry,
 Fire and deface it,
 Destroy and raze it ;
Oh let the name of Sion ever die :
Thus did they roare, and us and Thee defie.

So shall thy towers
And all thy princely bowers,
 Proud Babel, fall :
Him ever blessèd,
Who th' oppressour hath oppressèd,
 Shall all men call :

Thrice blest, that turns thy mirth to grones;
 That burns to ashes
 Thy towers, and dashes
 Thy brats 'gainst rocks, to wash thy bloudie stones
 With thine own bloud, and pave thee with thy
 bones.

PSALM I.¹

BLESSED, who walk not in the worldling's
 way;

Blessed, who withfoul sinners wilt not
 stand:

Blessed, who with proud mockers dar'st not stay;
 Nor sit thee down amongst that scornfull band.

Thrice blessed man, who in that heav'nly light
 Walk'st, stand'st, and sitt'st, rejoycing day and
 night.

Look as a thirstie palm full Jordan drinks,
 —Whose leaf and fruit still live, when Winter
 dies—

1 See our Memoir for notice and specimens of our
 Poet's prose-commentary on this Psalm: pp. cxiii.—
 cxxiv., and cxxxiii.—cxxxvii. G.

With conqu'ring branches crowns the river's
brinks;

And Summer's fires, and Winter's frosts defies :

All so the soul, whom that clear light revives,
Still springs, buds, grows, and dying Time
survives.

But as the dust of chaffe, cast in the aire,
Sinks in the dirt, and turns to dung and mire ;
So sinners driv'n to Hell by fierce despair,
Shall frie in ice, and freez in hellish fire :

For He, Whose flaming eyes all actions turn,
Sees both ; to light the one, the other burn.

PSALM CXXX.



FROM the deeps of grief and fear,

O Lord to Thee my soul repairs :

From Thy heav'n bow down Thine eare ;

Let Thy mercie meet my prayers.

Oh if Thou mark'st

what't done amisse,

What soul so pure,

can see Thy blisse ?

But with Thee sweet mercie stands,

Sealing pardons, working fear :

Wait my soul, wait on His hands ;

Wait mine eye, oh wait mine eare :

 If He His eye

 or tongue affords,

 Watch all His looks,

 catch all His words.

As a watchman waits for day,

And looks for light, and looks again ;

When the night grows old and gray,

To be reliev'd he calls amain :

 So look, so wait,

 so long mine eyes,

 To see my Lord,

 my Sunne, arise.

Wait ye saints, wait on our Lord ;

For from His tongue sweet mercie flows :

Wait on His crosse, wait on His Word ;

Upon that tree redemption grows

 He will redeem

 His Israel

 From sinne and wrath,

 from death and Hell.

AN HYMNE.



WAKE, O my soul ; awake and raise
Up every part to sing His praise,
Who from His speare of glorie fell,
To raise thee up from death and Hell :
See how His soul, vext for thy sinne,
Weeps blood without, feels Hell within :
See where he hangs ;
 heark how He cries :
Oh bitter pangs !
 Now, now He dies.

Wake, O mine eyes ; awake, and view
Those two twin-lights, whence Heavens' drew
Their gracious beams, whose gracious sight
Fills you with joy, with life and light :
See how with clouds of sorrow drown'd,
They wash with tears thy sinfull wound :
See how with streams
 of spit th' are drencht ;
See how their beams
 With death are quencht.

Wake, O mine eare ; awake, and heare
That powerfull voice, which stills thy fear,
And brings from Heav'n those joyfull news,
Which Heav'n commands, which Hell subdues ;

Heark how His eares—Heav'ns mercie-seat—
Foul slanders with reproaches beat :

Heark how the knocks
our eares resound :
Heark how their mocks
His hearing wound.

Wake O my heart ; tune every string :
Wake O my tongue ; awake, and sing :
Think not a thought in all thy layes,
Speak not a word, but of His praise :
Tell how His sweetest tongue they drownd
With gall ; think how His heart they wound :
That bloudie spout
gagg'd for thy sinne,
His life lets out,
thy death lets in.

AN HYMNE.

DROP, drop, slow tears,
and bathe Those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heav'n
the news and Prince of peace :
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to intreat ;
To crië for vengeance

sinne doth never cease :
In your deep flouds
drown all my faults and fears ;
Nor let His eye
see sinne, but through my tears.¹

ON MY FRIEND'S PICTURE WHO DIED
IN TRAVEL.



HOUGH now to Heav'n thy travels are
confin'd,

Thy wealth, friends, life, and countrey, all
are lost ;

Yet in this picture we thee living finde ;

And thou with lesser travel, lesser cost,

Hast found new life, friends, wealth, and better
coast :

So by thy death thou liv'st, by losse thou gain'st,
And in thy absence present still remain'st.

¹ The original edition by misprint passes here from page 96 to 101: but nothing has been removed. The explanation probably is, that the volume was printed by two or more. G.

UPON DOCTOR PLAYFER.¹

HO lives with death, by Death in death
is lying;
But he who living dies, best lives by
dying :

Who life to truth, who death to errour gives,
In life may die, by death more surely lives.

My soul in heaven breathes, in schools my fame :
Then on my tombe write nothing but my name.

UPON MY BROTHER'S BOOK, CALLED,
'THE GROUNDS, LABOUR AND
REWARD OF FAITH'.²



HIS lamp fill'd up and fir'd by that blest
Spirit,
Spent his last oyl in this pure heav'nly
flame ;

Laying the grounds, walls, roof of Faith : this
frame

With life he ends ; and now doth there inherit
What here he built, crown'd with His laurel merit,


¹ Qu: Dr. Thomas Playfer? Died February 2nd., 1608—9. See Cooper's *Athenæ Cant.* ii. 513. G.

² See Memorial-Introduction to our edition of Giles Fletcher's 'Poems': and 'Epilude' to Vol. II. p 113. G.

Whose palms and triumphs once he loudly rang ;
There now enjoys what here he sweetly sang.

This is his monument, on which he drew
His spirit's image, that can never die ;
But breathes in these 'live words, and speaks to
th' eye :
In these his winding-sheets he dead doth shew
To buried souls the way to live anew,
And in his grave more powerfully now preacheth.
Who will not learne when that a dead man
teacheth ?

UPON MR. PERKINS HIS PRINTED
SERMONS.¹

ERKINS—our wonder—living, though long
dead,
In this white paper, as a winding-sheet,
And in this velome² lies enveloped :

1 The famous divine WILLIAM PERKINS, whose
'Sermons' were mainly edited and published by THOMAS
PIERSON. See my Memoir—the first ever published—of
PIERSON, for full notices of him : prefixed to reprint of
Pierson's Commentary on certain Psalms. For Fuller's
'Lines' on Perkins, see my Fuller, as before p 172. G.

2 Volume ? or perhaps vellum = the binding. Cf.

Yet still he lives, guiding the erring feet,
Speaking now to our eyes, though buried.

If once so well, much better now he teacheth.

Who will not heare, when a live-dead man
preacheth ?

HERRICK in Hesperides to his lawyer-friend, of the Poet,

“Whose velome, and whose volume is the skie.”

(Works, as before, Vol. I. p 180.) G.

Finis.



IV.

Hitherto
uncollected and inedited
Minor Poems.

- I. From 'Sorrowe's Joy.'
- II. From 'A Father's Testament.'



Hitherto
uncollected and inedited
Minor Poems.

I. From 'Sorrowe's Joy.'

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN
ELIZABETH.¹

NOW did the sunne², like an undaunted hart,³
Euen in his fall enlarge his ample browe;
Now his last beames on Spanish shore did
dart,

1 From 'Sorrowe's Joy': For GILES FLETCHER's more vivid and remarkable Poem from the same extremely rare volume (1603) see our edition of his Poems *in loco*, and Memorial-Introduction. As therein, we take our text from Nichol's 'Progress of James I.', Vol. I., p. p. 2—22. In the margin are variations from the re-print in Nichol's 'Progress of Queen Elizabeth' Vol III, pp. 261—263. See also Memoir, Vol. I, p. lxxv. G.

2 Sunne: capital S. G. 3 Hart: capital H. G.

Hurrying to Thetis his all-flaming cart ;
When th' Atticke maid, pearched on barèd bowe,
Vnhappie Atticke maide, sang the sad treason
Of Tereus, most wicked man ;
And well as her renu'd tongue can,
Tempered her magicke laies vnto the sulleine season.

When Coridon, a cruel heardgroome's boy,
Yet somewhat vs'd to sing, and with his peeres
Carroll of loue, and louers sad annoy ;
Wearie of passèd woe, and glad of present ioy,
Hauing instal'd his sunn'd and ful fed steeres,
Thus to the riuier his blisse signified
Well as he could¹, and turning all
Vnto the humming riuers fall,
The woods and eccho his song goodly dignified.

Ye goodly nymphes, that with this riuier dwell,
All daughters of the yellow-sanded Chame ;²
Which deepe in hollow rockes frame out your cell,
Tell me, ye nymphes, for you can surely tell ;
Is death the cause of life ? or can that same,
Be my great'st blisse, which was my great'st annoy ?
Eliza's dead, and (can it be ?³)

1 Couth. G.

2 Cham at Cambridge. G.

3 No parenthesis. G.

Eliza's death brings ioy to me ;
Hell beeing the cause, why heauenly is the ioy ?

With floods of teares I waile that deadly houre,
When as Eliza, Eliza, blessed Maide,¹
Was married to Death, and we giu'n as her doure,
And low descending into Plutoe's bower,
Searce fills an earthen pot being loosely laid.
Ah is there such power, such crueltie in fate ?

Can one Sunne one man see
Without (and worse than)² miserie ?
Then farewell, glorious pomp, and fickle mortals
state.

And yet ten thousand times I blesse that time,
When that good Prince, that Prince of endles
fame,
Both in the yeares, and our ioyes springing prime,
Strucke my glad eares, and rais'd my rugged
rime,

To carroll lowd, and heire his honor'd name :
Ah is there such power, such bountie in fate ?

Can one Sunne one man see
Worse, and without all miserie ?
Then welcome, constant ioy, and neuer-changing
state.

1 maide. G.

2 No parenthesis G.

Thou blessed Spirit,¹ sit thou euer there,
 Where thou nowe sit'st²—in Heauen; the
 world's late wonder,
 And Heauen's ioy,³ and with that God yfere,
 Who still to thee, thou stil to Him⁴ wast deare,
 Leaue vs vnto the world and fortune's thunder;
 Or where thou dost that blessednes enioy,
 Bid me, O quickly bid me,
 Come there, where thou hast hid thee,
 In Joue's all-blessed lap without, and 'boue annoy.

If not,⁵ ile liue vnder thy sunshine rayes;
 And while the Fates⁶ afoard me vitall breath,
 Ile spend it as thy tribute in thy praise.
 Dighting, such as I can, light virolaies,⁷
 To thee, great Prince, whose life paies for her
 death,
 Thereto do thou my humble spirit reare;
 And with thy sacred fire
 My frozen heart inspire:
 Passing from thy high spirit all imperious feare.

1 Without capital S: and so 1 *ante*. G.

2sit'st, in heau'n G. 3 As in 1. G.

4 As in 1. G. 5 ; after not. G. 6 As in 1. G.

7 Rondeaux = short poems G.

Then will I sing, and yet who better sings
Of thee, then thine owne oft-tride Muse ?
Which¹ when into thy heroicke spirit springs,
The fields resound, and neighbour forrest rings,
And sacred Muses leauing their woont use
Of carroling, flying their loathèd cell,
Run to thy siluer sound,
And liuely dauncen round :
What caren they for Helicon, or their Pegasean
well ?

Then thou thy selfe, thy selfe historifie,
But I in willow shade will chaunt thy name ;
And sing I will, though I sing sorrily,
And thee, though little, I will glorifie ;
And shrilly pipe aloud, the whilst my Chame
Shall answer all againe, thy name aye liues,
While th' Ocean's froathie hoare
Beats on thy British² shore,
And Albion threats the heauen with high whited
cliues.³

By this the old night's head 'gan to be gray,
And dappled round with many a whited spot ;

1 , after which. G.

2 Spelled Brittish. G.

3 Cliffs. G.

So that the boy through ruinous night's decay ;
 Saw the first birth of the new infant day ;
 So vp he rose, and to his home he got ;
 And all the way of James he lowdly sang,
 And all the way the plaine
 Answered James againe :
 That all the woods of James and th' Heaven¹ lowdly
 rang.

PHIN. FLETCHER, *Regalis.*

[pp. 261—263]

1heauen. G.

II. From 'A Father's Testament.'

Note.

The following is the title-page of 'A Father's Testament' from which the following minor pieces are taken :

'A Father's Testament. Written long since for the benefit of the particular Relations of the Authour, *Phin. Fletcher* : Sometime Minister of the Gospel at Hilgay in Norfolk. And now made Publick at the desire of Friends. London, Printed by R. White for Henry Mortlock, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Sign of the White Hart in Westminster Hall, 1670.' [cr. 8vo.]

See our Memoir, Vol I, p. cxlix—cl *et alibi*. I have given sufficient of the prose-context to explain the several Poems and Translations. G.

I. THE PORTION OR GOOD OF MAN LIES NOT IN THE FRUITION OF ANY OR ALL CREATURES.

... 'Seeing . . . the creature is full of nothing but of emptiness, vanity and vexation : unsatisfying, of short continuance, least esteemed where most enjoyed, far beneath us, and even needless, yea in their abundance burdensome and dangerous, it is impossible they should constitute any part of

man's happiness. Now Religion, Reason, nay even Sense will tell us, all this is infallibly true; and therefore will conclude that it is irreligious, unreasonable, senseless, to rest or build upon the creature. And therefore when in searching our hearts we find too much of this harlotry in them, thus let us correct and direct them':

I.



FOND¹ Soul! is this

Thy way to bliss?

Grasp both the Indies, let thy mighty
hand

The iron North and golden South command;

Transcend the moon,

Fasten thy throne

Above the fixèd stars: above expressions

Above thy thought enlarge thy vast possessions:

Fond Soul! all this

Cannot make up thy bliss.

II.

All these are vain,

Full, but with pain:

All creatures have their ends to serve, not bless thee:

¹ Foolish. G.

As servants they may help, as lords oppress thee :

They vex in getting

Us'd, lost with fretting ;

Can slaves advance ? shades fill ? can griefe give rest?

That which was curs'd for thee can't make thee
blest :

They all are vain,

And bring not bliss but pain.

III.

Fond Soul ! thy birth

Is not of earth

Or heav'n : thou earth and heav'n itself survivest :

Though born in time thou dying Time out-livest.

They fail, deceive thee,

They age, dye, leave thee ;

Soar up immortal spirit, and mounting fly

Into the arms of great Eternity :

Not heav'n or earth :

He, He thy end and birth. (pp 14—16)

II. PARAPHRASE IN VERSE UPON ECCLESIASTES. C II.

I.

Oh I am tir'd, I faint, I swoon, I dye

I travel all the world to find a station

Where weary souls may safe and happy lye :
I search for rest, feel but vexation ;
I grope for substance, grasp but vanity ;
I seek for life and health, find death, damnation ;
 I meet approaching death, death to eschew :
 Toyl'd with vain sweat, I wax old, to renew
My weary life : so spend and hate what I pursue.

II.

To Pleasure's house I sail'd and safe arriv'd
I lookt for Joy but found a Bedlam there :
Into rich Mammon's baggs and chests I div'd
But saw them fill'd with grief, with care and fear :
The crown was but a skep¹ where swarms are hiv'd
Of stinging thoughts : it wears me much I wear.
 Has man no good ? is't lost ? or am I blind ?
 Who, who will point the way ? or cheer my
 mind
To find what I should seek, to seek that I may find ?

III.

Look as th' industrious bee from flower to flower
Jumps lightly, visits all but dwells in none :
Or as a sickly taste tries sweet and sowre,
Runs through a world of dishes, finds not one

To please his curious palate : has no power
 To relish what it likes : this bit, that bone
 Long'd for and loath'd : thus my unquiet breast
 In earth, seas, ayer, heav'n vainly seeks for
 rest :
 But serving them is curst and serv'd by them not
 blest.

IV.

Can rivers seek, find rest in restless seas ?
 Can ayer in stormy ayers quiet stay ?
 Can heavens find in swiftest raptures¹ ease ?
 Has only man no centre ? none to lay
 His weary soul to rest ? no place to ease²
 His boundless thoughts ? Me thinks I see a ray
 A glorious beam break through heav'ns canopy ;
 Me thinks I hear a voice, ' Come soul, and see,
 Come : here, here lies thy rest : rest in My Word
 and Me.

V.

It is Thy lovely voice, great Love : oh where,
 Where, Lord of Love, where should I seek to find
 Thee ?
 In every place I see Thy footsteps clear

1 Revolvings G. 2 Qu : please = place ? G.

Yet find Thee not : what are the mists that blind
me ?

I know Lord where Thou art and seek Thee there,
Yet there I find not : Thee before, behind me

On every side I see, yet seeing, blind

I find not what I see : but heark, my mind

He speaks again : Soul seek thou, and I will find.

(pp 72—74.)

III. GOD.

Vast Ocean of light, whose rayes surround
The Universe, Who know'st nor ebb nor shore,
Who lend'st the Sun his sparkling drop, to store
With overflowing beams Heav'n, ayer, ground,
Whose depths, beneath the centre, none can sound,
Whose heights 'bove heav'n and thoughts so lofty
soar,

Whose breadth no feet, no lines, no chains, no
eyes survey,

Whose length no thoughts can reach, no worlds
can bound,

What cloud can mask Thy face ? where can Thy
ray

Find an eclipse ? what night can hide eternal Day ?

Our seas—a drop of Thine—with arms dispread
Through all the earth make drunk the thirsty
 plains :

Our sun—a spark of Thine—dark shadows drains,
Guilds¹ all the world, paints earth, revives the
 dead ;

Seas—through earth-pipes distill'd—in cisterns
 shed,

And power² their liver³ springs in river-veins,
The sun peeps through jet clouds, and when his
 face and gleams,

Are mask't, his eyes their light through ayers
 spread :

Shall dullard earth bury life-giving streams ?
Earth's foggs impound heav'ns light ? Hell quench
 heav'n-kindling beams ?

How miss I then ? In bed I sought by night
But found not Him in rest, nor rest without Him.
I sought in towns, in broadest streets I sought
 Him

But found not Him where all are lost : dull sight
Thou can'st see Him in Himself : His light
Is mask't in light : brightness His cloud about
 Him :

1 Gilds. G. 2 Pour. G. 3 Active, rapid. G.

Where, when, how He'l be found, there, then,
thus seek thy love :

Thy Lamb in flocks, thy Food with appetite,
Thy Rest on resting-days, thy Turtle-Dove
Seek on His cross : there, then, thus Love stands
nail'd with love.

(pp 91, 92)

IV. ALL BLESSEDNESS IS FOUND ONLY IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

'A chaste Spouse will respect her servants,
and behold them in their affliction with pitty, in
all their wants with mercy, in their diligence and
service, with a kind acceptation, but in competi-
tion with her husband—if they would presume
to be rivals in his love and sharers of her heart
and his bed—with disdain, scorn and hatred. Let
us therefore stir up and quicken our dull hearts
with some such meditation.

I.

How is't my soul, that thou giv'st eyes their sight
To view their objects, yet hast none

To see thine own ?

Earth's, ayer's, heav'ns beauties they discern : their
light

Fair flowers admires ; their several dresses
Their golden tresses ;
The lilly, rose, the various tulip, scorning
The pride of princes in their choice adorning.

II.

They joy to view the ayer's painted nations ;
The peacock's train which th' head out vies
With fairer eyes,
And emulats the heav'nly constellations ;
The ostrich whose fair plume embraves
Kings, captains, slaves ;
The halcions¹ whose Triton-bills appease
Curl'd waves, and with their eggs lay stormy seas.

III.

Pilots fixt eyes obserue the Artick Bear
With all her unwasht starry trains
In heav'nly plains.
Night-travellers behold the moon to steer
Her ship, sailing while Eol² raves—
Through cloudy waves ;
Our less world's sunns with pleasure view the light
Which giues all beauties beauty, them their sight.

1 King-fisher. G.

2 Aeolus. G.

IV.

Thou that giv'st sight to clay, to blackness light
How art so dull, so dimm in duty
To view His beauty
Who quickens every life, lights every light ?
His height those eagles eyes surpasses :
Thou wants thy glasses :
Take up that perspective, and view those streames
Of light, and fill thy waning orb with beams.

V.

Then see the flowers clad in his liveries
And from His cheek, and lovely face
Steal all their grace.
See fowls¹ from Him borrow their braveries
And all their feather-painted dresses
From His fair tresses :
See starrs, and moon, the sun, and all perfection
Beg light, and life from His bright eyes' reflection.

VI.

Look on His lippes : heav'ns gate there open lies :
Thence that grace-breathing Spirit blows,
Thence honey flowes.
Look on His hands, the world's full treasures ;

Fix all thy looks His breast upon.

Love's highest throne.

And when thy sight that radiant beauty bears

And dazels thy weak eyes ; see with thine ears.

(pp 103—105)

V. TEMPTERS:

. . . ' When our hearts are set upon our voyage,
we shall meet with opposition : many rocks and
sirens in our passage.'

No other passage? what ! no way but this
Can bring my pilgrim-soul to rest and bliss ?
Proud seas in gyant waves 'gainst heaven rise
And casting mounts fight with loud-thundring skies :
Skies charge their double cannons, and let fly
Their fires and bullets ; waters hizz and fry.
How shall my tir'd bark climb those mounts? how
shall

It fall, and not than Hell much deeper fall ?
How shall a potsheard stand one volly ? how
Shall glass cut through such stones, with brittle
prow ?

Were sails as wings to mount me o're those hills
Who could secure me in those lesser rills
Where Sirens fill the ear, and eye with wonder ?

I more fear calm than storms, more songs than thunder.

Lend to the Latine Siren eyes and ears.
Her face will seem an angel, voice, the spheres.
The Belgian melts the soul with sugred strains
Drops wine, and loosness into swilling veins.
A third gold, plenty, wealth, abundance sings,
And binds the captive ear with silver strings.
A fourth guilds all her notes with thrones and
crowns :

So heav'n in earth, glory in honour drowns.
The last powrs honey from her pleasant hive
So stings, and kills, and buries men alive.

Lord steer my bark : draw Thou mine eye and ear
From those vain frights, Thy Word and Thee to
fear.

Lord tune my heart to hear, in saintly throngs
More musick in Thy thunders than their songs.
Make me to think in all these storms, and charms
In Sirens' notes and thundring world's alarms
Thy presence is my guard, my port Thy bed and
arms.

(pp 116, 117)

VI. THE DIVINE WOOER.

'Seeing therefore such a Lover—so lovely—
thus woos such wretches—so loathsome—let us
thus answer his suit'

I.

Me Lord? can'st Thou mispend
One word, misplace one look on me?
Call'st Thy love, Thy friend?
Can this poor soul the object be
Of these love-glasses, those life-kindling eyes?
What! I the centre of Thy arms embraces?
Of all Thy labour I the prize?
Love never mocks, Truth never lies.
Oh how I quake: Hope fear, fear hope displaces:¹
I would but cannot hope: such wondrous love
amazes.

II.

See, I am black as night
See I am darkness: dark as hell.
Lord Thou more fair than light;

1 'Our very hopes belied our fears
Our fears our hopes belied.'

Heav'ns sun Thy shadow : can sunns dwell
 With shades ? 'twixt light and darkness what com-
 merce ?

True : Thou art darkness, I Thy light : My ray
 Thy mists and hellish foggs shall pierce.

With Me, black soul, with Me converse.
 I make the foul December flowry May
 Turn thou thy night to Me, I'll turn thy night to
 day.

III.

See Lord, see I am dead,
 Tomb'd in myself, myself my grave.
 A drudge, so born, so bred :
 Myself even to myself, a slave.
 Thou freedom, life : can life and liberty
 Love bondage, death ? Thy freedom I : I tyed
 To loose Thy bonds : be bound to Me :
 My yoke shall ease, My bonds shall free.
 Dead soul, thy spring of life, My dying side :
 There dy'e with Me to live : to live in thee I dyed
 (pp 126, 127)

VII. DIVINE ESPOUSALS.

'But is there nothing else demanded but the
 heart and will in this spiritual match and union

with Christ? Nothing more to make the match? But after the marriage those conjugal duties are required which will make us feel and confess how happy we are in such an espousal. Harken then willingly to His suit and thus in your hearts cheerfully answer Him'

BEHOLD, behold me : view, search every part :

Let beauty woo thy eyes, thy eyes thy heart.

Thou dost Lord, what Thou speak'st : I somewhat see

That I see nothing : nor myself, nor Thee.

'Noint Thee : what seest thou now ? what tongue can tell ?

In Thee ten thousand heav'ns : in me an hell.

How lik'st thyself poor soul ? how lik'st thou Me ?

Lord, I am dung, and all things dung, to Thee.

I made thee first, and come now, new to make thee :

If then thou lik'st, stretch forth thy hand and take Me.

Take Thee ? Lord Thou more rich than heav'n can make Thee,

I poor ; tak'st Thou no portion but to take Thee ?

Lord I am naked, foul, thou can'st but loath me :

Ask'st Thou no beauty but to cleanse and cloath
me ?

Oh I am base : myself myself disdain :

Wilt Thou no honour, but with Thee to reign ?

Is this Thy whole demand to leave mine own

And take Thee for my portion ? beauty, crown ?

A glorious offer : madness to refuse it :

An easie choice : yet wretch I cannot chuse it.

Maim'd wretch ! I see my bliss, yet till Thou
make it

I have no will to chuse, no hand to take it.

Let th' hand which Thee, which all Thy glory
proffers

Give me an hand to take Thy glorious offers.

Form, draw mine eyes : so shall I still behold Thee :

Make, hold my hand : so shall I take, grasp hold
Thee.

(p 135)

VIII. OUR MATCH.

'Such our match, such our conditions. Our yoke is holiness—and that the glory of God 'He is glorious in holiness' (Exodus xv. 11): our yoke-fellow the most holy God, the Prince of Glory. Thus then plead with your own spirits, and confute the lying sophistry of deceitful flesh.'

I.

A grievous, heavy yoke ! bonds ! burthens ! cords !
Ungrateful Israel ! His happy reign
Heaps plentie, peace, mirth, safety, honour, hords ;
Lades you with gold : is this your load ? your
Lords

Turns to your slaves : are these the bonds ye
a-playn ?

Tunes groanes to songs : is this your yoke and
chain ?

Was wisest Solomon a tyrant ? peace

Ungrateful Israel, thy false grumblng cease :

Thy wealth His grievous bond : His heavy yoke
thy peace.

II.

Lord ! Solomon was but Thy shadow : he
A peaceful prince, and Thou the Prince of Peace.

The world is Israel's type, who blinded see
Freedom in bonds and bonds in libertie.

Thee they proclaym an hard man, hard to please ;
Thy easy, easing yoke, lades with disease :

But murthering Satan, lust the soul oppressing,

The cheating world by pleasing, most distressing :

These are their gentle lords, their cursed yokes their
blessing.

III.

Poor soul have you no eyes ? your eyes no light ?
These old eyes nothing see, see nothing true.
Get perspectives : oh help your feeble sight :
Blind eyes make night as day and day as night :
Turn to the light, and your old eyes renew,
Shake off hell's spectacles, and better view
Your lords and service : had you light and eyes,
How could you hate the truth and love these lies ?
Despise what you admire : admire what you despise.

IV.

Their kings are servants, but His servants kings
Their rest an iron yoke ; His yoke your rest.
His wounds are salves : their salves are wounding
stings,
His death brings life, their life death surely brings.
Their feast a pining fast : His fast a feast.
His servants blest when cursed : their's cursed when
blest.
Poor souls be wise : but if ye—fools !—disdain
To serve this Lord in rest, serve those in pain.
Serve them in hell who scorn with Him in heaven
to reign. (pp. 147—149.)

IX. HEART COMMUNINGS ON 2 CORINTHIANS V. 9.

Is this the yoke which fools abhor, to be
Great Lord ! made like to Thee ?
Is this a burthen ? cannot flesh indure
To be as Thou art, pure ?
Is this so scorn'd, so loathsome a condition ?
Poor swinish soul ! can'st thou desire
To be an hog ? daub'd, cas'd in mire ?
Is this the height of thy deep-faln ambition ?

II.

This all the service which Thou dost desire
To wash me from my mire ?
This all the burthen which thou laist upon me
To set Thy beautie on me ?
That beautie which those glorious spirits viewing
Are rapt in heavenly eestacies,
Drink healths, and making drunk their eyes
Sing, drencht in amorous joyes, Thy praise renew-
ing.

III.

How beauteous is Thy house ! Thy spangled Court
Yet to Thy beautie durt.
How glorious is the sun, the spring of light !
Yet to Thy glory night.

How bright Thy angels in their sprightly feature !
Yet to Thy brightness smoke to fire.
How then should we—poor souls—admire
Thy beautie, glory, brightness in Thy creature.

IV.

Oh what am I, my Lord ! without thy likeness
But a dull dying sickness !
Stript of Thy image, and that God-like feature
I, less than any creature.
The meanest, senseless, liveless overgets¹ me
And goes beyond me : stones last longer,
Flowers are fairer, trees are stronger :
The beasts out-sense, the divel's sense outwits me.

V.

Let swine then serve their muddy lusts, and ly
Mix'd in their stinking stie.
Doggs serve the ravening world, devour, be sick,
Spew, and their vomit lick.
But ah let me renew my first condition :
Conform'd unto Thy glorious beautie,
Serve Thee in every holy dutie.
This my whole honour, this my soul² ambition.
(pp 168, 169)

1 Gets over= gets more or excells. G. 2 Sole. G.

X. GODLINESS.

Great Fount of Light ! whose over-flowing streams
Lend stars their dimmer sparks, suns brighter
beams,

Thy mouth spoke light, Thy hands at first did shed
it

Along the skie, and through the ayer did spread it :
So shadest earth with curtains of the night
And drewst those curtains to give day their light :
Then gathering all that scattered light, compactedst
In one vast burning lamp, and straight enactedst
That all less lights should beg their borrowed
beams

And from that fountain fill their narrow streams :

So, that more spiritual and sacred ray,
Which, rising from Thy mouth, gave spirits day
In those first ages had no certain sphere,
But breath'd by Thee, shin'd forth from mouth to
ear ;

At length, collected by Thy gracious Spirit,
Fills all the world with light, with life, and spirit.

There I behold Thyself, Thy Lamb and Dove
Shining in love, burning in heav'nly love :

There I my death and Thine : Thy power, my duty
See, and by seeing change into Thy beautie.

Lord let Thy light draw off my wandring eyes

From empty form and lying vanities :
Oh fix them on Thyself, and make me see
My light ! in all things nothing, all in Thee.
Thou bought'st me all : oh make me all Thine own
Be all in me, I all in Thee alone. (p 205)

XI. THE STATE OF MAN.

I.

Ayer of herself is dark, and hath no light
But what heaven lends her, and when angry skies
Call in their debt, she sinks in dungeon night.
Nay while she borrowes light, oft foggs arise
Or storms, and filch by stealth or rob by night
Her lone : her day in youth or childhood dies.
But while the present suns with conquering
ray
Dispel the shades and their strong beams dis-
play,
She sparkles all with light, and broider'd gold-
array.

II.

Such now is Man : infirm, void, empty, dark,
A chaos, dungeon, grave, a starless night :
Rake all his ashes up, ther's not a spark

To tine¹ quench't life or kindle buried light :
And what he steals from others—empty shark !
Hell with his mists depraves : so robb's him quite.

But when His life and light shines in his eyes
In Him he lives as He, and never dies ;
Glittring in light divine, Heaven, stars, sun,
out-vies.

III.

For as in earthly sight, the bodie's eye
To the object bent—is like the object form'd ;
So when the soul turn'd to the Deitie
Receives His likeness, it is soon transform'd
To what it sees : death, hell, and darkness fly,
And all the spirit to light and life conform'd.

Soul of my soul ! draw my soul's eyes to Thee :
Set them up on Thy face : make me to be
By seeing life and light, the light and life I see.

(pp 216—217)

1 To kindle. See Vol. I. cxcvi—vii *et alibi*. G.

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOETHIUS,

DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIÆ.

I. EMPTINESS OF RICHES: Libr. 2. Metr. 2.

IF Mammon empty all his baggs, to store
 The greedy mind—as seas heap sands on shore—
 If earth with heaven vie angels for her lovers
 And every star with golden pieces covers ;
 If Plenty, hills of wealth and mountains heaps
 And what it largely gives, as safely keeps ;
 The dropsie soul still whines, still thirsts, and pants
 For earth, and feels not what it has but wants.
 When God the mouth, the throat, the skin hath
 cram'd
 With gold, the heart still gapes and gasps as clam'd.¹
 Nor earth, nor seas, nor heaven can quench this
 drouth :
 As hell it ever yawns, ne're shuts the mouth.
 What rein, what curb can bridle lustful fires ?
 And manage them in pace of just desires ?
 When all the gifts which from free heaven came
 Are but as oyl and fuel to the flame.
 He never can be full who feeds on ayre :
 He neuer can be rich, who dreams he's poor and
 bare. (p. 22.)

1 Starved, emaciated : spelled in Lancashire 'clem'd.' G.

II. WORLDLY HONOUR : Libr. 4. Metr. 2.

Those earthly gods you trembling view
Mounted on starry thrones
Array'd with heaven—in spangled blue—
Guarded with armed drones,
With raging hearts and lightning browes,
Storming with thundring mouths,
Could you unlace their vain attires,
And peep into their brest,
With chains, with gyves, with tortures, fires
Th' oppressors lye opprest.
Clos'd in that shew, and heav'n-like shell
You'l find the kernel hell.
Distracting lusts with cruel twitches
Raek the disjoynted ghost :
Hope baeks the heart, and spurrs and switches
Wrath, anger, fear, and rost.¹
Hate, envy, scourge with snaky wreath :
Griefs, pressing, squeeze to death.
When then so many tyrant-lords
Reign in one single brest ;
How can it—bound with self-will'd cords—
Do what itself thinks best ?
He that rules men, serves lust 's a thing
Much greater slave, than king.

(pp. 28, 29.)

¹ Restlessness, as 'rosty' and 'rossed' mean 'hasty.' G.

III. PLEASURES : Libr. 3. Metr. 7.

All pleasures ride with spurs : they goar the heart
And drive it first to run and then to smart.
Pleasures are bees : bees have their bag and sting :
Those drops of sweet, those streams of torment bring.
The bag flies with the bee : the sting remains.
How fitting are our joys ! how lasting, pains !
He that in honied hive of pleasure dwells
Soon dies to heav'n, lives to a thousand hells.

(p. 32.)

IV. TRUE GOD : Libr. 3. Metr. 8.

WHEN Ignorance leads fools—both blind—they stray,
How should they hitt or miss their end or way ?
We seek not grapes on thorns, on thistles, figgs :
Who gathers pearls from vines or gold from twiggs ?
He that would feast his guests with Lenten dishes
Draggs not dry mountains, nor thin ayer fishes.
He that with ven'son would his palate please
Swims not his hounds in brooks, or hunts the seas.
Tethis' black closets—hid with dark deep floods—
Men search, know, rifle, ransack all her goods.
Where brightest pearls she hoords in oyster cells,
Where coral grafts, where stores her purple shells :
They know her markets, fairs, where, when to buy

Each kind of fish : where crabs, where lobsters lye ;
But where that good which makes men blessed, lyes,
They have no ears to hear, to see no eyes.

On earth fools hunt, which far transcends the poles.
They tear, dig, delve—oh are they men or moles ?—
What curse deserve such Bedlams ? blindfold
wretches

Tir'd let them still pursue their honours, riches,
And prest with false goods, give them eyes to view
The dross of false, the glory of the true.

(pp. 37, 38.)

V. GOD THE SUPREME GOOD : Libr. 3. Metr. 10.

COME, hither come—poor captives—you whose minds
With dust—cast in your eyes—lust, cheating blinds,
And to bare earth with willing fetters binds.

Come weary souls, here rest, here quiet bide
Come anchor, here's your port, here safely ride :
Your guilt in this close Sanctuary hide.

Nor golden Tagus nor bright Hemus' streams,
Nor India's self, whose womb Sol's hotter beams
Fill with rich seed, red, white, green, glittering
gems.

No sparkling pearls your quenched snuff can tine¹
The more ye cleave to their deceitful shine,
The more y' are buried in their dungeon mine.

Their glistening rayes, which kindle fond desire,
Are earthly, and beget but fatuous² fire ;
Shine but in night : they rise and set in mire.

But this eternal Sun—whose splendour bright
Rules, quickens all, gives you both life and light—
The eye that wistly views with fixed sight
Will swear the starrs, the moon, the sun itself is
night. (pp. 51, 52.)

VI. ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE : Libr. 3. Metr. 12.

THRICE happy soul that turns his sphere of sight
To that great sun and fount of goodness bright ;
Thence fills his waining orbe with true eternal light.

Happy ! who, loosing his clogg'd feet, and hands,
From pressing earth's and hell's oppressing bands
Mounts soaring up to heaven, and at that haven
lands.

Once Orpheus, plaining at his spouse's bier,
Gave rocks a weeping eye and listning ear ;

1 Kindle, as before. G. 2 Fatuus. G.

Brooks staid their hasty stream ; woods left their
roots to hear.

But when no more his wounded heart could
plaister

Songs fann'd his fires, and flames brake out the
faster,

His verses pleasing all, but easing not their master.

Weary of life, to hell he desperate flings

There fits his sweetest voice to sweeter strings,
And into pitty lords of shades and darkness sings.

There what his mother's spring, there what his
eyes,

—Grief's double fountain—what—which both
cutvies—

Lost-longing love affords, he to stern ghosts applies.

Hell's bauling dog pricks up his thrice-two ears

To houl, to bark, to snarl, to whine he fears :

Haggs still their hissing snakes and furies melt in
tears.

Then first Ixion and his wheel take rest,

Tantale neglects his tast, his ear to feast ;

The vulture, full of verse, scorns Titius loathèd
brest.

Dis yields, and with this law restores his love
 Till hell be left, his sight back must not move.
 Who gives love laws ? alas ! Love's only law is love.

Now past black Stix, near to the verge of skies
 Forc'd by desire, turning his longing eyes,
 Euridice—at once—he saw, he lost, he dies.

This fable looks to thee, who tir'd with night
 Desir'st to draw thy soul to life, and light
 On that eternal Sun set, fasten, fix thy sight.

If you turn back on hellish shades to pore
 Thou euer lovest what thou wan'st before :
 Thy soul more barr'd from heav'n, in hell implungèd
 more. (pp. 63, 64.)¹

VII. LOWLINESS: Lib. 2. Met 4.

“ A great sayl to a little boat is more dangerous
 than helpful ”

If safe thou wouldst, and quiet dwell
 Refuse a palace, choose a cell,
 Wouldst thou burn out thy fencèd light
 In peace, when winds, storms, tempests fight ?

¹ Cf. other versions, pages cclxi.—iii., and present
 Volume, pages 237—340*ante* : and relative foot-note. G.

Wouldst thou despise the curl'd-head waves
And laugh when gaping Neptune raves?
Let not thy house on mountains soar,
Trust not the swilling spewing shore.
There envious winds and spiteful blasts
Reign, rage and tear: there nothing lasts.
Here sucking earth and bibbing¹ sands
Betray the weight: here nothing stands.
Climb not aloft to seek fresh ayer
Or pleasant seat: build sure, not fair.
The lowly rock make thy foundation
A strong, a lasting situation.
When thundring storms with ruins fill
The pleasant shore, and mounting hill,
Lodged in thy trenches, safely lying
Fierce winds and foaming seas defying,
Safe maist thou mock the angry skie
And quiet live and quiet dy.

(pp. 177—178.)

VIII. MAN'S DIGNITY. Libr. 3. Met. 6.

I.

The stock of man, the root, the body, boughs,
—Whose breath or'spreads the earth, height tops the
skies—

1 Thirsty. G.

One parent hath : he sire and dam ; he plowes
Plants, waters : he our birth, growth, all supplies.
He fills the sun with seas of flowing beams ;
Surrounds and drains the moon with changing
streams.

II.

He peoples seas with fish, the heaven with stars
Plants ayer and earth with living coloures.
He pounds¹ man's God-like spirit in fleshly bars,
And by that spirit earth to himself allies.
Men are of high descent : their petigree
Mortals derive from great eternitie.

III.

Boast ye of sires ? and grandsires ? search ye earth
For heaven ? Heaven's register will shew your race.
Heaven's king your sire : from heaven, in heaven
your birth
A noble, royal line. No man is base
But such, as for base earth heaven's birth-right
sell.
By vice cut off from heaven and grafted into
hell.

(pp 185, 186)

1 Impounds, as p. 238 *ante*, and elsewhere. G.

IX. ASPIRATION. Libr. 5. Metr. 5.

I.

Into what different moulds doth God's wise hand
Cast his wet clay ? and to their various forms
Their divers pastures fitts ? some sweep the sand
Drawn out at length : as tottering boats in storms
 They mount and fall, dragging their lazy trains
 They plow long furrowes on the dusty plains.

II.

Some—light as ayer—mounted on liquid sky
Spread to the gentle winds their feather'd sails ;
Swimming with plumed oars through heavens, fly :
Some shod with hoofs, some frosted with sharp nails
 Through woods and forrests, plains and mount-
 ains trace
And set their prints upon th' earth's scarr'd face.

III.

Yet though their various shapes and gate betray
How far their natures differ each from other,
All meet in this : all gaze upon the clay
From which they spring, and stare upon their mother.
 Prest down with earthy yoke, their dullard
 sight
Pores on dark shades ; they use not view the
 light.

IV.

Man only rears aloft his honour'd head :
His body stands, and walks upright : his eyes
Transport his soul, where it was highly bred
To keep acquaintance with his near allies.

On earth his down-cast look he never places
But when he stoops, and lofty head abases.

V.

If then thou art not beast or earth ; if man
Thy body guides the soul, thy eye the mind :
Thy flesh looks where it tends not, wher't began :
Oh shall the heaven-born soul forget his kind ?

Shall heavenly minds mind earth ? while earthy
eyes

Eye heaven ? soar up my soul : transcend the
skies

Else while thy body lives, thy spirit dies.

(pp 225—227).



V.

Sylva Poetica
with
Additions.

Note.

The following is the original title-page of 'Sylva Poetica':

S Y L V A

P O E T I C A

A U T O R E

P. F.

Cantabrigiæ :

Ex Academia celeberrimæ

Typographeo. 1633. [12o.]

Collation: Title-page—and pp 29. It is usually, though not invariably, found in union with the 'De Literis Antiquæ Britanniæ Regibus præsertim qui doctrinâ claruerunt, quique Collegia Cantabrigiæ fundârunt' (1633 12o)—by the elder Fletcher, father of our Phineas. This rare little volume was edited by Phineas with filial interest and care. As an Appendix to 'Sylva Poetica' I give the Dedication and preliminary 'Verses' to 'De Literis &c.'—See Memoir, Vol. I. p clv—I also add at close certain additional Latin poems of our Fletcher. G.



[Dedicatio.]

Amicissimo et candidissimo Edvardo Benlowes
se et sua Phin. Fletcher.

Quæ jam, quæ vati restant dicenda recenti ?
Quis mihi materia est heros, quis præmia Musæ ?
Omnia præripuit melior nascentibus ætas.
Quis te, quis pelagus nescit tentâsse profundum,
Typhi, et compactis (parva heu discrimina !) ligni
Mœnibus impositum fremitus sprevisse marinos ?
Quisve iterum Musis melius cantata secundis
Pergama ? vosque etiam felicibus, Arcades, arvis
Pastores, vel te celebratæ, Mantua, glebæ ?
Te, Naso, te omnes, teneri Præceptor amoris,
Agnoscent puerique ducem, inuptæque puellæ :
Quin fixos super appendens modo retia remos,
Italicus scopulos inter Piscator, et undas,
Parthenopæ canit, et piscosæ Mergilinæ.

Si tamen aut Phyllis nobis, sive esset Alexis,
(Quid tum si nigrior Phyllis, si durus Alexis ?)
Ipse ego seu platano, seu lævis cortice fagi
Phyllida crudelem, et sævum moriturus Ainxle

Imprimerem, et duros resonarem læsus amores.
Audiet, immitesque ipsum miserebitur ignes,
Et streperum duplici recinet nemus omnia voce.

Jam tantum longe (si fas) vestigia vatum
Tanta lego, tacitusque sequor non passibus æquis.
Tu modo nascenti (si fas tibi credere) vati,
Tu faveas, primoque adsis, Edovarde, labori,
Quem teneras subter vites salicesque recurvas
Ignoti Chamo cecinit nova fistula vatis.
Sæpe neglectas volui depellere, sæpe
Pœnitet, et toto redeuntēs pœctore Musas
Accipio, inque animum flatus admitto secundos.

Ah ! mihi muscosos fontes, lucosque sonantes
Inter, et errantes tutis sub vallibus agnos
Contingat pigram lente properare senectam !
Ipse ego festivo balantes carmine matres
Ducam, quas circum agglomerant, luduntque per
herbam,

Et summum excutiunt agni de gramine rorem.
Dux gregis anteibit, lateque audita superbus
Concutiet moto mihi tintinnabula cornu.
Ipse ego nocte feram et spisso sub vimine claudam :
Fronde super viridi, vilive effusus in ulva
Prosternar, totumque traham sub pœctore somnum.
Fida simul conjux et non incerta recumbat
Circum progenies, nec falso nomine patrem
Dicat, onus collo mihi gratum humerisque reponat.

Det Deus in sylvis cantando amuesque gregesque
 Inter deficiam et media inter pascua solvar :
 Sylva mihi tantum vita esto, sylva sepulchrum.
 Sic pigra Mæandri morituro ad flumina cantu,
 Eridanive sedens violenti gramine, carmen
 Postremum albus olor, vitam cum carmine fundit :
 Exequiasque canens felicem illabitur urnam.

To this is added these lines to Phineas, with—
 as will be seen—the present of a ‘ gold pen ’ (?)—

Elegantiss. Poetæ Phin. Fletcheri Calamum au-
 ratum mittit. A.G.

Mito tibi auratum Calamum, a singula scribis

Aurea : sic palmæ debita palma tuæ.

Nondum abscissa tamen Cuspis, neque penna peracta :

Nam tu, quo fiat Cuspis, Acumen habes.—

Collation of ‘ De Literis ’ &c.—Title page—Dedication
 pp 3 —Poem pp 18. G.





Sylva Poetica.

In Thermas Bathoniæ.

IGNIS aquam duxit. Confide puella : vel igne
Sit puer asperior ; deperit ignis aquam.
Igni nupsit lympa. Puer confide : sit undâ
Frigidior virgo ; deperit, ardet aqua.
Concipit amplexu flammæ, et parit unda salutem.
Speretis steriles ; ignibus unda parit.
Hic ubi fœcundant ignes, uruntur et undæ,
Progeniem sterilis speret, amansque thorum.

In Noctilucam et nimium modestos.

Quid tuas retegis nimis tegendo,
Noctiluca, faces ? pates latendo.
Ipsa es sphæra tuæ comesque stellæ :
Diem si repetis, die latebis.
Non te nox tenebris tegit fovendo,
Sed te nox latebris tegendo prodit.

In Lupum pastoralibus Musis maledicentem.

Cur tibi displiceant, Lupe, carmina nostra, rogâsti :
Est (Lupe) pastoris displicuisse lupo.

Alias.

Nostra alii laudant, Lupus odit carmina : recte ;
Pastoralis erat versus, et ille lupo.

In Nasutum.

Quid nasum densis cingit diadema pyropis ?
Rex hîc nasorum est : quis diadema negat ?

In Homuncionem igniter atque insigniter nasutum.

Lymphas, socii, spargite lymphas.
Maximus ille, (heu !) lucidus ille,
Multâ extensus facie, gemmis
Dives, flammiferoque pyropo,
Timeo (ah !) timeo, jam periturus
Magno nasus carpitur igne.

Pinguem intus præcordia limum
Inflammârunt : subitoque volans
Omnia fatuus corripit ignis.
Jamque immensis pingua flammis
Sorbens ilia, culmina noto
Petit ascensu : atque omnia late
Populans, scapulas ferus arentes

Lambit, siccatumque cerebrum.

En ! nigrantes vortice fumi,

Undansque fluit nidor ab ore.

Lymphas, socii, effundite lymphas.

Plurimus ille, (heu !) succidus ille,

Nasus tremulus, nasus hiulcus,

Turriger ille, (ah !) arduus ille

Undique vasto carpitur igne.

En ! ignis dominatur ubique

Fatuus : nasum seligit iguis ;

Interiores fatuus sedes.

In Asotum.

Dum Gnatho blanditiis Asotum et creditor urgent,

Illi rem præceps, huic modo verba dabat.

Nil restat : jam rem, jam verba, Asote, dedisti ;

Mox pœnas (nil te, nil ego posco) dabis.

In Minum virum sepultum.

Sæpe jacet potu Minus vinoque peremptus :

Sæpe iterum vitam semisepultus agit.

Mors stupet : et quoniam rursus, tam sæpe sepultus,

Vivit, jam vivum (væ misero !) sepelit.

In eundem.

Vino sepultus vixerat, vivus perit,
 Moriturque vivus Mimus vitâ mortuus.
 Sic voluit altus Arbiter : jam conditur
 Vivus sepulchro, qui sepultus vixerat.¹

In Effigiem Ducissæ Matris et parvulum Ducem.

Cur puer hîc toties, cur oscula, Cyprie, figis ?
 Et mater tantum quod silet ista, gemis ?
 Aspice ; non est hæc, non est tibi Cypria mater :
 Majus in hoc matris numine numen inest.
 Respicias ? et juras Cypria esse hæc corpora ? dempto
 Corpore, jam matris nil habet Anna tuæ.
 Nonne vides, ut equo gaudens atque ense decoro
 Matrem anteit Cypriæ Cyprius alter Amor ?
 Arrides ? geminumque agnoscis Cyprie fratrem ?
 Non est hic, non est, Cyprie, frater Amor.
 Respicias ? et magis adjuras ? eu matreque, teque
 Suavior hæc mater, suavior ille puer.²

1 These two Epigrams illustrate Bacon, who in his *Historia Vitæ et Mortis* (x. 34) in confirming a mythical story of living sepulture, observes "et simile quiddam accidit nostra ætate, in persona histrionis sepulti Cantabrigiæ (Spedding's Bacon, Vol. II. p 209.) Doubtless the reference is the same in both. G.

2 The 'Ducissa' was probably Anne, Countess of Arundel, who but for the attainder of Thomas, fourth

Ana- { *Elisa Vincenta* } *gramma.*
 { *Ne læsa vincit* }

Vincentâ quod sim victus victricæ, placebat ;
 Quod *ne læsa* quidem *vincit* Elisa, dolet.

Amicæ decedenti.

Quæ mea, quo properas (heu !) lux mea ? quanta re-
 surget
 Nox mihi, cum mediâ, lux mea, luce cadis !

In Phaonium.

Vocem Phaonius sequitur, vestemque Catonis :
 Sermo quidem, sed non vita Catonis erat.
 Sic sedit, sic cultus erat, sic ora reclusit ;
 Humentem nudo sic pede pressit humum :
 Non ita vivebat rigidus Cato, non ita morum
 Compressit forti fræna reducta manu.

Duke of Norfolk, her husband's father, would have been dowager-duchess of Norfolk. She was widow of Philip, Earl of Arundel, who himself was attainted in 1590, and died in the Tower in 1595. Their only son, Thomas, who was born in 1592, the 'parvulus dux,' became Earl of Surrey on the accession of James ; and afterwards Earl, but never Duke, of Norfolk. Still, in Norfolk where our Fletcher lived, they might still be called Duke and Duchess. G.

Sic tantum vestes imitatus, et ora, Catonis
Simia Phaonius, non imitator erat.

*In certamen Papæ Pauli cum Venetis.*¹

Petri, Papa, crucem, superbus ensem
Pauli fers; Venetis ferox minatus:
Crux palmam tibi, Paule, pollicetur;
Illis sed gladius necem ominatur.
At si Paulus eris, Petrusque, Paule,
Non tu, Paule, premes; premêris ense:
Non tu Paule crucem feres: feret te.

In Melissam.

Sæpe me crucias rogando, cur non
Ut te olim colui, colo, Melissa;
Cum tu pulchra magis, magis venusta es:
(Ah!) tu pulchra nimis, nimis venusta es:
Nostro non opus est, Melissa, cultu;
Cum tu to nimium colis, Melissa.

In Lunettam.

Est manus, est facies, Veneris, nomenque Planetæ:
Sunt mores Veneris, mens quoque: tota Venus.
(Ah) precor, ignoscas dicenti: Non ego quod sis
Tota Venus, quod sis tota venusta, nego.

In Lunettam et filium.

Si vitam matris videas, si nomina nati ; est
 Mater parte Venus, parte Cupido puer.
 Deme oculos ; et totus erit puer ille Cupido :
 Adde decus Veneris, tota erit illa Venus.
 Sed qua forma deest matri, sunt lumina nato ;
 Parte Cupido tu, tu nisi parte Venus.

Charissimo fratri Aegidio &c.¹

Quid, ô quid, Veneres, Cupidinesque,
 Turturesque, jocosque, passerisque
 Lascivi canitis greges, poëtæ ?
 Et jam languidulos amantùm ocellos,
 Et mox turgidulas sinu papillas ;
 Jam fletus teneros, eachinnulosque,
 Mox suspiria, morsiunculasque,
 Mille basia, mille, mille nugas ?
 Et vultus pueri, puellulæve !
 (Heu fusci pueri, puellulæque !
 Pingitis nivibus, rosunculisque,
 (Mentitis nivibus, rosunculisque)
 Quæ vel primo hyemis rigore torpent,
 Vel Phœbi intuitu statim relanguent ?

1 Prefixed to the different editions of 'Christ's
 Victorie' G.

Heu stulti nimium greges, poëtæ !
Ut, quas sic nimis (ah !) nimis stupetis,
Nives candidulæ, et rosæ pudentes ;
Sic vobis pereunt statim labores,
Et solem fugiunt severiorem,
Vel saltem gelidâ rigent senectâ

At tu, qui clypeo haud inane nomen
(Minervæ clypeo, Jovisque) sumens,
Victrices resonas Dei Triumphos,
Triumphos lacrymis, metuque plenos,
Plenos lætitiæ, et spei Triumphos,
Dum rem carmine, Pieroque dignam
Aggrederis ; tibi res decora rebus
Præbet carmina Pieroque digna.
Quin ille ipse tuos legens Triumphos,
Plenos militiâ, labore plenos ;
Tuo propitius parat. labori
Plenos lætitiæ et spei Triumphos.

Ad Jesum Servatorem.

Rvina cœli pulchra ; jam terris decus,
Deusque ; proles matris innuptæ, et pater
Sine matre natus, sine patre excrescens caro :
Quem nec mare, æther, terra, non cœlum capit,
Utero puellæ totus angusto latens,
Æquævus idem Patri, Matre antiquior :

Heu domite, victor, et triumphator ; tui
Opus, opifexque, qui minor quam sis, eo
Major resurgis : vita, quæ mori velis,
Atque ergo possis ; passa finem Æternitas :
Quid tibi rependam, quid tibi rependam miser ?
Ut, quando ocellos mollis invadit quies,
Et nocte membra plurimus Morpheus premit,
Avide videmur velle de tergo sequens
Effugere monstrum, et plumbeos frustra pedes
Celerare, mediâ succidimus ægri fugâ ;
Solitum pigrescit robur, os quærit viam,
Sed proditurus moritur in lingua sonus :
Sic stupeo totus, totus hæresco, intuens
Et sæpe repeto, forte si rependerem.
Solutus rependit ille, qui repetit bene.

In imaginem Christi a Papista cultam.

Qvalem homo mendaci te fingit imagine, talem
Non ego te aspiciam ; non ego, Christe, colam.
Qualis divino fulges, dulcissime, verbo,
Talem ego te aspiciam : talem ego, Christe, colam
Errat qui placitis hominum divina requirit.
Qui Verbum in verbo quæritat, inveniet.
Non caro carnali prodest ; quid carnis imago ?
Spiritu gratius spiritualis erit.
Spiritu ego venerer : qui farris imagine fingunt,
Et pingant carnem, Christe, vorentque tuam.

In effigiem Achmati Turcarum Tgranni.

Achmati effigiem spectas, qui tertia patri
 Progenies, puer imperio successit avito.
 Sic acri validis iuveni micat integra membris
 Ætas, et rarâ malas lanugine spargit :
 Sic vultu, sic ille oculis, sic fronte minatur.
 Non luxu, choreisve puer, non ille paternâ
 Desidiâ gaudet; sed bella, sed aspera cordi
 Arma sedent, sævamque superbia Turcica mentem
 Inflat, et ingentes volvit sub corde tumultus.
 Aut is veliferis aptabit classibus alas,
 Aut galeas finget, elypeosque, et fulmina belli
 Tormenta; impositis strident incudibus æra :
 Et nunc ille ferox Persas Asiamque rebellem
 Subjiciens, totum spirat sub pectore Martem.
 Exultansque animis multâ se suscitât irâ.

Heu! quæ Christicolis clades, quam debita pestis
 Immineat! quantus tanto timor instat ab hoste!
 Nî tu, Christe, malum avertas, tu fulmina, Christe,
 Dispergas, et vana manu conamina ludas.

1 Achmet I, third son of Mahomet III. He came to
 the throne in 1603, when only 15, and died in 1617. See
ante p 217—218.

*In Rideri dictionarium¹ a Francisco de sacra Quercu
nuper auctum.*

Pani coniferæ pinus, sua vitis Iaccho ;

Clavigero placeat populus alta Deo :

Phœbus amet vegetam, quamvis sub cortice, Daph-
nen ;

Sint grata Aleinoo splendida poma suo :

Et bene connexas lauro Venus ignea myrtos

Seligat, atque oleas docta Minerva suas.

At tu, docte puer, Quercum venerare sacratam :

Sit tua, quam mavult Jupiter esse suam.

A Jove principium Musæ ; Jovis arbore gaudent

Ipsæ Pierides, Pieridumque pater.

At tu qui primis signas vestigia plantis,

Et dubio in Latium cœperis ire pede ;

Hic tibi de sacra repetes oracula Quercu :

Hic, quæ Dodonam vicerit, arbor erit.

1 John Rider wrote an English-Latin Dictionary which was called *Bibliotheca Scholastica*, and which was afterwards augmented and edited by Francis Holyoke or Franciscus de Sacra Quercu. Rider according to Anthony a-Wood was born at Carrington, in Cheshire, went to Jesus College, Oxford, in 1576 and became Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and then Bishop of Killaloe, on January 12th, 1612. He died in 1632. G.

In electionem Coll. Trin. carmen.

Siquis arenoso committit semina sulco

Non reduces fruges, et sua damna serit :

Nequicquam ille sibi rupturas horrea messes,

Et sata de sterili ditia sperat humo.

Sin pingui mandet quamvis mala semina campo,

Et fovet adjecto languida culta simo ;

Fœcundam arva stupent messem, sylvamque sonan-
tem :

Et compressa gravi pondere plaustra gement.

Sic, si, quo primum fueram, me conditis arvo,

Nulla seges veniet, gramina nulla meo.

Si læto inseritis sulco, mihi plurima surget,

Et non ingenii despicienda seges.

Atque utinam ex vobis unus, quanquam ultimus,
essem !

Non est postremi gloria parva loci.

Quæ Jove prognatas inter sedet ultima Musas,

Inter terrigenas est Dea prima Deas.

In eandem.

Quæ saxis, siccâque arbor flaccescit arena,

Propter aquas si quis fœcundo transtulit arvo,

Naturam exuerit sylvestrem, et læta sequetur

In quamcunque jubes artem ; sive aurea mavis

Poma, et lunatos fœcundo pondere ramos :

Sive umbram, et densâ capabis frigora sylva.

Sic nostrum quod jam primum subpalmitè germen
Surgit, et exiguas ausum est extrudere frondes,
Crescet in immensum, si succos forte salubres,
Atque novo dabitis firmatum inolescere trunco :
Crescet, miscebitque ingentes æthere ramos.

Nec vos Caucasco fœcundæ in vertice Musæ,
Nec Geticas colitis glacies, nec frigora Rheni.
Illæ Parnassi, umbrosive cacumina Pindi,
Arcadicæve tenent jucundo frigore sylvas :
Hinc tempestivam præbet cantantibus umbram
Populus ; hinc Helicon, atque Aonia Aganippe
Labuntur, veteremque probans pulcherrima formam
Castalis (ah !) Phœbum nequicquam, ignesque
puella

Duros effugiens, jam puro argenteus amne
Fons fluit, et Phœbo et Musis gratissima lympa.
Eripe (namque potes) sterili mea semina sulco :
Da pingui infigi glebâ ; quamvis rude surget
Ingenium mentisque excrescet semen adultæ.

*Dom. Observandissimo H. W. Venetiis agenti.*¹

Ite meæ (miseri felix opus) ite tabellæ,
Aërias vos forte Alpes, longumque remensæ

¹ No doubt Sir Henry Wotton, ambassador at Venice. G.

Neptunum Venetas faustæ spectabitis arces;
Arces, et medio crescentes æquore muros.
Vos etiam ora illîc, sine me, charissima nobis
Ora, manumque illam, quam nos super omnibus
unam

Ardemus, sine me, solæ tangetis, et ipsos
Sermones (ah felices!) et verba feretis.
At vos ne sitiens vasto Neptunus hiatu
Sorbeat (heu! geminæ quo olim periêre sorores,
Multa quibus dederam mandata, sed horridus Ausert
Omnia per nigras diffuderat irrita nubes)
Ne vos Neptunus lethalibus hauriat undis,
Aut Aquilo in tenues adversus dissipet auras.
At tu cognatum Venetâ mihi sydus in urbe,
(Si tibi regales indulgent otia curæ)
Aspicis ut Veneres anni Mars horridus infert:
En tragice veris primordia comica turbat
Martius, et nunquam placidis irascitur undis:
Jam nova rursus hyems rediit, Zephyroque repulso,
Perpetuas nubes, tempestatesque reducit.
Piscis iners mensi, mensæ, cœloque, soloque,
Piscis iners regnat, prohibetque immania ponti
Regna pati, terretque rates pluviosus aduncas.
At tu, si jubeas, jam nunc ego nescius undæ
Imperium, frenitusve unquam tentare marinos,
Jam nunc aggrediar; Venetas spectabo carinas
Et te, qui multo Venetâ es mihi charior urbe:

Ipse ego linigeris (jubeas modo) pulsus ab alis,
 Lignatoque invectus equo, Boreæque tumultus,
 Acoliasque minas spernam, pelagique furores.
 Atqui hîc interea Chami flaventis ad undam,
 Dum tua per medias lentus delapsa procellas
 Jussa moror, varios cura est ediscere ventos,
 Crescentesque magis Phœbi renovare labores.
 At tu quod longa effundunt jejunia carmen
 (Ah miserum !) accipias, et munus inutile, semper
 Quem dederam, et semper dandus tibi restat, amorem.

*Ad Gul. Woodfordum Cantiaë agentem.*¹

Jam tepidos Phœbus spargit mitissimus ignes,
 Atque inter Geminos medius, Cancerumque rubentem
 Plurima producit tardo vestigia gressu.
 Aspicias? umbroso crinescunt vertice fagi;
 Sub ramis latitans reducem Philomela querelam
 Exercet, fletusque inter, cantusque sonoros
 Mitior indulget natis, et læta laborum
 Congerit in teneros gaudens stramenta penates.
 Nos inopaca premit vicini cambria solis;
 Nos Musis invisâ salix, et pervia Phæbo
 Fraxinus (heu !) rara fallit sub fronde sedentes,
 Et nimio prodit languentiâ corpora soli.

1 Probably a school-fellow of our Poet's. G.

At si me aërio teneat Winsoria colle,
Sive Ætonenses (ah !) nostra crepundia, Musæ ;
Seu natale solum densatis Cantia sylvis,
Vel quæcunque colam (strepitu sejunctus, et urbe)
Rura, juvet tecum pratis errare serenis,
Et sub pubenti pariter considerare fago.
Interea Nymphas nobis (Gulielme) saluta,
Quas tibi vicino jactat mea Cantia rure.

Veritas omnis cognitionis est in judicio

Cum jam rerum animus primas ex lumine formas
Accepit, nec judicii sub regna remisit,
Apparet facies veri ; commistaque falsis
Forma boni obscuros deludit imagine sensus.

Ut quando exiguâ variatur luce, diemque
Nec totum admisit, nec totum depulit umbra,
Falluntur dubio decepti lumine sensus,
Et delusa acies tremula sub luce labascit.

At cum judicii solio (cui certa sacrandi
Sceptra animus, verumque debit discernere falsis)
Sistitur, ipsum animo verum, perfectaue rerum
Effgies lucet, tenebrasque resolvit inanes.

Ut quando furvis terras nox implicat ulnis,
Omnibus unus erat vultus, color omnibus unus ;
Perfectum retinent reduci jam sole colorem.

Nam cum mens recipit speciem, interiusque re-
condit,

Ordine secernit causas, aptatque futuro
 Semina iudicio, mox pensitat omnia solus;
 Falsaque denudat iudex, verumque reponit.

*Mors est malum.*¹

Laudat, qui nescit mortem, noctemque profundum,
 Et quos nec strepitus turbant, nec somnia somnos.
 At qui vicinæ proprior jam limina mortis
 Ingreditur, durique videt penetralia Ditis,
 Horret nigrantes perculso lumine manes.

Sic qui formosâ descriptum forte tabellâ
 Auro fulgentem liquido, argentoque leonem
 Spectat, crispatasque júbæ, et eburnea rictus
 Clastra, stupet laudans: ipsum si forte ruentem
 Aspicit, horrescit tremulus, moriendoque mortem
 Antevenit, vivusque perit, vivitque sepultus.

Qui laudat mortis, laudat secura, timetque
 Regna, et prodit iners manifesto dicta timore.
 Omnibus idem amor est vitæ, et vitatio mortis
 Omnibus: esse puer juvenis, primosque relabi
 Annos posse cupit: florentem ætate juventam
 Prona simul tacite miratur, et invidet ætas:
 Hanc querulus laudat senior, roburque virile,
 Et profugas revocat vires, semperque futurum
 Sperat, promittitque sibi jam mortuus annum.

1 Cf. Chorus in Sicelides, pp 28—29 ante. G.

Gladio Pontificio vita Principis non permissa.

Quid gladios, quid, Papa, Jovi data fulmina torques

Petri siste enses, Eliadisque memor.

Sumere qui jussit Petrum enses, ponere jussit ;

Cur major vero es, cujus es umbra, Petro ?

Pasce meas, ô, dixit, oves ; pasce, addidit, agnos :

Pasce meas, iterum, ter quoque dixit, oves.

Nullus mactandi locus est ; quid sceptrum ? quid enses

Sume Petri claves Propetre, sume pedum.

Regi sceptrum Deus, Regi sacraverat enses :

Quæ Regis Regi redde, Deique Deo.

Cum nil proficeres, deponis inutile ferrum :

Nec gladio Regem, sulphure regna petis.

At tu, summe novum secleri, Pater, adde profundum :

Tartarus huic uni non satis unus erit.

Vestem vix Regis secuit, doluitque resectam,

Qui sceptrum Princeps, scripta Propheta tulit.

Frustra igitur Paulique, Petrique, ensemque crucem-
que

Jactas : hic gladio concidit, ille cruce.

Ergo

Si Petrus es, Paulusque, cruci pendebris apertæ :

Non pendes : pereas, non ferias gladio.

Anni temporum mutationes, variorum causa morborum.

Non tam multi Adrio saliant in littore fluctus,

Quam variæ(heu miseros !) humano in corpore pestes,
Pallentesque habitant morbi : nec semita mortis
Simplex sæpe vices mutant : quot sydera regnant,
Tot terris morbi imperitant. Cum splendidus annum
Primo vere Aries cornu, Taurusque recludunt,
Mille cutim papulæ, mille exanthemata pingunt :
Nam proprior tepidos inspirans Cynthius ignes,
Humorem allectat putrem, multoque rebelles
Internus fervor trudit conamine succos.

At Leo cum duras nemeceus fuderit iras,
Flava tumet bilis, fluctuque expumat amaro ;
Multa furit pestis ; flammis diaphragma subactis
Uritur et sociis cerebrum fervoribus ardens,
Incendit furias, mentemque exturbat inanem ;
Aut misera ardentes febris depascitur artus.
Non me illis quisquam Baccho indulgere diebus,
Non Cereri, aut moneat longo contendere cursu.

Excipit Autumnus, medios cui frigidus æstus
Hesperus, et primis claudens Aurora pruinis,
Vexat inæquali nutantia corpora cœlo :
Namque atrum multâ ferventem æstate cruorem
Reppulit, atque aditus frigus concludit inertes :
Informes ægro subeunt in corpore morbi ;
Et mens succumbit timidis offusa tenebris

At mox, cum averso squalescunt omnia sole,
Aut nimio insuetus cruciatur frigore pulmo,
Tussis crebra latus, faucesque elidit anhelas :

Aut cerebrum frigus scandens, et candida multis
Regna offundit aquis; conspirat inutilis humor,
Et sensus premit effœtos, animumque eatarrhus.

Nisa Ecloga.

Forte sub umbrosa, sylvarum principe, fago
Sedit, et insidos gemuit Wiliulmus amores:
Disruptum fidei vinclum, versosque Hymenæos
Flebat, cœlum amens, et conscia sydera questus.
Non illum gemini, pastorum gloria, fratres
Cantibus experti juvenes, levibusque cicutis,
Non qui mille grages placidis sub vallibus errant,
Solantur: juvat usque ægrô indulgere dolori.

Vos (inquit) quæ hîc incîdi, vos fagina testes
Carmina; vos nemorum petulantia numina, Fanni;
Fauni et sylvicolæ Faunorum incendia Nymphæ;
Et deus Arcadicis, Pan, non leve numen in arvis;
Diigue omnes, divæque, thori quibus omina curæ:
Cum dextram dextræ implicuit, cum lumine nostros
Dejecto intrabat, quos jam fugit improba, lectos.

Nisa redi, thalamosque fugax ne desere pactos.

Non ego perjuræ, quæ tu mihi dura ferebas,
Tuque, paterque tuus, memini convitia linguæ:
Non emptas legum rixas, turpesque loquacis
Risus plebis, et infamis mala vulnera famæ;

Non, cum me inconstans fugeres, jussa impia matris
Certa sequi, tenerosque odiis abrumperé amores.
Quin ego te contra precibus, mea crimina supplex
Oblitus scelerum, sed non oblitus amorum
Reppetii, si forte animum, si forte vagantem
Ad solitas iterum flammās, thalamosque reducam.

Ah ! dixi, quamivis scelerata, revertere Nisa :

Nisa redi, thalamosque fugax ne desere pactos.

Quem lasciva fugis ? non me festina senectæ
Mordet hyems ; capitisve nives, longive per ora
Rugarum sulci turpant : non languida frigent
Membra, nec effætos tardus fluit humor in artus.
Ipse meos puro vultus sub fonte notabam,
Nec multis (si fons oris non blandior index)
Nec Lycidæ invideo : quid si mihi vertice crines,
Quid mihi si fusco nigrescit barba colore ?
Et vobis famâ, et Veneri gratisimus idem.
Me Nymphæ quoque, me Parnassia numina, Musæ,
Musarumque pater, sacrum mihi nomen, Apollo,
Et Dryades me lascivæ petiêre puellæ ;
Et Chie, et gemini, pastorum musica fratres.
Tu me sola fugis dura, et connubia ludis,
Tædasque extinx'ti, et castos frustrasti Hymenæos.

Nisa redi, thalamosque fugax ne desere pactos.

O quanto satius fastidia longa Nigellæ,
Atque indotalis paterer connubia Chies !

Quid, tum, si pauper Chie? et Virtus quoque
pauper,

Mendicæque novem (totidem mihi numina) Musæ.
Illam ego (me miserum!) dum te, et tua vota
petebam

Perfida, jam sub portu ipsoque in limine liqui.
Sic nubem Ixion, nebulasque amplexus inanes,
Magnam animo cœli Reginam, ipsosque Tonantis
Sperabat thalamos: fugit levis illa per auras,
Et liquida in terras tenui dilabitur imbre.

Nisa redi, thalamosque fugax ne desere pactos.

Hic nobis Thamo generatus, et Iside Nymphâ
Thamisis ingenti Ludduni mœnia fluctu
Alluit et penitus firmatum ad Tartara pontem
Indignatus, aquis furit; atque immania late
Concitât undarum violento murmura lapsu:
Summâ longus aqua spumarum defluit ordo.
Aut, si rura animum, riguique in vallibus amnes,
Si sylvæ capiunt; mihi rus, mihi sylva redundat;
Atque idem minor, atque idem jam mitior unda
Thamisis ipse pater felicia dividit arva,
Et quæ multa pecus surgentes tondeat herbas:
Sola deest mihi, quæ pecudi, quæque imperet arvis.
Huc ades; hic herbæ molles, hic ditia culta:
Hic ego perpetuo tecum consumerer ævo.

Nisa redi, thalamosque fugax ne desere pactos.

Est tibi namque domi pater improbus, improba
mater :

Atque ambo assidue in pejus vestigia fleetunt,
Detorquentque pedes rectos. Sic omnia retro
Deterius ruere, inque malum sublapsa referri ;
Ut quaaando adverso pietum tenet amne phaselum
Anchor, si funem, et mordaces fibula nexus
Solverit, atque illum pronâ trahit alveus undâ.

Nisa redi, thalamosque fugax ne desere pactos.

Cantando revocantur oves, hædique petulci,
Sibilâque ipse canis vocemque agnoscit herilem :
Acer equus domino, parent armenta bubuleo ;
Tinnitu retrahuntur apes, et teeta fugaces
Nota petunt jussæ, et media inter prælia sistunt :
Tu vero (quis, Nisa, putet ?) tu surdior illis
Conjugis avertis petulantes cantibus aures.

Nisa redi, thalamosque fugax ne desere pactos.

Usque tamen fugis, et toros obvertis ocellos,
Illicitosque (utinam nec possim credere !) lectos,
Fædosque (ah ! vereor ; nam cuncta veremur
amantes)

Amplexus petis ; hîc nostrum ad ludibria nomen
(Hei mihi) ridetur : tu quam sim stultus amator,
Atque rudis, narras : certum est deserta ferarum
Inter spelæa, et nigras formidine sylvas
Malle pati, tristesque feris iterare qnerelas,

Et maria, et scopulos, lacrymis, silicesque movere.
Te fera, te scopuli inmanes, te mitior ipsa,
Quâ, nisi tu, Nymphæ, nihil est crudelius, unda

Et jam casurus majores porrigit umbras
Ipse etiam major, teneris sol mitior herbis :
Me tamen ignis edax, sacræque in pectore flammæ
Absumunt et rupta intus præcordia lambunt.

Dixerat : arbuteoque greges sub vimine clausit.

Fusca Ecloga.

Thyrsilis, Damon.

Stabat claviculis furcas amplexa seniles
Vitis, et ingentem effudit pastoribus umbram ;
Chamus ubi angustas tardo vix flumine ripas
Complet decrepitoque pater jam deficit annæ.
Venerat huc primos miratus Thyrsilis ignes,
Et quos jam novit (nec jam quoque novit) amores :
Atque illum pariter Damon comitatur euntem,
Multa senex puerum increpitans, si forte recentes
Ægro discutiat monitis e pectore curas :
Usque tamen misero ingeminant, et pressa resultat
Flamma sinu, ignotusque fibras depascitur ignis.

Thyr.

Quis, mihi florentes media inter pascua matres,
Lascivosque potens oculus, quis fascinat agnos ?
Oblitus pratorum aries, oblitus, amorum

Stat fixis in terram oculis, et pondere lassam
 Plexa gravant frontem duplicatis cornua gyris.
 Illa gemellorum nuper celeberrima mater,
 Immemor eximiæ prolis misera, immemor herbæ,
 Languet, nec notis geminos balatibus agnos
 Vel revocare quidem, vel respondere parata,
 Sed pronam acclinat cervicem; flaccida pendent
 Ubera, et ad fontem refluunt albertia lactis
 Flumina; deficiunt agni, nec ludiera læti
 Colliculos circum exercent, soliti ordine longo
 Immemores matrum petulantia ducere patris
 Agmina, perpetuosque herbis percurrere gyros.
 Quis mihi florentes oculus, quis fascinat agnos?

Dam.

Quod si sola, puer, gregis est tibi cura dolori,
 Carpe ter intacto purum de cespite gramen,
 Carpe tribus digitis manibusque ad terga reflexis
 Adversos specta Zephyros; tum gramina lævâ
 Sparge manu, ter sparge manu,¹ qua noxius Eurus
 Mordet, qua Notus, et nunquam visæ Oceano Ursæ:

1 The Latin 'sparge' reminds us of the vivid '*spairge*' of the Lowland Scotch, as effectively used by BURNS in his 'Address to the Deil'

" O thou !.....

Haec etiam terno ter misce murmura jactu ;
Sic eat in ventos, quæ nos premit, irrita pestis.

Thyr.

Idem oculus pecudem, vereor, pecudisque magistrum
Perdidit ; idem oculos vos et me facinat, agni.
Sæpe mihi ignaro truduntur lumine fletus ;
Sæpe mihi intacto molles diaphragmate risus
Surgunt, et primo male suffocantur in ortu :
Sæpe etiam nullo exhalant suspiria motu ;
Atque oculis iterum facies tranquilla serenis
Nescia miratur lucem, subitumque nitorem.
Fervida sæpe novis ignescunt pectora flammis,
Jámque repentino facies mihi fulgurat igne :
Atque iterum gelido torpescunt membra, veterno,
Pallidaque horrescunt, et qualia manibus ora.
Sic cum primum Aries, Taurusve recluserit annum,
Sæpe breves cum sole vices fluidissimus Auster
Mutat ; deciduas nubés liquatur in undas,
Atque iterum micat, atque iterum denso abditur
 imbre,
Omnia mox etiam victurus nubila, Phœbus.

Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
 Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches !" G.

Dam.

Atque equidem timui, nec me metus iste fefellit :
Non te saga, puer, non te cantata profundis
Carmina sub tenebris lædunt, herbæque potentes ;
Sed tenerum primo pectus turbatur amore.

Thyr.

An sit Amor, dubito, nec Amoris vis mihi, Damon
Cognita, nec facies : puerum tamen audio, pennâ,
Atque arcu cinctum tenero, lævique pharetrâ :
Tu mihi, qui notas sensisti pectore, flammæ,
Dic quibus insidiis, quâ te olim ceperit arte.

Dam.

Ah ! miserande puer, non ille armatus acutis
It jaculis, pharetrâve humeros indutus acernâ ;
Onalis Penei comitata ad fluminis undas
Prima cothurnatis incedit Delia Nymphis,
Atque ursam jaculo squalentem, aprumve fatigat :
Verum oculo latet, atque oculi curvamine tectus
In teneras ignem immittit per lumina fibras.
Sæpe etiam blanda latuit sub voce Cupido,
Perque ipsas in pectus dilabitur aures :
Sæpe comâ implicitus tortâ, vel fronte serenâ,
Aut tenero ignaros risu, lachrymisve fefellit.

Sed nunquam immitem jaculatur certius ignem,
Quàm cum sub tumidis obscurus forte papillis
Clauditur : at si labra inter formosa resedit
Tectus, non illis quisquam me basia labris

Ferre, vel impresso moneat certare labello.
Quod si forte illas fixo petis ore latebras,
Irruit, atque viâ tacité delapsus opacâ,
(Heu !) non delendo totas premit igne medullas.
At tu, chare puer, nostram nisi spreveris artem,
Dic mihi quam nuper spectaveris ore puellam.

Thyr.

Aut amor, aut ipsi similis mihi morbus amor est.
Nam, Pani nuper dum sacro altaria thure
Fumant, arbuteoque greges sub vimine clausi
Abstinuêre cibo, pratis effusa juvenus
Annua restaurant mistis convivium Nymphis :
Ipse agro forte errabam, qui fronte Triones
Spectat, et illota nomen fortitur ab ursa :
Hic ego ludentem media inter robora Fuscam
Aspicio primus, primas miser imbibo flammâs.
Illa quidem dum me fixis spectabat ocellis,
Sensi equidem illabi radios, qualesque reflexus
Mittere Sol primo assuevit sub vere calores :
Nec tamen abstinui, nec tales sub nive flammâs,
Aut tantum hâc poteram facie sperare dolorem.
Illi simplicitas roseo pulcherrima vultu,
Illa casta Venus sedit, Virtusque, Pudorque
Lactea perpetuo suffundens ora rubore :
Lumina, quæ Geminos vineant, stellamque micantem,
Ultima quæ cœlis excedit, prima relucet.

At cum labra labris sociarem, (ah !) quam mihi
mentem

Tum, Damon, quos esse putas sub pectore sensus ?
Sensit et ipsa dolos : puduit ; mentemque decorus
Prodiderat rubor, et tacito suspiria flatu
Invitæ exierant : ex illo, sævior arsit
Mente furor, magnoque intus candescit ab æstu :
Qualis, ubi Siculo pressus sub monte Typhæus
Eructat flammæ, tonitruque immugit acuto.
Nec mihi tuta dies, nec nox mihi libera somno :
Luce instat, noctesque etiam mihi visa profundas
Adventare, iterumque ignita refigere labra,
Atque iterum notos Fusca inspirare furores.

Dam.

Ah ! miser agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ,
Et mihi qui gelido desævit corde tumultûs.
At tu ne tenero pugnes, puer, ausus Amori.
Undæ Amor immani, magnoque simillimus amni ;
Quem valido si conjecti premis obice saxi,
Ernit, atque undis latos stagnantibus agros
Obsidet, et pecudes, et flavas sternit aristas.
Jam tibi firma ætas, apti jam lusibus anni :
Tu modo, chare puer, ne pronam dejice mentem.
Ipsa etiam simili, nisi me vestigia ludant,
Vulnere turbatur, tacitoque exurit æstu :
Et citius rapiunt, et celant doctius ignes

Myrtilus.

Ecloga.

Surgit præcisis rupes altissima saxi,

Et cœlo minitans subjectis imperat arvis ;
Discutiens nubes capite, et pede Tartara pressans.
Infracti dorso venti tonuère, minaxque
Horrendum pelagus fremuit : sed lata profundo
Excepit maria alta sinu, lymphasque cavato
Molliter illapsas gremio convexa recondit :
Sæpe illïc Nymphæ furtivos leniit ignes
Triton ; sæpe greges illïc armentaque cogens
Sopitas Proteus mulcebat carmine phocas.

Venerat huc miseros deflens Myrtillüs amores,
Infelix puer, at cantu levibusque cicutis
Doctus, et Oceani totâ notissimus undâ.
Illum turba frequens circum mirata canentem
Nympharum sedet : et crudos miserata dolores
Solantur, placidisque levant incendia dictis :
Flet tamen, et cymbæ viridi projectus in ulva
Sic Daphnen miser, et tardos incusat amores.

Nulla mihi tanti, Nymphæ, solatia luctûs.
Aut levet ipsa meos Daphne quos intulit ignes,
Aut si adeo indigni sumus, atque irascaris usque,
Usque adeo crudelis Amor sub pectore sævis,
Has, precor, has tumulum, Nymphæ, concedite
lymphas :

His ego inextinctos (sinitis modo) fluctibus ignes,
Immergam, si fors tantos mare ceperit ignes,
Nec liquido æquoreas inter caream æquore lymphas.
Scilicet expectem, Damon dum fumidus illam

Excipiat stabulo, thalamove injecta Myconis
(Hei mihi!) pisciculis jussos misera induat hamos
Jamque iras ferre, atque immitia jurgia discat,
Aut saltem dum blandisonis (ah credula!) falsi
Thyrsidis acta dolis, fidos contemnat amores,
Atque illi fulgent victrici tempora lauro,
(Heu dolor!) et spretis squalent mihiserta salictis;
Jam mihi, jam satius crudelem abrumpere vitam,
Totque uno pariter letho finire dolores.
Non me monstra maris terrent, immania cete
Corpora, non curvi delphines, non tua, Proteu,
Imperia, informes passim per littora phocæ;
Non ipsum terret, vincens sua monstra, profundum:
Hoc Amor, hoc longe genitali immitior undâ
Urit et ingenti pectus depascitur igne,
Hoc ipsa immitem Daphne quæ vincit Amorem.

Omne malum inveni, Daphne, te mitius, et quod
Æquora, quod terras tranat, cœlumque profundum.
Turbatæ furerent nuper cum flatibus undæ,
Ipse ergo præcipitem lymphis me, et gurgite vasto
Submersi, si forte ardentes, fluctibus ignes
Eruerem, exosamque tibi premerem æquore vitam:
Sed medias inter pontus te mitior iras
Ad portum summis fluitantem advexerat undis
Quin me crescentes iterum restinguere flammâs
Tentantem humanus medio tulit æquore delphin;

Attonitumque vehens, meritam illi, carmina, naulam¹
Excepit, lætusque oneris prope littora vexit.

At tu nec precibus, nec carmine victa, nec ipso,
(Omnia qui vincit) cujus sum plenus, Amore.
Non me, si nôsses adeo, sævissima Nymphæ,
Despiceres : et me spretis Tritonibus ardent,
Neglectisque petunt Nymphæ, Nereides undis :
Æmulus ipse mihi nequicquam carmina Thyrsis
Invidet, et toties cantando ad littora victus
Frustra iterum calamos tentat, Musaque rebelles.

Me quoque jam primo gelida sub rupe canentem
Audiit, et teneris indulsit præmia Musis
Undarum regina Thetis, quæ condita mecum
Servo, duos oculis similes tibi, Nympha, pyropos.
Est mihi, qua tumidas volventem ad littora moles
Oceanum solitus Triton demittere, concha ;
Concha auro, et niveis gyros circum illita gemmis,
Munera si tangunt : sed nec te munera tangunt.

Ah Myrtille ! quis hic invasit pectora tantus,
Quis tantus furor ? has citius tibi carmine rupes
Flectes, hanc citius, quæ ripæ irascitur, undam :
At rupes flere, et liquefactum frigore visæ
Aëra guttasque e gelidis stillare cavernis :
Aspice, ceu rauco spumosa ad littora fracti
Tristia cum gemitu præbent mihi murmura venti :
Nec tu mota tamen. Vastos mihi reddite fluctus :

1 Qu : = nauliam ? G.

Certum iterum lymphas, iterum tentare profundum.

Vos mihi, vos gelidæ rupes, ves retia fixis
 Nequicquam elapsos remis captantia soles,
 Et tu, dum licuit, merito charissima nobis
 Cymba, vale : non te posthæc prope littora lætus
 Saltantem lymphâ pariter saliente videbo.
 Non ego te recubans mediâ, resonantia late
 Æquora mulcebo cantu, ventosve tonantes.
 Vosque etiam rupes, levia, fluctusque sonoros
 Carmina, sed nunquam Daphnen motura superbam,
 Carmina grata valete ; et tu quoque inutile munus
 Concha vale, gemmæque, vale immitissima Daphne.
 Vos mihi defuncto exiguum de cespite bustum
 Nymphæ, surrigite, et supremum inscribite carmen :
 Ipsa spam Daphne feritatem in granine spectet.

Cespite Myrtillus jacet hæc, tua crimina, Daphnæ
 Quantula jam tanto superest ex igne fabilla !
 Dixit, et invitam protrusit in æquora cymbam.
 Arguto miserum gemuerunt murmure venti :
 Illam etiam lacrymis remi flevêre madentes :
 Flebilis illum etiam Aleyon, fulicæque sonore ;
 Quæque etiam salsos stillabant retia fletus.

Lusus Ecloga.

Thyrsis, Myrtillus.

Forte greges uno pastorum læta juvenus
 Littore compulerant, cymbasque attraxit eodem

Piscantûm pubes: fuit illis nobile ripâ
 Certamen: Thyrsis Myrtillo (littoris iste
 Sylvarum alter amor) Myrtillus Thyrside pugnat.
 Insignes formâ juvenes, levibusque cicutis
 Ambo, annisqus pares, experti cantibus ambo:
 Ambo myrtetis tecti, prope littoris undam
 Consedêre, fluunt circum sylvestria Nymphæ
 Numina, et æquorcæ Tritonum incendia divæ:
 Illum pastorum, piscantûm hunc agmina cingunt;
 Myrtus utrique, utrique sonans admurmurat unda.
 Porrigit alta suas rupes cantantibus umbras:
 Inque repercussum repulit sua lumina solem.

Thyr.

Da mihi, siqua fides juranti, Cynthie, pacta
 Quæ nuper memori recitâsti carmina lauro:
 Dum tibi jam facilis Daphne, jam mitior, ipsum
 Vertice (qua potuit) prono veneratur amantem.

Myrt.

Et mihi pollicitus, modo amanti credimus ulli,
 Proteus quo nuper placaverat æquora, carmen.
 Te delphin stupiut, Proteu, te æquabilis unda;
 Te (tua regna) atræ passim per littora phocæ.

Thyr.

Viva mihi in sertis merito gratissima laurus,
 Laurus Apollinea, et leviter pudibundi Hyacinthi.
 Jam mihi, pastores, vestri si cura poëtæ,
 Jam mihi Phœbeo constringite tempora flore.

Myrt.

Ante alias me delectat Cytherëia myrtus ;
Littora myrtus amat : mediis me lilia lymphis.
Pontivagi, vobis si sit victoria curæ,
Huic, juvenes capiti Paphias appendite frondes.

Thyr.

Pastores amat, ipse olim quoque pastor, Apollo.
Admeti ipse greges Penei pavit ad undas.
Tu quoque perpetuis sopito, Delia, somnis
Pastori furtiva alto fers oscula Latmo.

Myrt.

Quæ te littoribus, quæ tanta abstraxerat herba,
Glauce, auxitque deos? quin te quoque fluctibus
 ortam,
Mollibus implicitam (prima ah cunabula!) spumis
Dicimus, et jam tu tenerorum mater amorum.

Thyr.

Arcadicus me Faunus amat, me magnus Apollo:
Lætos ille greges, variam hic promiserat artem:
At si tu me, Nisa, pari dignaris amore,
Non Pan Arcadicus placeat, non magnus Apollo.

Myrt.

Et nostrum Proteus, et nostrum Glaucus amorem.
Vincere, piscatu hic tentat; sed cantibus ille:
Quod si tu nostro, Nerine, carperis igne,
Non Proteus nostrum obtineat, non Glaucus amorem.

Thyr.

Sparsa domi maculis pretium est mihi carminis
agna ;

Non illam grege mutarim : sunt pocula crebro
Plena Jovis furto, varias prodentia flammæ ;
Iam tua, si vis, agna tamen ; tua pocula, Nisa,

Myrt.

Par mihi cygnorum, et lævi mihi pocula conchâ,
Pocula purpureo exterius fulgentia fuco :
Per illi niveus ceteo surgit ab osse :
Pocula, Nerine, tua sint : tua præmia cygni.

Thyr.

Pronior en Phœbus (cantu desistite Musæ)
Lucem utrique secatur divisam æquelliter orbi.
Antea quam globuloso humescant gramina rore,
Arbutis saturos claudamus finibus agnos.

Myrt.

En nimio, juvenes, albescunt retia sole :
Frigidus in tennes aër jam liquitur imbres.
Jam satis est ; fixos pueri subducite remos,
Colligite in solitos piscantes retia nodos.

Hæc illi : at Nymphæ lectis utrinque coronis
Lauro illi, Paphiâ decorant huic tempora myrto,
Et vario intexunt (ah dulcia præmia !) flore.

Finis.



Appendix to ' Sylva Poetica '

See prefatory ' Note ' to ' Sylva Poetica ' *ante*.
The following is the Dedication by Phineas Fletcher of his fathers's Poem :—

FLORENTISSIMIS.

Sororibusque Musis, Colegiis vere
Regalibus, huic Cantabrigiensi,
illi Ætonensi

Has Patris (tum admodum adolescentis) Ægidii Fletcheri in
utraque lege Doctoris, olim utriusque Alumni Camœnas.

Phinees Fletcherus ejusdem natu maximus, sed earum omnium minimus, in debitum omnis officii monumentum consecravit.

COLLEGIIS REGALIBUS, CANTABRIGIENSI, Ætonensi,
has Ægidii Fletcheri parentis optimi Camœnas
dicat dedicatque P.F.

O quæ Vinsori turres Aquaduna superbas
Suspicias, et subterlabentem vertice Thamum

Despicias æthereo, Aönidum dulcissima Nutrix,
Cujus ab uberibus, cujus cervice rependens
Lacteola emulsi sitienti flumina labro ;
Vosque adeo innocuæ (mihi prima crepundia) Musæ.

Tuque Helicon mihi Regalis, blandissima Mater,
Cujus ab ore sacra ruit Aönia Aganippe,
Amne fluens placido, quam roscida mella loquentem
Pierides stupuêre omnes, stupuêre canentem,
Tu mihi læta fave : laxis siqua otia curis,
Respice parva quidem, sed plusquam debita mentis
Munera, quæ noti cecinit nova fistula Vatis
Carmina, dum innatos animi depascitur æstus ;
Qua Pater externis Chamus vix cognita rivis
Flumina demulcens Regales alluit hortos,
Templaque submissis veneratur Regia lymphis.
Nota etiam veteris Chamus vestigia cantûs
Agnoscet : fors ipse Pater, fors accinet ipse.

Ast ego tanta minor longe vestigia Patris
Colligo, difficilisque sequor non passibus æquis.
Hic ego perstreperos culices, udasque paludes
Inter, et æternâ tectum caligine cœlum
Disperdo ætatem : gelidus præcordia sanguis
Occupat, et lætas abigit de pectore Musas.
Hic mihi desuctæ torpent sub corde Camœnæ,
Et solidam gracili vix optant voce salutem.

Devotissimus P.F.

Additions.

I. FROM THRENO-THRIAMBEUTICON :

“ Threno-thriambeuticon.
ACADEMIAE
CANTABRIGIENSIS
ob damnum lucrosum, et in-
fælicitatem fælicissimam,
luctuosus triumphus.
Cantabrigiæ.
Ex officina Iohannus Legat.
1603.”

[4to, Title-page, Ep : etc., pp 5 and pp 73.]
Some copies have English Verses appended. G.

1.

Quæ, sicut rutilis Cynthia curribus,
Lucebat solio splendida patrio,
 Sub lætho, (hei mihi lætho
 Fas tantum scelus est ?) iacet.
Qui, sicut Clarius nube deus nigra,
Occultus tenebris delituit suis :
 Iam nuper Boreali
 Sol nobis oritur plaga.
Hanc in spectro, nihil sum nisi lachrymæ ;

Hunc si specto, nihil sum nisi gaudium ;

Nil sum, si simul vno

Vtrunq ; intuitu noto.

Sic navem retrahunt æstus, et cœstui

Robuste aura reflans¹, stat dubia, et nimis

Dum parebit utriq ;

Neutri sedula paruit.

Si, regina, tuo plausero funeri

Eheu parce precor ; debita sunt meo,

Sunt et prima Iacobo

Plausus, quos fero munera.

Si sceptrum lachrymis sparsero, rex vovum,

Eheu parce precor ; debita sunt meo,

Hec sunt vltima Elizæ

Fletus, quos fero, munera.

Phin. Fletcher, Regalis.

(pp 2—3)

2.

[In apothegma Serenissimæ Principis Elizæ,

Semper Eadem.]

Quisquis triumphos lachrymis componere

Nouit, dolorem risui,

Te canat Eliza, te canat, et mortem tuam,

Fletusq ; morti debitos :

¹ Qu : restans ? G.

Simulq; te celebret Iacobe, te et tuo

Gaudia triumpho debita.

Mea cum tumentes Musa turgescens subit

Repletq; leniter sinus,

Tota est dolor, tota est lachrymæ, dum te dolet

Eliza, dum te lachrymat.

At cum madidos Iacobe deflectit oculos

In te, serenans nubila

Tota est triumphus, tota plausus, dum tibi

Triumphat et plaudit tibi.

Sic cum te Eliza defleo, tantum fleo ;

Stupescit immensus dolor.

Cum tibi Iacobe gratuler, sileo stupens ;

Leuia loquuntur gaudia.

Hoc tantum, Eliza, vix et hoc, dico tibi :

Eliza perpetuum vale ;

Hoc tibi Iacobe, (nil mihi si non hoc deest)

Ad sydera serus auoles.

Phin. Fletcher. Regal (pp 6—7.)

II. FROM THEOPHILA.¹

[In celeberrimam Theophilam, feliciter elucubratam.]

Anne novi, veterisve prius monumenta revolvam

Ingenii? et tragicos superantia scripta cothurnos,

¹ From "Theophila or Love's Sacrifice": a Divine Poem. Written by E. B., Esq. Several parts thereof

Atque Sophoclæis numerari digna triumphis ?

Quam bene vivificis depingitur artibus Echo !

Quam bene monstriferas Vitiorum discutis hydras ?

Carminibusque ; doces quantum peccaverit Ævum ?

Quanta polucephalis repserunt agmina sectis ?

‘ Sphinge Theologica ’ quæ dia poemata pangis ?

Mira et vera canens, nodosa ænigmata solvis.

Nec vitæ pars ulla perit, nec transigis unam

Ingratam sine luce diem ; dum pervigil artes

Exantlas, avidisque bibis Permesida labris.

Jamque velut primo Phœnix revocatus Eoo,

Apparet nostris nova sponsa Theophila terris.

Illius e roseis flammatur purpura malis ;

Et gemmis lux major adest, et blandius aurum.

A calamo, Benlose, tuo ; dum dotibus amplis

Excolis, ingenique ; opibus melioribus ornas.

Lactea Ripheas præcellunt colla pruinas ;

Fronte decor radiat, sanctoque Modestia vultu ;

Suada verecundis et Gratia plena labellis

Assidet, et casti mores imitata Poetæ,

Te Moderatorem fuis amplexitur ulnis.

set to Aires by Mr. J. Jenkins. London 1652 folio.
Besides above there are Verses by Jeremiah Collier,
Walter Montague, Sir William D'Avenant, &c. G.

1 The reference is to ‘ Sphinx Theologica ’, on which
see foot-note, Vol. I., page cix. G.

Hisce triumphatrix decorata Theophila gemmis,
Celsior assurgit mundumque ; intentior intrat
Virgineis comitata choris : Quam tramite longo
Agmina Cecropiis stipant Heliconia turnis.

Non aliter quoties adremigat æquoris undas
Frœnatis Neptunus eqnis, fluit ocyus antris
Nereidum gens tota suis, dominumque ; salutant,
Blandula cæruleo figentes oscula collo. P. F.



Epilude.

THE Reader will please turn to Memorandum at pp. 144—146, where will be found certain notes, corrective and illustrative of 'Sicelides'. These additional for the latter half of the present Volume, I add here :

1. Page 151 : 'Look as a stagge, &c.' This reminds us of COWPER's plaintive self-portraiture : "I was a stricken deer," &c.—one of the *memorabilia* of our Literature.
2. Page 165 : st. 34. BYRON must surely have read and remembered this in his pathetic address to his 'Ada' in Childe Harold.
3. Page 166 : st. 36. 'persever.' This now obsolete accentuation of 'persever'—already noticed—does not always come from the need of a rhyme. Thus Thomas Heywood, as before, uses it :

"With those that still persever in their love."

(p. 412.)

4. Page 168 : st. 41. 'giring'. Thomas Heywood, as before, uses 'gyring' as = revolving, repeatedly, *e.g.* :

"The heav'ns

They alter in their gyring more or less." (p. 63.)

See also pp. 273, 274, and 332.

5. Page 175 : st. 7th. 'Where Beautie's self, &c.' Cf. Willism Browne, as before :

"Vpon her forehead, as in glory sate

Mercy and Maiesty, for wondring at." (p. 106.)

EPILUDE.

6. Page 188 : st. 37th. 'no gentle Spring recalls.' Cf. the pathetic personal allusions of Michael Bruce in his 'Elegy on Spring' :

Now Spring returns : but not to me returns

The vernal joy my better years have known."

(My edn. of his Works, p. 151.)

7. Page 198. 'Benevolus' The figures ought to run as follows : 1 2 3 7 6 5 4 6 8, that is taking u and v as w.
8. Page 201. 'Modesty,' &c. See Note above, 6.
9. Page 205, foot-note 3, add G.
10. Page 211, 'unhonour'd willow's shade'. Cf. the Dedication of 'de Literis', &c, and of his own 'Sylva Poetica.'
11. Page 213, line 6th, read not.
12. Page 227, foot-note, spell Sibbes.
13. Page 229, line 18th, delete re-.
14. Page 286, line 1st : Thomas Heywood, as before, furnishes a fine parallel here :
'Ev'n so the sun shines only by His leave :
The light it giues is but a shadow neere,
Of His that is so vnspeakeably cleere
In glory.' (p. 278.)
Both, reminiscences of Plato.
15. Page 351, 'Threno-thriambeuticon'. The only example of this as an English word that I have met with is in Beaumont's 'Psyche', as before, as follows :
"Encoachèd in a thriambeutick cloud
Returnèd home." (c. xvi., st. 151, p. 253. G.



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